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VOL. XXXII.

THE

MIRROR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VELUTI IN SPECULO.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:
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Mrs John D. Gilbert
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THE

MIRROR.

No. LVI. SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1779.

THE first of the two following letters I received some time ago from my friend Mr. Umphraville; and I think I need make no apology, either to him or my readers, for giving it a place in this day's Mirror.

MY DEAR SIR,

THE moment that I found myself disengaged from business, you know I left the smoke and din of your blessed city, and hurried away to pure skies and quiet at my cottage.

I found my good sister in perfect health, free from flying rheumatic pains, agueish complaints, slight megrims, and apprehensions of the tooth-ache, and all the other puny half-pangs that indolence is heir to, and that afford a kind of comfort to the idle, by supplying them with topics of complaint and conversation.

You must have heard that our spring was singularly pleasant; but how pleasant it was you could

not feel in your dusky atmosphere. My sister remarked, that it had a faint resemblance of the spring in ..... Although I omit the year, you may believe that several seasons have passed away since that animating æra recollected by my sister. "Alas! "my friend," said I, "seasons return, but it is on- "ly to the young and the fortunate." A tear started in her eye; yet she smiled and resumed her tranquillity.

We sauntered through the kitchen-garden and admired the rapid progress of vegetation. "Every "thing is very forward," said my sister; we must "begin to bottle gooseberries to-morrow." "Very "forward, indeed," answered I. "This reminds "me of the young ladies whom I have seen lately; "they seemed forward enough, though a little out of "season too."

It was a poor witticism: but it lay in my way, and I took it up. Next morning the gardener came into our breakfast parlour: "Madam," said he, "all "the gooseberries are gone."...." Gone," cried my sister, "and who could be so audacious? Brother, "you are a justice of the peace; do make out a "warrant directly to search for and apprehend. "We have an agreeable neighbourhood indeed; the "insolence of the rabble of servants, of low-born "purse-proud folks, is not to be endured."....." The "gooseberries are not away," continued the gardener, "they are all lying in heaps under the bushes; "last night's frost, and a hail shower this morning "have made the crop fail."...." The crop fail!" said my sister; and where am I to get gooseberries "for bottling?" "Come, come, my dear," said I, "they tell me that in Virginia, pork has a pecu- "liar flavour, from the peaches on which the hogs "feed; you can let in your goslings to pick up

" the gooseberries; and I warrant you, that this un-
" looked for food will give them a relish far beyond
" that of any greengeese of our neighbour's at the
" castle."...." Brother," replied she, " you are a phi-
" losopher." I quickly discovered that, while endea-
vouring to turn one misfortune into jest, I recalled another to her remembrance; for it seems, that by a series of domestic calamities, all her goslings had perished.

A very promising family of turkey-chicks has at length consoled her for the fate of the goslings; and on rummaging her store-room, she finds that she has more bottled gooseberries left of last year, than will suffice for the present occasions of our little family.

What shall I say of my sister? Her understanding is excellent; and she is religious without superstition. Great have been her misfortunes, poor woman! and I can bear testimony to her fortitude and resignation under them; and yet the veriest trifles imaginable unhinge her mind.

That people of sense should allow themselves to be affected by the most trivial accidents is absurd and ridiculous. There are, indeed, some things which, though hardly real evils, cannot fail to vex the wisest, and discompose the equanimity of the most patient; for example, that fulsome court paid by the vulgar to rich upstarts, and the daily slights to which decayed nobility is exposed.

I hope that your periodical essays find favour in the sight of the idle and frivolous. You may remember I told you long ago, that I would never read any of them. The perusal of them could not make me esteem you more than I do already; and it might bring many fashionable follies to my knowledge of which I am happily ignorant.

I ever am,

yours affectionately,

EDWARD UMPHRAVILLE.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Edinburgh, July 23, 1779.

SIR,

I AM confined, by the occupations of a laborious employment, to a constant residence in town. During the summer and autumn, however, I sometimes can afford a day, which I wish to spend in a jaunt to the country. I lived in the country, Sir, in my earlier days; and whenever I hear a wood, a meadow, or the banks of a river mentioned, I always think of peace, of happiness, and innocence.

This season I have had a friend in town, who being an idle man, is a great maker of parties. Among others, he contrives to get people together of a Saturday or a Sunday, to go and dine in the country, which, he says, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, affords some of the most beautiful and romantic scenes he ever saw. Last Saturday I was asked to join in one of his parties of this sort; to which, being a lover of rural scenes, as I mentioned before, I readily consented.

My friend had the ordering of every thing on our expedition. The carriages he had bespoke did not arrive at the place of meeting till near an hour after the time appointed; and, when they did come, we had another hour to wait for our conductor, who having sat up at a town-party till five that morning, was not willing to be disturbed till mid-day.

We arrived at the destination betwixt two and three. I immediately proposed a walk, to enjoy the beauty of the fields, and the purity of the air; but my proposal was over-ruled, from the consideration of the near approach of dinner; some of the company likewise observing, that the evening was the properest time for walking in this hot weather. Mean time a cup was called for, which, in this same hot weather, was pronounced vastly pleasant, and my

friend declared was more refreshing to him than the purest air under heaven.

Dinner was soon after brought in, which consisted of a profusion of meat, ill dressed, and served up in a slovenly style. This, however, was a country dinner, and people were not to be nice in the country. So we sat, enjoying the pleasures of the country, amidst the steams of greasy broth, rusty ham, and stinking mutton : our ears delighted with the jingle of bells, and the hallooing of guests in the stair-case, which were very ineffectually answered by the bustle of an awkward waiter, and a fat hoyden of a chambermaid.

When the table-cloth was removed, our conductor, who said he found himself much the better for his dinner, called for the landlord, and desired him to send in a particular sort of wine, the flavour of which he highly commended. An old proverbial recipe was cited to him, by a red-faced gentleman at the bottom of the table, which signifies, that a man should drink a bottle to-day, as a cure for the effects of two or three drank yesterday. It was a prescription very much suited to the inclination of my friend, who declared, after having drank a bottle of it, that he never was better in all his life. Nobody mentioned the evening being a proper time for walking ; so we sat till our carriages were at the door, and till we dispatched four last bottles after their arrival. The post-boys, whose patience needed some cordial to maintain it, were busy in their way below ; so that, when at last we got into the chaises, they were as drunk.....as drunk as we were. The carriage in which another gentleman and I were placed was over-turned about a mile from town : I escaped with a sprained ankle ; but my friend had his collar-bone broke.

Now, Mr. Mirror, I incline to think, that a man may find a bad dinner, and get drunk after it, just

as well in town as in the country; and, in the first case, he will have the advantage of saving his bones, the chaise hire, and the tax upon post-horses.

I am, &c.

V CIVIS.

No. LVII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 10.

NO thinking man will deny, that travelling into foreign countries is, in certain situations, attended with many and great advantages. It polishes the manners of the courtier, enlarges the views of the statesman, and furnishes the philosopher with a more extensive field of observation, and enables him to form more certain conclusions with regard to the nature and character of man. At the same time, I have often been disposed to doubt, how far it is an eligible thing for a private gentleman, without talents and inclination for public life, to spend much of his time abroad, to acquire a relish for foreign manners, and a taste for the society of a set of men, with whom neither his station nor his fortune entitles him to associate in the after part of his life. The following letter on this subject may perhaps be acceptable to my readers.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

MOST of your predecessors have favoured the public with speculations on travelling; and they have been at pains to point out the abuses of it that from time to time have prevailed among us. In the Spectator, the absurdity of a fond mother and mother's own son going together to make the tour

of Europe, in order to learn men and things, is exposed in a very masterly manner. If I have not been misinformed, that admirable essay was the production of a young man, who afterwards, by his great talents and eminent virtues, added dignity to the highest office in the law of England, which he filled many years with the entire approbation of all good men.

In the World, the folly of sending an ignorant booby to travel, who looked with contempt on the French and the Italians, because they did not speak English, is held up to ridicule in a vein of wit, and with an elegance of expression, that mark the compositions of the Earl of Chesterfield.

A correspondent in your own paper has pointed out the fatal effects of a practice, unknown until within these few years, of sending boys to foreign schools, or academies, where, according to his account of the matter, they learn nothing but vice and folly.

Although travelling has proved equally fatal to me, my case is very different from any of those I have mentioned; I shall, therefore, take the liberty to give an account of myself, from which you and your readers will be best able to judge, whether making what is called the grand tour, be an advisable thing for persons in my circumstances and situation.

I am the only son of a gentleman of fortune and family. My father, who was himself a man of letters, wished to give me a liberal education, and was desirous to unite the solidity of the ancient system with that ease and grace, which, of late, have been cultivated so much, and which, by some, have been thought the most essential of all acquirements. Soon after my twentieth year my father died, leaving me possessed of a family estate of a thousand pounds a-year, and (I hope I may say it without vanity) with as great a share of knowledge as any of

my contemporaries could boast of. The tour of Europe was the only thing wanting to complete my education. Intimately acquainted with the celebrated characters of antiquity, and an enthusiastic admirer of their virtues, I longed to visit Italy, to see the spot where Scipio triumphed, where Cæsar fell, where Cicero harangued. Full of these ideas, I set out on my travels; and, after passing some time in France, I proceeded to Rome. For a while, antiquity was my great object, and every remain of Roman greatness attracted my attention. Afterwards music, of which I had always been a lover, and painting, for which I acquired a taste in Italy, occupied much of my time; but, whilst engaged in these favourite pursuits, I did not neglect any opportunity of mingling in society with the natives, and of observing their manners and customs. I lived too on the most intimate footing with the British at the different courts I visited; and I doubted not that the friendships I then formed with men of the first distinction in my own country, would be as lasting as they appeared to be warm and sincere. If the pleasures in which we indulged, and which, by degrees, came to occupy almost the whole of my time, sometimes bordered on the licentious, they were at least attended with an elegance, which, in some measure disguised the deformity of vice.

Various reasons, which it is needless now to mention, at length constrained me to return home. As I approached my seat in the county of ....., I felt a tender satisfaction at the thought of revisiting those scenes where I had spent so many happy days in the "early morn of life," and of seeing again the companions of my youthful sports, many of whom I knew had settled in the country, and lived on their estates in my neighbourhood. My arrival was no sooner known than they flocked to welcome me home. The friends of my father, and their

sons, my old companions, were equally sincere and warm in their compliments; but, though I was pleased with their attachment, I could not help being disgusted with the blunt plainness of their manners. Their conversation usually turned on subjects in which I could not possibly be interested. The old got into keen political debate, or dissertations on farming; and the young talked over their last fox-chace, or recited the particulars of their last debauch. If I attempted to give the conversation a different turn, they remained silent, and were altogether incapable to talk of those subjects on which I had been accustomed to think and to speak. If I mentioned the Gabrielli, or the Mignotti, they were as much at a loss as I was when they joined in praising the notes of Juno or of Jowler; if the proportions of the Venus of Medicis were talked of, one would perhaps ask, what a dead beauty was good for? another would swear, that, in his mind, Polly ..... was a better made girl than any heathen goddess, dead or alive.

By degrees my neighbours gave me up altogether. They complained that I was a strange fellow, who hated company, and had no notion of life. I confess I was rather pleased with their neglect, and in my own preferred solitude to such society: but solitude at length become irksome, and I longed again to mingle in society. With that view I went to the races at Edinburgh, where I was told I should meet with all the polite people of this country. The night I arrived I accompanied to the assembly a female relation, almost the only acquaintance I had in town. If you, Mr. Mirror, be a frequenter of public places, I need not tell you how much I was struck on entering the room. Dark, dirty, mean, offensive to every sense, it seemed to resemble a large barn, rather than a room allotted for the reception of polite company. I had no sooner en-

tered, than I was hurried along by the crowd to the farther end of the hall, where the first thing that caught my eye was an old lady, who, it seems presided for the night, and was at that instant employed in distributing tickets, to ascertain the order in which the ladies were to dance. She was surrounded by a cluster of persons of both sexes, all of whom spoke at the same time, and some of them, as I thought, with a voice and gesture rather rough and vehement.

This important part of the ceremonial being at length adjusted, the dancing began. My conductress asked me, if I did not think the ladies, in general, handsome? I told her, (and that without any compliment,) that I thought them more than commonly beautiful; "but methinks," added I, "the gentlemen are not, either in dress or appear-"ance, such as I should have expected."...."O," replied she, "have a little patience, the men of "fashion are not yet come in; this being the first "day of the races, they are dining with the stew-"ards." I had not time to make my observation on the propriety of allowing ladies to go unattended to a public place, to wait there four hours in expectation of the gentlemen with whom they were to dance; for, at that instant, a loud noise at the lower end of the hall attracted my notice. "There "they come," said she; and I soon perceived a number of young gentlemen staggering up the room, all of them flustered, some of them perfectly intoxicated. Their behaviour (I forbear to mention the particulars) was such as might be expected.

In a few days I was quite satisfied with the amusements of Edinburgh, and with pleasure retired once more to my solitude at..... There, however, I again fell a sacrifice to ennui: I could contrive no way to fill up my time. After passing two or three tedious years, I resolved to make one effort more, and

set out for London, in hopes of meeting those friends with whom I had lived so happily abroad, and in whose society I now expected to receive pleasure without allay.

Upon enquiry, I found that almost all my friends were in town, and next morning sallied forth to wait upon them. But no where could I gain admittance. It did not occur to me that those doors, which, at Rome or Naples, flew open at my approach, could, at London be shut against me. I therefore concluded I had called at an improper time, and that the hours of London (with which I was but little acquainted) differed from those we had been accustomed to abroad.

In that belief I went to the Opera in the evening. I had not been there long before Lord ..... happened to come into the very box where I was. With Lord ..... I had lived in habits of the most intimate friendship, and, in a less public place, I should have embraced him with open arms. Judge, then, of my astonishment, when he received my compliments with the coldness of the most perfect indifference. It is needless to run through the mortifying detail. From all my friends I met with much the same reception. One talked of the business of parliament, another of his engagements at the Sçavoir Vivre, or the Coterie. The Duke of ....., who then filled one of the greatest offices of state, alone seemed to retain his former sentiments. One day he took me into his closet, and, after some general conversation, solicited my interest in the county of ....., for Mr. ..... I told him, that my engagements to the other candidate were such, that I could not possibly comply with his request. He seemed perfectly satisfied, and we parted on the best terms; but from that day forth, his Grace never happened to be at home when I did myself the honour of calling on him.

Chagrined and mortified, I returned to Scotland. When I had got within fifty miles of my own house, I observed, from the road, a gentleman's seat, the beauty and elegance of which struck me so much that I stopped the carriage, and asked the post-boy to whom it belonged? "To Mr. Manly," said he. "What, Charles Manly?" Before I could receive an answer, my friend appeared in a field at a little distance. Manly and I had been educated at the same school, at the same university, and had set out together to make the tour of Europe. But after we had been some time in France he was called home, by accounts that his father lay dangerously ill. From that time a variety of accidents had prevented our meeting. We now met as if we had parted but yesterday; with the same freedom, the same warmth, the same glow of friendship, heightened, if possible, by our long separation.

During my stay at his house, I told him all my distresses, all my disappointments. When I had done, "To be plain with you, my friend," said he, "I cannot help thinking that most of your disappointments must be imputed to yourself. Your "long residence abroad, and your attachment to "foreign manners, has led you to judge rather "hastily of your countrymen. Had you been less "rash, you might have discovered virtues in your "neighbours that would, in some measure, have "made up for the want of that high polish and refinement which they cannot be expected to possess. "From what you saw at Edinburgh in the hurry of "a race week, and from the behaviour of a set of "men, who think that fashionable distinction consists "in indulgence in low pleasures and gross amusements, you have drawn conclusions equally unfavourable and unjust. I know, from experience, "that nowhere are to be found men of more agreeable conversation, or women more amiable and

" respectable. Your late disappointment, in the " reception you met with from your foreign friends, " proceeds from a mistake not uncommon, from " confounding that companionship, so apt to produce " a temporary union among young men, when en- " gaged in the same pleasures and amusements, with " real friendship, which seldom or never has been " found to subsist between men differing much in " rank and condition, and whose views and objects " in life do not in some measure coincide."

I am now, Mr. Mirror, fully convinced of the truth of Manly's observations; and am every day more and more satisfied, that it is a misfortune for a private gentleman, who means to pass his days in his native country, to become attached to foreign manners and foreign customs, in so considerable a degree, as a long residence abroad, in the earlier period of life, seldom fails to produce.

I am, &c.

M ALONZO.

No. LVIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 14.

Veniam damus petimusque vicissim.

HOR.

THE mutual complaints of Mr. and Mrs. Gold, which have been communicated in a former paper, together with some complaints of similar family-distresses, which I have received from other correspondents, often remind me of the happy effects which my friends Horatio and Emilia have experienced from an opposite temper and conduct.

Horatio, though he obtained a very liberal education, lived till the age of twenty-five almost en-

tirely in the country. The small fortune which he inherited from his father being about this time increased by his succeeding to a distant relation, he afterwards spent some years in this city, in London, and in making the usual tour on the continent.

Soon after his return, he married the young and beautiful Emilia, to whom he had become warmly attached, not so much on account of her beauty, as from an expression of a sweet, though lively temper, which marked her countenance....which, when admitted to a more intimate acquaintance, he found to be justified by her conversation and manners.

Emilia's father was addicted to pleasure and expence, and her mother, though more accomplished, of a similar disposition.....In their family she had been accustomed to a life of more than ordinary gaiety.

Though Horatio felt, in all its extent, that passion which is nowise favourable to a just estimation of character, these circumstances had not escaped his notice; and he failed not to observe that Emilia had acquired a stronger attachment to the pleasure of a town life, than was either right in itself, or agreeable to that preference for domestic society, and the quiet of a country life, which he had always felt, and which he still wished to gratify.

In place, however, of acquainting Emilia with his taste in these particulars, he judged it better to let her enjoy that style of life to which she had been accustomed, not doubting, from the natural good sense and sweetness of her disposition, that her own taste might gradually be corrected, and that as his should from time to time fall under her observation, it might contribute to the change.

He took up his residence, therefore, in town; and though Emilia went into company, and frequented public places more than he could have

wished, he complied with her inclination in these particulars, partook of her amusements when he was not necessarily engaged, and, when he did so, carefully avoided betraying that indifference or disgust which he often felt.

While Horatio, however, gave way to the taste of Emilia, he never lost the inclination, nor neglected the means of reforming it.

Amidst the gaiety to which she had been accustomed, Emilia had early formed a taste for the elegant writers, both of this country and of France; and the same sensibility and delicacy of mind which led her to admire them, made her no less sensible of the beauties of a polished and refined conversation. It was this which had first gained the affections of Horatio; it was to this he trusted for effecting the reformation he desired.

He was at pains, therefore, to cultivate and encourage this literary taste in Emilia....He frequently took occasion to turn the conversation to subjects of literature, and to dwell on the beauties, or mention the striking passages of this or that author, and would often engage Emilia in a fine poem, an affecting tragedy, or an interesting novel, when, but for that circumstance, she would have been exhausting her spirits at a ball, or wasting the night at cards.

Nor was he less studious in forming her taste for company than for books. Though he had never aimed at an extensive acquaintance, Horatio enjoyed the friendship of several persons of both sexes endowed with those elegant manners, and that delicate and cultivated understanding, which render conversation at once agreeable and instructive.

Of these friends he frequently formed parties at his house. Emilia, who had the same disposition to oblige which she on all occasions experienced from him, was happy to indulge his inclinations in this particular; and, as she was well qualified to bear

a part in their conversation, and of a mind highly sensible of its charms, these parties gradually became more and more agreeable to her.

In this manner, her books, the conversation of select companies, and the care of her children, which soon became a most endearing office to the tender and feeling heart of Emilia, furnished her with a variety of domestic occupations ; and as these gradually led her to go less into mixed company and public amusements, she began to lose her habitual relish for them. As she easily observed how agreeable this change was to the taste of Horatio, that circumstance gave her mind more and more a domestic turn.

The same delicacy from which he at first gave way to her taste for company and public amusements made Horatio avoid shewing that preference which he entertained for a country life.

For some time he was entirely silent on the subject. Though he now and then made excursions to the country, it was only occasionally when his business rendered it necessary ; and, though Emilia could not but observe that the manner in which he passed his time there, in adding to the beauties of his place, and in an easy intercourse with a few neighbours, was highly agreeable to him ; he never expressed an inclination of fixing his general residence in the country, or even of her accompanying him in his occasional visits to Rosedale.

His visits became, however, gradually more frequent ; and, as they generally continued for some weeks, those little absences gave a sort of pain to Emilia, to whom no society was now so agreeable as that of Horatio ; she became desirous of accompanying him to the country.

Their first visits were short, and at considerable intervals ; but as he omitted no means of rendering them agreeable to her, she seldom left it with-

out regret, and was often the first to propose their return.

At length Emilia, who now observed that her husband was no where so happy as in the country, and had herself come to feel the same predilection for the calm cheerfulness and innocent amusements of a country life, took occasion to acquaint him with this change in her sentiments, and to express the same inclination which, she was persuaded, he entertained, of abandoning a town life, and fixing their constant residence at Rosedale.

A proposal so agreeable to Horatio was readily complied with; and Emilia and he have ever since passed their time in that delightful retreat, occupied with the education of their children, the improvement of their place, and the society of a few friends, equally happy in themselves, and beloved by all around them.

Thus has Horatio, the gentleness of whose mind is equal to the strength of his understanding, by a prudent as well as delicate complacency, gradually effected that change which an opposite conduct might have failed of producing, and which, at the same time, would probably have been the source of mutual chagrin, and rendered both him and his wife unhappy.

Nor was the reformation solely on her part. By leading him to partake in company and amusements, Emilia was the means of correcting the natural reserve of Horatio's manner; and as the example of his plain, though animated conversation, led her sometimes to moderate the vivacity and sprightliness of hers, which sometimes approached towards levity; so her vivacity communicated an agreeable gaiety and cheerfulness to the discourse of Horatio.

If, in the above account, I have pointed out more strongly the effects of complacency in Horatio than in Emilia, it ought to be remembered, that this virtue is

much seldomer to be met with in the one sex than in the other. A certain pride attends the firmness of men, which makes it generally much more difficult for them to acquire this complacency of temper, which it always requires much discipline, and often the rod of adversity and disappointment, to subdue.

If men truly possess that superiority of understanding over women, which some of them seem to suppose, surely this use of it is equally ungenerous and imprudent. They would, I imagine, shew that superiority much more effectually, in endeavouring to imitate the amiable gentleness of the female character, and to acquire, from a sense of its propriety, a virtue, for which, it must be allowed, that the other sex is more indebted to their original constitution.

If women, as we sometimes allege, are too apt to connect the idea of pride, and hardness of manners, with that of knowledge and ability, and, on that account, often shew a preference to more superficial accomplishments; the men, who value themselves for knowledge and abilities, ought to look into their own conduct for the cause, and, imitating the behaviour of Horatio, endeavour to shew, that a man's feelings need not be the less delicate for being under the direction of a sound judgment; and that he who best knows the female character, and will put the highest value on its excellence, is also the most likely to make allowance for a difference of taste, and to bear with those little weaknesses with which he knows all human excellence to be often accompanied.

No. LIX. TUESDAY, AUGUST 17.

Ex etio plus negotii quam ex negotio habemus.

VET. SCHOL.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM one of the raohumetnuets tribe of men, whom your predecessor, the Spectator, has distinguished by the appellation of Loungers, an innocent harmless race, who are remarkable for no one offensive quality, except a mortal antipathy to time; which as that author says, and we are willing to allow, we study all possible means of killing and destroying. This confession, Sir, of one particular species of malevolence we are not at all ashamed to make, since the persecution of our adversary is so avowed and notorious, as fully to justify every kind of revenge which we can meditate. We consider time, Sir, as a sort of incubus, or day night-mare, a malignant being, who, like the old man of the sea, in the Arabian Tales, fastens himself upon our shoulders, presses with intolerable weight, and sticks so close, that oftentimes an unhappy victim of his malice is fain to rid himself of his oppressor at the expence of his life. It is not then surprising that it should be the constant study of us, who are infested by this monster, to try every probable scheme for his destruction.

Now, Sir, as in a long continued war, the military genius is sharpened by exercise, destructive inventions are multiplied, are a variety of artful dispositions, manœuvres, and stratagems are found out, which the great masters of the science, Folard, Puysegur, and Saxe, are careful to record for the benefit of belligerent posterity: so I, in like manner, who for many years have maintained an obstinate warfare

with my mortal enemy, have not only put in practice all the common and most approved modes of attack and defence, so as precisely to ascertain the respective merit of each, but I flatter myself with having discovered several artful devices, and ingenious plans, which sufficiently prove my own masterly skill in the science, and which I can recommend to the practice of my brother loungers, from repeated experience of their efficacy.

I have made so great a proficiency in this useful art, that it was for several years a darling project of mine to digest my knowledge into a regular system; but when, in the prosecution of this great design, I had got the length of forming a complete title-page, and had entered upon the consideration of the plan, and arrangement of the work, I found a necessity of abandoning my project, from the immense variety of matter which presented itself to my view, as well as from an unhappy infirmity under which I have laboured from my youth, a sort of lethargic disorder which totally unfits me for reading or writing more than half an hour at a time.

But, Sir, that the world may not entirely be deprived of the fruits of my talents and experience, I have determined to send you some of my detached notes, and a few observations occasionally jotted down as materials, while the work I have mentioned was in contemplation. These, Sir, as you seem to have a pretty turn for writing, you may, in your own way of periodical speculations, enlarge and improve upon; or, if you should think proper to follow out my design of a complete treatise on the subject, you have my full permission.

The philosophers say, "Cogito, ergo sum;" I think, therefore I exist. Now, as the sense of our own existence is the most disagreeable of all reflections to us lounging philosophers, it follows, that in order to rid ourselves of that most uneasy sensation,

we must endeavour as much as possible to banish all thought.

To attain this important end, there are various means, according to the variety of tastes. To escape from his own thoughts, one lounger betakes himself to his bottle, another to the gaming-table, and a third to a mistress. That these methods are frequently successful must be presumed, since the greatest adepts generally employ them. Nevertheless, I must be excused for hinting a very few objections which have occurred in the course of my own practice.

As an antidote to the cares of life, and sovereign opiate for the miseries of thought and reflection, there is no medicine which has acquired an equal reputation with a flask of good wine. But most opiates serve only as temporary palliatives, and some while they give immediate relief, are known to increase the disease. I am afraid we must apply to the pleasures of the bottle, what, with a slight alteration, was said by a wise ancient: "Joy may endure for a night, but heaviness, (too surely) cometh "in the morning."

Gaming, too, though a very genteel occupation, must be allowed to approach rather too near to the drudgery of real business. The labour of thought which it requires, and the turbulence of contending passions, are certainly inimical to that tranquil indifference in which we loungers place our supreme felicity.

Although I am well acquainted with all the arguments in favour of gallantry, and allow them to have a great deal of weight, I cannot help thinking, that, when considered with a view to our fraternity, it is subject to many inconveniences. Even under the management of the most prudent, it cannot be denied that it leads to situations in which the peace and quiet, so necessary in the life of a lounger, are disturbed and broken; or leaves him in others that

render the presence of his great adversary, Time, more than usually irksome.

To constitute a complete lounger it is necessary that he should be a man of taste. Reading, though, as a food, it is gross and of hard digestion, may be taken with much advantage in small doses, both as a cordial, and as an opiate. For the former of these purposes, I would recommend a complete set of jest-books from Joe-Miller, and the Medley of Fun, down to Johnsoniana; for the latter, most of the new novels. I would likewise advise the taking in all the magazines and reviews. Those, besides the very considerable amusement in cutting up their leaves, enable a gentleman, by the most compendious means, to form a complete judgment of any author, in any science, and to decide upon his merits in any company, with that proper confidence which represses all opposition of opinion.

An ingenious author of this age* has lately demonstrated, that it is possible to acquire a critical taste in any of the fine arts, without the smallest portion of natural genius; and it must be acknowledged, that his theory is proved by the example of most modern critics. Among these arts, I would particularly recommend, as most profitable to the lounger, the acquisition of a taste for music. After acquiring a good taste, it will be an easy matter to obtain a proficiency in the practice of the science; and of this the advantage is very great. I have the honour to know several very accomplished gentlemen, who, with no other companion than their violin, are able to fiddle away a complete summer's day with much comfort and delight.

The occupations I have hitherto mentioned, it will be observed, are chiefly of the domestic kind. I could enumerate a variety of schemes for the de-

* Mr. Webb. See Preface to his enquiry into the Beauties of Painting, etc.

struction of time without doors. These, however, are so generally known, that it were superfluous to dwell upon them. In the morning the political lounger betakes himself to his coffee-house, the literary lounger to a bookseller's shop, the saunterer to the public walks, the dreamer to his usual occupation of counting the sign-posts. In the evening, clubs, card-parties, and public places, furnish a rendezvous for loungers of all denominations.

Besides these I have already mentioned, I could easily, Sir, communicate a variety of other approved schemes and ingenious devices; but I shall, for the present, content myself with barely hinting at one other expedient, though I am aware that its vulgarity will not permit it to be often employed by people of taste and fashion. It must be acknowledged that the most effectual of all methods of killing time, is by serious business or occupation. This is the great secret by which many thousands of the vulgar herd jog on through life with much composure, nay, even seeming satisfaction, while those who constitute the polite world are put to a variety of shifts to compass what the others attain without seeking after. Now, as a capital painter may sometimes conceive a happy idea from the daubing of a sign-post, so the lounger, though he disdain to follow so mean an example as that of the plodding sons of industry, may, nevertheless, derive from it a very profitable lesson. When any piece of business necessarily obtrudes itself, let him consider, that it would be highly improvident to dispatch or execute in one hour, or in one day, what with a little prudent management, may easily furnish occupation for twenty. Thus, when a lounger begins to write a letter, it may very reasonably employ him for a month, the ranging of his library may give him a hurry of business for a year, and clearing accounts with his steward is the work of a life-time.

These, Sir, are a few of the materials for that great design above-mentioned, from which it is easy to form a judgment both of the copiousness and importance of the subject. As that scheme, however, is now laid aside, I take the liberty of sending you these imperfect hints, in hopes (as many modest authors express themselves) that they may prompt an exertion of genius from some abler pen.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

HESYCHUS.

P. S. Your correspondent, in your fourteenth number, seems to possess many of the talents requisite for such an undertaking.

No. LX. SATURDAY, AUGUST 21.

Quin ubi se a vulgo et scena in secreta remorant
Virtus Scipiadae et mitis sapientia Laeli;
Nugari cum illo, et distincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti.

HOR.

I HAVE heard a story of an eminent philosopher who was invited to dine and spend the evening with some of the most distinguished men for learning and genius of the age in which he lived. Dinner being over, the conversation took a light and easy turn. While a cheerful glass went round, the common topic of the time, the joke of the day, or the occasional pleasantry of the minute, filled up their discourse. The philosopher, whose mind was constantly occupied with abstract studies and enqui-

ries, took little share in the conversation, and felt no pleasure in it. After having sat a considerable time, one of the company proposed that they should take a game at cards. Although they played for a trifle, the philosopher refused to join in the party, and it was made up without him. While they were thus engaged, he retired to a corner of the room, took out his pocket-book and pencil, and began to write. Upon being asked what he was writing? he answered, that he had conceived high expectations of the instruction and entertainment he was to receive from the conversation of so many eminent and distinguished men; that he had resolved, before he came among them, to take notes of what passed, lest he should forget it; and that this was now his occupation. The company, considering the manner in which they had been employed, felt the rebuke, and were made a little uneasy by it.

People may think differently of this story. I, for my part, think the philosopher to blame, and that the company were in no respect the objects of censure. I have long been of opinion, that one of the most important lessons to be learned in life, is that of being able to trifle upon occasion. No character can possibly be more contemptible than that of a talking, empty, giggling, fool, who is incapable of fixing his attention upon any thing that is important, and whose mind, like a microscope, sees only what is little, and takes in nothing that is great. But no character can be more respectable than that of a man of talents, whose thoughts are often employed upon the great and important objects of life, but who can nevertheless unbend his mind, and be amused with simple and easy recreations. A man, by taking false and improper views of life, may bring himself to think, that even those objects which are reckoned great and important, are, in reality, little: the projects of ambition, the desire of fame,

even the pursuits of study, may sink before him; and, to such a man, the ordinary recreations of the world must appear too small to engage his attention. But, " 'twere to consider too curiously to consider " so." He who thinks rightly, and adapts his mind to the circumstances in which he is placed, will soon be convinced, that, as activity and employment were intended for us, so we ought to be interested by the different objects around us. The projects of an honest ambition, if not carried too far, the desire of being thought well of, if kept within proper bounds, and the search after knowledge, if it does not lead to arrogance and conceit, will appear suited to our nature, and objects upon which it is right that we should fix our attention. In the same manner, it will appear proper that the mind, when there is place for it, should unbend and allow itself to be amused by those other objects which, compared with those of ambition, fame, or study, may appear little or trifling.

The mind is very apt to receive a strong cast from the manner in which it is employed. When a man is constantly engaged in something which requires great study and application, which figures as an important object, and which agitates and interests him, he is in danger of acquiring a hardness of temper which will make him disagreeable, or a tone of mind which will render him incapable of going through the common duties of life as a friend, a relation, or a parent. Nothing will prevent him from these bad consequences so much as his taking advantage of an idle hour, and allowing himself to be unbent with recreations of an easy, and in themselves of a frivolous nature. This will not only afford him an agreeable relaxation, but will give his mind a gentleness and a sweetness which all the hardness of application, and all the agitation of his employments will not be able to destroy.

There is no anecdote in antiquity which I have read with greater pleasure than that of Scipio and Lælius, related by the eloquent pen of Cicero, and put into the mouth of Crassus: "Sæpe ex socero meo audivi (says Crassus in the Dialogue de Ora-"tore) cum is diceret, socerum suum Lælium, "semper fere cum Scipione solitum rusticari, eosque "incredibiliter repuerascere esse solitos cum rus ex "urbe, tanquam e vinculis, evolavissent. Non audeo "dicere de talibus viris, sed tamen ita solet narrare "Scævola, conchas eos et umbilicos ad Caietam et "ad Laurentum legere consuêsse, et ad omnem "animi remissionem ludumque descendere. Sic "enim se res habet, ut quemadmodum volucres "videmus, procreationis atque utilitatis suæ causa "fingere et construere nidos; easdem autem, cum "aliquid effecerint levandi laboris sui causa, passim "ac libere solutas opere volitare; sic nostri animi "forensibus negotiis, atque urbano opere defessi "gestiunt, et volitare cupiunt, vacui cura atque la-"bore."...."I remember to have heard my father-"in-law mention," says Crassus, "that his kinsman "Lælius, and the great Scipio, were frequently "wont to fly from the hurry of business and the "bustle of the town, to a quiet retreat in the country, "and there to grow, as it were, boys again in their "amusements. Nay, (though I should hardly ven-"ture to tell it of such men), we were assured by "Scævola, that at Caieta and Laurentum they used "to pass their time in gathering shells and pebbles, "unbending their minds, and amused with every "trifle; like birds, which, after the serious and "important business of preparing nests for their "young, fly sportfully about, free and disengaged, "as if to relieve themselves from their toils."

Nothing can be more truly delightful than to picture out of the conqueror of Carthage, who had led to victory the triumphant armies of the Roman state,

amusing himself with his friend Lælius, at Caieta or Laurentum, in gathering shells and pebbles on the sea-shore. Far from sinking their dignity in our estimation, it adds to it; and it must give a high idea of the elegant simplicity and virtuous tranquillity of mind of which the illustrious friends were possessed, when from the cares of the state, they could descend to, and feel amusement in, those innocent pleasures. None but men of virtue, and who possessed an easy and irreproachable mind could have enjoyed them*. Men whose consciences upbraided them, who felt the agitation of bad passions, and who were inwardly gnawed by the sensations of envy, jealousy, revenge, or hatred, could not have thus indulged themselves. They must have buried their feelings, they must have got rid of their own minds, under less peaceful, less simple, and less innocent amusements. That absorption of calm feeling which hard drinking produces, and that agitation created by deep gaming, must have been their resource.

A

N. B. The Mirror is to be discontinued till Tuesday the seventh of December, on which day will be published No. LXI. and then continued, as formerly, every Tuesday and Saturday.

* See Melmoth's Cicero's Letters.

No. LXI. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7.

DURING the late intermission of my labours, I paid a visit of some weeks to my friend Mr. Umphraville, whose benevolence and worth never fail to give me the highest pleasure, a pleasure not lessened, perhaps, by those little singularities of sentiment and manner, which, in some former papers, I have described that gentleman as possessing. At his house in the country, these appear to the greatest advantage; there they have room to shoot out at will; and, like the old yew-trees in his garden, though they do look a little odd, and now and then tempt one to smile, yet the most eccentric of them all have something venerable about them.

Some of my friend's peculiarities may not only be discovered in his manner and his discourse, but may be traced in his house and furniture, his garden and grounds. In his house are large rooms lighted by small Gothic windows, and accessible only by dark narrow stair-cases; they are fitted up with old arras, and have ceilings loaded with the massy compartments of the last age, where the heads of bearded sages and laurelled emperors look grim and terrible through the cobwebs that surround them. In his grounds you find stiff, rectangular walks, and straight, narrow avenues. In his garden the yews and hollies still retain their primeval figures! lions and unicorns guard the corners of his parterres, and a spread-eagle, of a remarkable growth, has his wings clipped, and his talons pared, the first Monday of every month during spring and summer.

The contempt in which, to a somewhat unreasonable degree, he holds modern refinement, has led him to continue these antiquated particulars about him. The India paper, of some of his fashionable neighbours drawing-rooms, has enhanced the value

of his arras; his dusky Gothic windows, have been contrasted to great advantage, with their bows and Venetians; their open lawns have driven him to the gloom of his avenues; and the zig-zag twist of their walks has endeared to him the long, dull line of his hedged terraces. As he holds, however, some good old political tenets, and thinks, as I have often heard him express himself, that every country can afford a king for itself, he had almost submitted to the modern plan of gardening a few years ago, on being put in mind, that the fashion of hedges and terraces was brought in by King William.

But, exclusive of all those motives, on which his sister and I sometimes rally him, my friend, from the warmth of his heart, and the sensibility of his feelings, has a strong attachment to all the ancient occupiers of his house and grounds, whether they be of the human or brute, the animate or inanimate creation. His tenants are, mostly, coeval with himself; his servants have been either in his family, or on his estate, from their infancy; an old pointer, and an old house-dog, generally meet him in the lobby; and there is a flea-bitten horse, who, for several years, has been past riding, to whom he has devoted the grass of his orchard, and a manger of good hay during the severity of winter. A withered stump, which, I observed greatly incommoded the entry to his house, he would not suffer to be cut down, because it had the names of himself and some of his school companions cyphered on its bark; and a divorce from his leathern elbow-chair, patched and tattered as it is, would, I am persuaded, be one of the most serious calamities that could befal him.

This feeling will be easily understood by those in whom the business or the pleasure of the world has not extinguished it. That sort of relation which we own to every object we have long been acquainted with, is one of those natural propensities the mind

will always experience, if it has not lost this connection by the variety of its engagements, or the bustle of its pursuits. There is a silent chronicle of past hours in the inanimate things amidst which they have been spent, that gives us back the affections, the regrets, the sentiments, of our former days; that gives us back their joys without tumult, their griefs without poignancy, and produces equally from both a pensive pleasure, which men who have retired from the world, like Umphraville, or whom particular circumstances have somewhat estranged from it, will be peculiarly fond of indulging. Above all others, those objects which recal the years of our childhood, will have this tender effect upon the heart: they present to us afresh the blissful illusions of life, when Gaiety was on the wing undamped by Care, and Hope smiled before us unchecked by Disappointment. The distance of the scene adds to our idea of its felicity, and increases the tenderness of its recollection; it is like the view of a landscape by moon-shine; the distinctness of object is lost, but a mellow kind of dimness softens and unites the whole.

From the same sort of feeling has the idea of home its attraction. For, though one's interest there will undoubtedly be heightened by the relation to persons, yet there is, exclusive of that connection altogether, a certain attachment to place and things, by which the town, the house, the room in which we live, have a powerful influence over us. He must be a very dull, or a very dissipated man, who, after a month's absence, can open his door without emotion, even though he has no relation or friend to welcome him within. For my part, I feel this strongly; and many an evening, when I have shut the door of my little parlour, trimmed the fire, and swept the hearth, I sit down with the feelings of a friend for every chair and table in the room.

There is, perhaps, a degree of melancholy in all this; the French, who are a lively people, have, I think, no vocable that answers to our substantive home; but it is not the melancholy of a sour unsocial being; on the contrary, I believe, there will always be found a tone of benevolence in it both to ourselves and others;....I say ourselves, because I hold the sensation of peace and friendship with our own minds to be one of the best preparatives, as well as one of the best rewards of virtue.

Nor has nature given us this propensity in vain. From this the principle of patriotism has its earliest source, and some of those ties are formed, which link the inhabitants of less favoured regions to the heaths and mountains of their native land. In cultivated society, this sentiment of home cherishes the useful virtues of domestic life; it opposes to the tumultuous pleasures of dissipation and intemperance, the quiet enjoyments of sobriety, economy, and family affection; qualities which, though not attractive of much applause or admiration, are equally conducive to the advantage of the individuals and the welfare of the community.

No. LXII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

WHEN I was in Languedoc, many years ago, I had an invitation to a great entertainment given by the intendant. The company was very numerous; and, several foreigners happened to be present, the natives vied with each other in displaying their own importance. The conversation chanced to turn on the campaign of Marshal de Villars against the people of the Cévennes; and some of the guests were old enough to remember the events of those times.

"M. de la Tour le Colombier, my father," said an old lady, "had connections with many of the most "considerable Calvinists; and, after their defeat, "he generously afforded an asylum to M. Cavalier "and three hundred and sixty four of his followers. "They were concealed among old ruins in a large "forest which lay behind my father's Chateau, and "composed part of his domain. None of the ser- "vants of the family were let into the secret, ex- "cepting one of my own maids, a sensible, handy "girl; she and I went every day, and carried pro- "visions to the whole band, and we dressed the "wounds of such of them as had been wounded in "the action. We did this, day after day, for a "fortnight, or rather, if I remember right, for near "three weeks. Minute circumstances are apt to "escape one's memory, after an interval of many "years; but I shall never forget the gratitude of "those poor people, and the ardent thanks which "they bestowed on us when they went away and "dispersed themselves."

I took the liberty of observing, that the provisions necessary for so many mouths might possibly

have been missed in the family, and that this might have led to a discovery. "Not at all," replied she. "Feu M. mon Père se piquoit toujours de tenir "bonne table, c'éstoit sa maroêtte même (my fa- "ther, who is now gone, always made a point of "living handsomely; that was even his hobby- "horse.) But indeed I recollect," continued she, "that we were once very near being discovered. "The wives of some of the fugitives had heard, I "I know not how, that their husbands lay concealed "near my father's Chateau. They came and "searched, and actually discovered the lurking "place. Unfortunately they brought a good many "children along with them; and as we had no eat- "ables fit for the little creatures, they began to pule "and cry, which might have alarmed the neighbour- "hood. It happened that M. Cavalier, the general "of the insurgents, had been a journeyman pastry- "cook before the war. He presently made some "prune tarts for the children, and so quieted them. "This was a proof of his good-nature, as well as "of his singular presence of mind in critical situa- "tions. Candour obliges me to bear so ample tes- "timony in favour of a heretic and a rebel."

We had scarcely time to draw breath after this story, when a mean-looking elderly man said, with the affectation of modest dignity, "I had the hap- "piness to be known to M. de Villars, and he was "pleased greatly to over-rate my poor services. On "a certain occasion, he did me the honour to present "me with a horse of the unmixed Arabian breed, "and a wonderful animal it was," Then addressing himself to Lady W....., "I much doubt, mi "Ledi, whether it could have been matched in your "country, so justly celebrated for fine women and "horses.....One evening, while I was in garrison "at Pont St. Esprit, I took him out to exercise. "Being in high spirits and excellent wind, he went

" off at an easy gallop, and did not stop till he " brought me to the gates of Montpelier (between " twenty and thirty leagues distant,) and there, to " my no small surprize, I found the dean and the " whole faculty of medicine standing in their gowns " to receive me. The dean made a long harangue " in Latin, of which, to say the truth, I understood " not one word ; and then, in name of his brethren, " put into my hands a diploma of doctor of physic, " with the usual powers of curing, and so forth. He " would have me to partake of an entertainment " prepared for the occasion : but I did not chuse to " sleep out of garrison : so I just ordered my horse " to be rubbed down, gave him a single feed, moun- " ted again, and got back to Pont St. Esprit, as they " were shutting the gates. Perhaps I have dwelt " too long on the praises of my horse ; but some- " thing must be allowed for the prejudices of edu- " cation ; an old horse-officer (un ancien Capitaine " de Cavalerie) is naturally prolix, when his horse " chances to be the subject of discourse."

" Pray, captain," said one of the company, " will " you give me leave to ask the name of your horse?" " ....The question was unexpected :...." Upon my " word," said he, " I do not remember his name. " Oh! now I recollect ; I called him Alexander, " after M. de Villars, the noble donor : that M. de " Villars was a great man."...." True ; but his " Christian name was Hector."...." Was it Hector ? " then depend upon it, my horse had the same " Christian name [nom de Baptime] as M. de Vil- " lars."

My curiosity led me afterwards to enquire into the history of the gentleman who " always made a " point of living handsomely ;" and of the old horse-officer whom M. de Villars so much distin- guished.

The former was a person of honourable birth, and had served, as the French express it, with reputation. On his quitting the army, he retired to a small paternal estate, and lived in a decent way, with most scrupulous economy. His Chateau had been ruined during the wars of the League, and nothing remaining of it but one turret, converted into a pigeon-house. As that was the most remarkable object on his estate, he was generally known by the name of " M. de la Tour la Colombier." His mansion-house was little better than that of a middling farmer in the south of England. The forest of which his daughter spoke, was a copse of three or four acres; and the ruins in which Cavalier and his associates lay concealed, had been originally a place of worship of the Protestants; but was demolished when those eminent divines, Lewis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon, thought fit that all France should be of one religion; and, as that edifice had not received consecration from a person episcopally ordained, the owner made no scruple of accommodating two or three calves in it, when his cow-house happened to be crowded; and this is all that I could learn of M. de la Tour le Colombier.

As for " the old horse-officer," he had served with eclat in the corps established for repressing smugglers of tobacco. This recommended him to the notice of the farmers general; and by their interest, he obtained an office that gave him a seat at those great tables to which all the world is invited; and he had lived so very long in this station that the meanness of his original seemed to have been forgotten by most people, and especially by himself.

Those ridiculous stories which excited mirth when I first heard them, afterwards afforded matter for much serious reflection.

It is wonderful that any one should tell things impossible, with the hope of being credited; and yet the two personages, whose legends I have related, must have entertained that hope.

Neither is it less wonderful that invention should be stretched to the utmost, in order to persuade mere strangers to think highly of the importance of the relater.

Ma'amoiselle de la Tour le Colombier, and the old horse-officer, had not seen us before, and had little chance of ever seeing us again. We were the acquaintance of the day, entertained without affection, and parted from without regret; and yet what pains did they take to leave on our minds the impression of their consequence!

The country where this scene lay is the land of the nativity of romance; and it is probable that warm suns and pure skies enliven and fertilize the invention of its inhabitants. But romance, for I will not give it a harsher name, thrives not in the bleaker and more northern climates: there it is forced fruit, without that flavour which it has in its own soil.

We can as little rival the French in their ease of behaviour, and in the inexhaustible talent of enunciating trifles with grace, as in their colloquial romances. How do I feel for my countrymen, on observing them toil through a romance, compose sentence by sentence as they go on, hesitate with the consciousness of doing wrong, stare like a criminal, at once abashed and obdurate, and at length produce a story as tedious and dull as truth.

I am, &c.

EUTRAPELUS.

No. LXIII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 14.

Celebrare domestica facta.

HOR.

THE incidents attending domestic and private situations are of all others the most apt to effect the heart. Descriptions of national events are too general to be very interesting, and the calamities befalling kings and princes too far removed from common life to make a deep impression. With the virtues of such personages, it is nearly the same as with their sufferings; the heroic qualities which history ascribes to great and illustrious names, play around the imagination, but rarely touch the feelings, or direct the conduct; the humble merits of ordinary life are those to which we feel a nearer relation; from which, therefore, precept is more powerfully enforced, and example more readily drawn.

Mr. Hargrave is one of my earliest friends. Being many years younger than he, I have ever been accustomed to regard him both as my guardian and my friend; and the reverence with which I looked on him in the one character, never took from the tender and affectionate warmth I felt for him in the other. After having been, for some time, a good deal in the world, he retired to the country, where he lived with elegance and ease. His wife, a very amiable woman, died soon after her marriage, leaving one only child, a girl, to the care of whose education Mr. Hargrave, after her mother's death, devoted his whole attention. Nature had done much for her; and the instruction she received from an accomplished father, gave her every grace which can adorn the female character.

Emily Hargrave was now in her twentieth year. Her father was advanced in life, and he began to

feel the weaknesses of age coming fast upon him. Independent of the gratification which he used to receive from the observation of his daughter's virtues and accomplishments, he had come to feel a pleasure somewhat more selfish from the advantage which those virtues were of to himself. Her care and dutiful attention were almost become necessary to him; and the principal pleasure he received was from her company and conversation. Emily was sensible of this; and, though she was at pains to conceal her solicitude, it was plain that her whole care centered in him.

It was impossible that a girl so amiable as Emily Hargrave could fail to attract attention. Several young men of character and fortune became her professed admirers. But though she had a sweetness which gave her a benevolent affability to all, she was of a mind too delicate to be easily satisfied in the choice of a husband. In her present circumstances, she had another objection to every change of situation. She felt too much anxiety about her father, to think of any thing which could call off her attention from him, and make it proper to place any of it elsewhere.....With the greatest delicacy, therefore, and with that propriety with which her conduct was always attended, she checked every advance that was made her; while, at the same time, she was at the utmost pains to conceal from her father the voluntary sacrifice she was resolved to make on his account.

About a month ago, I paid a visit to Mr. Hargrave's family. I found him more changed than I had expected; the imbecilities of age which were beginning to approach last time I had seen him, had now made great advances. Formerly Mr. Hargrave used to be the delight of every company, and he never spoke without instructing or entertaining. Now he spoke little; when he did, it was with feebleness both of

voice and manner. Feeling his memory declining, sensible that he was not so acute as he once was, and unable to keep up his attention to a continued discourse, though his understanding was still perfectly good, he was afraid to venture his opinion, or to take any decided measure. He was too conscious of his own infirmities; and that consciousness led him to think, that his failure was greater than it really was. In this situation, his whole dependence was upon Emily, and she was his only support. Never, indeed, did I see any thing more lovely, more engaging. To all her other charms, the anxious solicitude she felt for her father had stamped upon her countenance,

> "That expression sweet of melancholy
> "Which captivates the soul."

There is something in the female character which requires support. That gentleness, that delicate softness approaching to timidity, which forms its most amiable feature, makes it stand in need of assistance. That support and assistance Emily had received in the completest manner from her father. What an alteration now! Instead of receiving support herself, she was obliged to give it; she was under the necessity of assisting, or counselling, and of strengthening the timid resolutions of him who had been, in her earlier years, her instructor and her guide, and to whom, next to Heaven, she had ever looked up. Emily felt all this;.... but feeling took not from her the power of acting.

Hargrave is abundantly sensible of his daughter's goodness. Her consciousness of this, and of how much importance her attentions are to her father, gives her the best consolation.

While I was at his house, he hardly ever spoke of himself. Once indeed, I remember he said to

me, " I am become a strange being ;....even the " goodness of that girl distresses me ;....it is too " much for me to bear ;....it is," added he, in a " very faint and broken voice, " like to overwhelm " me."

I have often remarked, that there is a perseverance in virtue, and a real magnanimity in the other sex, which is scarcely to be equalled in ours. In the virtue of men, there are generally some considerations not altogether pure, attending it, which, though they may not detract from, must certainly diminish our wonder at their conduct. The heroic actions of men are commonly performed upon the great theatre, and the performers have the applauses of an attending and admiring world to animate and support them. ....When Regulus suffered all the tortures which cruelty could invent, rather than give up his honour or his country, he was supported by the conscious admiration of those countrymen whom he had left, and of those enemies in whose hands he was ;.... when Cato stabbed himself, rather than give up the cause of liberty, he felt a pride which told him, that " Cato's would be no less honoured than Cæsar's " sword ;....and when the " self-devoted Decii died," independent of their love for Rome, they had every motive of applause to animate their conduct :....but when Emily Hargrave sacrifices every thing to filial goodness and filial affection, she can have no concomitant motive, she can have no external circumstance to animate her. Her silent and secret virtue is the pure and unmingled effect of tenderness, of affection, and of duty.

No. LXIV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18.

Populumque falsis
Dedocet
Uti vocibus.

HOR.

THE science of manners, for manners are a science, cannot easily be reduced to that simplicity in its elements of which others admit. Among other particulars, the terms employed in it are not, like those of arithmetic, mathematics, algebra, or astronomy, perfectly and accurately defined. Its subjects are so fleeting, and marked with shades so delicate, that, wherever a general denomination is ventured, there is the greatest hazard of its being misapplied or misunderstood.

In a former paper I endeavoured to analyse the term "a man of fashion;" in this I am enabled by an ingenious correspondent to trace the meaning of another phrase, to wit, "good company," which, as it is nearly connected with the former, is, I believe, as doubtful in its signification. The following letter is a practical treatise on the subject; which I shall lay before my readers in the precise terms in which I received it.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM at that time of life when education, formerly confined to the study of books, begins to extend itself to the study of men. Having lately arrived in town, I was anxious to be introduced into good company of every rank and denomination; and, in virtue of some family-connexions, assisted by the kindness of some college-friends and acquaintance, I flattered myself I should succeed in my purpose.

My strong bent for letters induced me first to procure an introduction into the good company of the learned; and I went to a dinner where several of the literati were to be assembled, full of the hopes of having my mind enlightened with knowledge, expanded with sentiment, and charmed with the atticism of elegant conversation.

During our meal, there was a more absolute suspension of discourse, than I expected in a society of spirits so refined as those with whom I was associated. The ordinary functions of eating and drinking made no part of my idea of a learned man; and I could observe in my fellow guests an attention to the dishes before them, which I thought did not quite correspond with the dignity of that character. This, however, was but a small deviation, from my picture, and I passed it over as well as I could, in expectation of that mental feast with which I was to be regaled when the table should be uncovered.

Accordingly, when the cloth was removed, the conversation, which I expected with so much impatience, began. I had too humble an opinion of myself to take any other part than that of a hearer; but I very soon discovered that I was the only person in the company who had an inclination to listen. Every one seemed impatient of his neighbour's speech, and eager to have an opportunity of introducing his own. You, I think, Mr. Mirror, have compared conversation to a favourite dish at an entertainment; here it was carried on like a dinner at one of those hungry ordinaries, where Quin used wittily to call for a basket-hilted sword to help himself with: in a short time, every one, except your correspondent, endeavoured to secure it to himself, by making it a dish which nobody else could taste. An old gentleman, at the head of the table, introduced a German treatise, written by a man whose name I could neither pronounce nor remember, which

none of the rest of the company had seen. Another, taking advantage of a fit of coughing with which he was seized, brought us upon a philosophical enquiry into the properties of heat, and a long account of some experiments he had lately witnessed on that subject. Being unfortunately asked for his toast, and pausing a moment to deliberate on it, he was supplanted by my right-hand neighbour, who suddenly transported us into the country of Thibet, and seemed to have a very intimate acquaintance with the Delai Lama. One of the company, who sat opposite to him, thrust in, by mere dint of vociferation, "Travels "through the interior Parts of America," just then published, and sailed over the lakes in triumph; till happening to mention a particular way in which the Indians dress a certain fish, the discourse was, at last, laid open to every body present on the subject of cookery; whence it naturally fell into a discussion of the comparative excellence of different wines; on which topics the conversation rested with so much emphasis, that a stranger, who had overheard it, would have been led to imagine this symposium, into which I had procured admission with so much eagerness, to be a society of cooks and butlers, met to improve each other in their several callings.

I next procured an introduction into the very best company; that is, I contrived to become a guest at a table of high fashion, where an entertainment was given to some of the greatest men in this country. The ambition natural to my age and complexion, prompted me to desire this honour; which, however, I purchased at the price of a good deal of embarrassment and uneasiness. Nothing, indeed, but the high honour conferred by such society, would compensate for the feelings even of that minute, in which a man, not used to the company of the great, ascends from the lowest step of a wide echoing

stair-case, to the door of a great man's drawing-room.....Through this, however, and several other little disquietudes, did I pass, in hopes of finding, in the discourse of those elevated persons, that highly polished elegance, that interesting information, and those extensive views of polity and government, which their rank had afforded so many opportunities of acquiring.

Not only during the time of dinner (as in my last company), but for a considerable time after, the scene was silent and solemn ; this, while it added to my confusion, increased my expectations. Conversation at last began ; it was carried on in a manner exactly the reverse of that in my former visit. There nobody was disposed to listen ; here few seemed inclined to speak ; for in this assembly I could perceive there were two or three very great men, to whom the great men were little, and the proud were mean. The last, therefore, hardly spoke at all, except to applaud the observations or anecdotes delivered by the very great men ; in which, had they not been delivered by the very great men, I should have discovered no uncommon sagacity or exquisite entertainment. One, who seemed to be at the top of this climax of greatness, began a story of a pretty old date, in which he introduced, at dinner in the house of the then minister, all the orators and wits of the time. Though, from the anecdotes to which I had already listened, my ears were now familiarized with the sounds of duke, marquis, earl, and ambassador ; yet, from the history of this illustrious assemblage, I still conceived very eager expectation : but after being led through twenty episodes, all tending to shew the connection of the noble relator with many other right honourable personages, the conclusion proved to be nothing more than a joke upon a country member of parliament, who asked to be helped to a bit of goose, when, in fact, the dish was a swan,

which it seems was a favourite bird at the minister's table ; and some conceit about not knowing a swan from a goose, and all the minister's geese being swans, was the point of the story ; at which all the company laughed very loud and very long ; but the little men, all except myself, infinitely the loudest and the longest.

I began now to think that the charms of convivial and ordinary conversation were not, perhaps, to be expected among men, whose learning, or importance in the state, made it unnecessary for them to cultivate the lesser accomplishments of life ; and that I must look for them in the company of the gay, whose minds, unbent from serious and important occupations, had leisure to sport themselves in the regions of wit and humour, and to communicate the liveliness of their fancy to the society around them. I found it no difficult matter to be admitted to a party of this kind ; I was introduced, at a public place, to a gentleman, who, I was told, was a man of fashion, and of the world, and was by him invited to a petit souper, where I understood I should meet with some of the liveliest and most entertaining companions of both sexes.

Of the conversation at this house I would give an account if I were able ; but so many talked at once, so various and desultory were the subjects on which they talked, and so unintelligibly unfashionable were many of the phrases which they used, that I am altogether unqualified to abridge or analyse it. I find, Sir, there is a jargon among people of fashion as well as among the schoolmen they deride, and that it requires initiation into the mysteries of the one as well as of the other, to be able to comprehend or to relish their discourse. Conversation, however, was soon put an end to by the introduction of cards, when I found a perfect equality of understanding and of importance. At length supper was announced

at a very late hour, and with it entered a gentleman, who, I was informed, possessed an infinite fund of humour, and for whose appearance I had been made to look, for some time, with impatience.

The superiority of his talents for conversation seemed, indeed, to be acknowledged; for he was allowed to talk almost unceasingly, with very little interruption from any other person. After a few glasses, he was prevailed on to sing one very innocent song; a few more emboldened him to sing another a little more free; and just before the second bottle was called for, he took off a methodist preacher with great applause.

The ladies now retired. I had fancied that in the companies of the two former days, the want of their society had deprived us of the ease and gaiety of discourse. But here the removal of the female members of the party seemed to have a contrary effect from what my conclusion would have warranted. I discovered a smile of satisfaction in the countenance of most of the guests when the ladies were gone. Several of them who had not uttered a syllable before, were eloquent now, though, indeed, the subject was neither abstruse nor delicate. The wit was called on for another song, and he gave us one perfectly masculine. This was followed by several jocular stories, and burlesque exhibitions, most of which were in perfect unison with that tone which the absence of the ladies had allowed the company to assume. The jests were not such as I can repeat; one fancy, however, I recollect, of which, I think, a better use may be made than its author intended. "Suppose," said he, "our words left their marks on "the walls, like claret spilt on a smooth table, how "confounded the women would look when they next "entered the room!" For my part, I have so much reverence for a woman of honour, as to hold sacred even the place she has occupied, and cannot

easily bear its immediate profanation by obscenity. I therefore took the first opportunity of withdrawing, which I was the more willing to do, as I found our wit possessed, in truth, only a chime of buffoonery, which, when he had rung out, he was forced to substitute the bottle in its place, the last joke he uttered being a reproof to our landlord for not pushing it about.

Now, Mr. Mirror, I must beg of you, or some of your well-instructed correspondents, to inform me, if in all, or any of those three societies, I was really and truly in good company; as I confess I have entertained some doubts of their deserving that name. These, however, are probably the effects of ignorance, and a bookish education, in which I am very willing to be corrected from proper authority.

I am, &c.

MODESTUS.

V

No. LXV. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 21.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

THE polite reception you have given to letters from several persons of my sex, emboldens me to address myself to you, and to lay before you a kind of distress, of which neither you, nor any of your predecessors, as far as I can recollect, have taken notice. It is, I believe, more common in this part of the united kingdom than in England. That circumstance, may, perhaps, account for its being overlooked by the writers of both countries; in the one case, from its being almost unknown, and in the

other, from its being so common, that it has ceased to make any impression.

What I allude to, will be best understood from a short account I shall take the liberty to give of myself.

My father was a gentleman of considerable fortune, and, what he valued more, was descended from a very ancient family. In the earlier part of his life he had lived much abroad, and in consequence, I believe, of an attachment to the house of Stuart, had served some years in the French army. These circumstances, perhaps, contributed to increase his veneration for noble blood and old families.....Soon after he returned to his native country, he married Lady C....., only daughter of the Earl of ....., a woman who was justly deemed an ornament to her sex. She died before I had finished my sixth year, leaving one son, about two years younger than myself.

My father, a man of warm affections and strong passions, seemed to exist but in her children. But for us, I have often heard him say, he could not have submitted to live. To our education he dedicated the whole of his time. My brother, whom he considered as the last stay of his family, he wished to render a worthy representative of it. Nor were his pains thrown away; for never was there a more engaging youth; and every year seemed to add some new grace to his form, and some new accomplishment to his mind.

To me my father was all indulgence. He seemed to watch my wishes, in order to gratify them, before I could give them utterance. It was his chief desire to see me excel in every polite and fashionable accomplishment; and the education he gave me was proportionably elegant and expensive.

Soon after I had entered my twentieth year, my father was seized with a violent fit of illness. My bro-

ther, who was then at college, was immediately called home. My father lived but to see him ; all he had power to say was to recommend me to his protection. " In you, William," said the good old man, " Sophia will find a father, a brother, and a friend. " Without encumbering the family estate, I could " make no suitable settlements on her ; but this " gives me no uneasiness, when I reflect on your " virtues, and your attachment to your sister."

My brother, whose dispositions were all gentle and amiable, was much moved with this scene. After our father's death, his behaviour to me was full of attention and affection. He regretted that he was not of an age to make such settlements as would render me independent. " But why," would he add, " should I regret it?"....is not my fortune yours? " as such I must insist that you will ever consider " it."

In a few months my brother set out on his travels. Our parting was full of tenderness, and his letters from abroad breathed the warmest sentiments of friendship and of affection. After the common tour of France, Italy, and Germany, he went to Spa, with an intention to pass some weeks there, and then return to his native country. At Spa he met with the sister of Lord ....., who soon engaged his affections so completely, that he offered her his hand. The marriage was speedily concluded ; and soon after my brother and his wife arrived at his seat in ....., where I had resided almost constantly ever since he had gone abroad.

The looks and appearance of the lady prepossessed me strongly in her favour. She was beautiful almost beyond any thing I had ever seen ; and though, perhaps, there was not in her countenance any expression strongly marked, there was, nevertheless, a gentleness and a sweetness in her whole deportment, joined with an elegance of manners,

that could not fail to please every beholder. I observed, with pleasure, my brother's strong attachment to her, which, if possible, seemed daily to increase; and I could not find fault with any little want of attention to myself, when I saw that it proceeded from so amiable a motive, from affection to a lovely woman, to whom he was for ever united, and on whose happiness his own was for ever to depend.

It was my wish to live with my sister-in-law in terms of the strictest friendship; but with all my partiality in her favour, I could not help observing that I made little progress in obtaining any share of her confidence. Always polite and well-bred, it is true, but with a coldness that chilled every approach to openness, and every attempt to that freedom which is the truest mark of genuine friendship. For a while I thought that this might proceed from a reserved temper, sometimes to be found united with the best dispositions. But when I came to be more thoroughly acquainted with her character, I found that her mind was equally incapable of friendship as of love. Alive only to emotions of vanity and the pleasures of admiration, she was dead to every other sensation. How often have I seen her prefer the applause of the meanest and most contemptible of mankind, whom she herself despised, to the happiness of a man who doated on her to distraction, and to whom she was bound by every tie of gratitude and duty.

I was at the utmost pains to conceal, both from her and my brother, the alteration in my sentiments which this discovery had produced; and I was not without hopes, that her natural good sense (for of sense she was by no means destitute) would, in time, prevail over this childish vanity, which made her appear in so ridiculous a light. It is, however, perhaps, impossible to live long with a person of

whom we have conceived a mean or unfavourable opinion, without betraying it; or, what in effect is much the same, supposing that we have betrayed it. Whether she really perceived any alteration in my opinion of her, I cannot positively say; but I thought her behaviour looked as if she had, and that she considered my presence as a restraint upon her. This idea, once awakened, the most trivial incidents served to confirm. I found my situation become daily more and more disagreeable, and I had already begun to think of quitting my brother's house, when my sister-in-law brought things to a crisis, by informing me that she and Mr. M..... (naming my brother) intended to pass the ensuing winter at London; adding, with an air of the most finished politeness, "that, as she wished to keep up "a constant correspondence with me during her "absence, she would be glad to know how to address "her letters." It is not easy to describe what passed in my mind on this occasion. I took, however, my resolution at once, and determined to quit for ever, the family of a brother, whom, from my earliest infancy, I had been accustomed to love and to esteem.

When I communicated my intentions to him, he seemed embarrassed, and, with a faultering voice, muttered something of his regret.....of his wishes that I should remain in his family; but it was in a manner too irresolute to have shaken a purpose much less decided than mine.

It is now ten years since I quitted my brother's house, and took up my abode in a paltry lodging in this city, where the interest of the small provision left me by my father, is just sufficient to furnish the necessaries of life to myself and a female domestic, who had lived long in my father's family, and insisted on attending me. As to money-matters, my brother, I am persuaded, would have been very

desirous to make me more comfortable ; but I had too high a spirit to communicate my wants to him. Besides, I found that the expensive line of life he had got into, did not leave it much in his power to indulge his feelings of generosity.

For some years I found my situation extremely unpleasant. Accustomed as I had been to a state of ease and affluence, and to all the pleasures of an elegant society, it was not easy for me to submit, at once, to poverty, neglect, and solitude. The power of habit has however at length, in some measure, reconciled me to my fate. I can now look with indifference on the pleasures and pursuits of the world ; and, notwithstanding the chagrin that is commonly supposed to attend persons in my condition, I have still so much philanthropy as to wish that you would employ a paper in representing the cruelty and injustice of educating a girl in luxury and elegance, and then leaving her exposed to all the hardships of poverty and neglect.

I am, &c.
S. M.

No. LXVI. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25.

AMIDST all my veneration for Shakspeare, I have been often obliged to confess, that there were passages in his works, the meaning of which I could not understand ; and of others I have sometimes ventured to doubt if they were strictly in Nature. Of this last sort is the celebrated scene in Richard the Third, where that artful usurper first mollifies the resentment, and then gains upon the affections, of the unfortunate Lady Anne. The

following piece of criticism on that scene has been sent me by a correspondent, from whom, if I mistake not, I have formerly received several ingenious communications.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

FEW of Shakspeare's tragedies have obtained higher reputation than the "Life and Death of Richard the Third." Yet, like every other performance of this wonderful poet, it contains several passages that can hardly admit of apology. Of this kind are the instances it affords us of vulgarity, and even indecency of expression.

At the same time, in censuring Shakspeare, we ought to proceed with peculiar caution; for on many occasions, those passages which, on a cursory view, may be reckoned blemishes, on a closer examination, will appear very different, and even lay claim to considerable excellence. In his imitations of Nature he is so very bold, and so different from other poets, that what is daring, is often, in a moment of slight attention, deemed improbable; and what is extraordinary, is too rashly pronounced absurd. Of this, in the work above mentioned, the strange love-scene between Richard and Lady Anne, the widow of Prince Edward Plantagenet, affords a striking example. It seems, indeed, altogether unnatural that Richard, deformed and hideous as the poet represents him, should offer himself a suitor to the widow of an excellent young prince, whom he had murdered, at the very time she is attending the funeral of her father-in-law, whom he had also slain, and while she is expressing the most bitter hatred against the author of her misfortune. But in attending closely to the progress of the dialogue, the seeming extravagance of the picture will be softened or removed: we shall find ourselves more

interested in the event, and more astonished at the bold ability of Richard, than moved with abhorrence of his shameless effrontery, or offended with the improbability of the situation. When a poet, like Shakspeare, can carry us along by the power of amazement, by daring displays of nature, and by the influence of feelings altogether unusual, but full of resistless energy, his seeming departure from probability only contributes to our admiration; and the emotions, excited by his extravagance, losing the effect which, from an inferior poet, they would have caused, add to the general feelings of pleasure which the scene produces.

In considering the scene before us, it is necessary that we keep in view the character of Lady Anne. The outlines are given us in her own conversation; but we see it more completely finished and filled up, indirectly indeed, but not less distinctly, in the conduct of Richard. She is represented of a mind altogether frivolous, the prey of vanity, her prevailing, over-ruling passion; susceptible, however, of every feeling and emotion, and, while they last, sincere in their expression, but hardly capable of distinguishing the propriety of one more than another; or, if able to employ such discernment, totally unaccustomed, and unable, to obey her moral faculty as a principle of action; and thus exposed alike to the authority of good or bad impressions. There are such characters; persons of great sensibility, of great sincerity, but of no rational or steady virtue, produced or strengthened by reflection, and consequently of consistency of conduct.

Richard, in his management of Lady Anne, having in view the accomplishment of his own ambitious designs, addresses her with the most perfect knowledge of her disposition. He knows that her feelings are violent; that they have no foundation in steady determined principles of conduct; that

violent feelings are soon exhausted; and that the undecided mind, without choice or active sense of propriety, is equally accessible to the next that occur. He knows, too, that those impressions will be most fondly cherished, which are most a-kin to the ruling passion; and that, in Lady Anne, vanity bears absolute sway. All that he has to do, then, is to suffer the violence of one emotion to pass away, and then, as skilfully as possible, to bring another more suited to his designs, and the complexion of her character, into its place. Thus he not only discovers much discernment of human nature, but also great command of temper, and great dexterity of conduct.

In order, as soon as possible, to exhaust her temporary resentment, for she expresses resentment rather than grief in her lamentation for Henry, it is necessary that it be exasperated to its fiercest extreme. Accordingly Richard, breaking in abruptly upon the funeral procession, inflames and provokes her anger. He persists in his plan; appears cool and unconcerned at her abuse; and thus urges her to vent the rage and vehemence of her emotion in rude invectives and imprecations.

> O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
> O Earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death! &c.

All this is general; but, before the vehemence of her wrath can be entirely removed, she must bring home to her fancy every aggravating circumstance, and must ascertain the particular wrongs she has suffered. After this operation of her mind, and that she has expressed the consequent feelings, she has no longer any topics or food for anger, and the passions will, of course subside. Richard, for this purpose, pretends to justify or extenuate his offences; and thus, by advancing into view, instead

of concealing his enormities, he overcomes the resentment of Lady Anne. To this effect also, his assumed appearance of candour will readily contribute.

Glo. Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman!
Of those supposed crimes to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself, &c.
Anne. Did'st thou not kill this King?
Glo. I grant ye.
Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? Then God grant me too
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed, etc.

Here also we may observe his application of those flatteries, which, if they cannot take effect in the present moment, otherwise than to give higher provocation; yet, when her wrath subsides, their recollection will operate in a different tendency, and assist in working upon that vanity by which he will compass his design.

It was not alone sufficient to provoke her anger and resentment to the utmost, in order that they might immediately subside; but, by alleging plausible reasons for change of sentiment, to assist them in their decline. Though Lady Anne possesses no decided, determined virtue, yet her moral nature, unimproved as it appears, would discern impropriety in her suddenly acquiescing in the views of Richard, would suggest scruples, and produce hesitation. Now, in order to prevent the effect of these, it was necessary to aid the mind in finding subterfuge or excuse, and thus assist her in the easy business of imposing upon herself. Her seducer, accordingly, endeavours to gloss his conduct, and represents his actions as less criminal than she at first apprehended.

Glo. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall to something of a slower method:

Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.
Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect, etc.

In these lines, besides a confirmation of the foregoing remark, and an illustration of Richard's persevering flattery, there are too circumstances that mark great delicacy and fineness of painting in Shakspeare's execution of this excellent scene. The resentment of Lady Anne is so far exhausted, that her conversation, instead of impetuous, continued invective, assuming the more patient and mitigated form of dialogue, is not so expressive of violent passion, as it denotes the desire of victory in a smart dispute, and becomes merely "a keen en-"counter of wits." The other thing to be observed is, that Richard, instead of specifying her husband and father-in-law in terms denoting these relations, falls in with the subsiding state of her affections towards them; and, using expressions of great indifference, speaks to her of "those Plantagenets, "Henry, and Edward."

Lady Anne having listened to the conversation of Richard, after the first transport of her wrath, occasioned by the death of the Plantagenets, shewed, that the real force of the passion had suffered abatement; and, by listening to his exculpation, it seems entirely subdued. In all this, the art of the poet is eminent, and the skill he ascribes to Richard profound. Though the crafty seducer attempts to justify his conduct to Lady Anne, he does not seek to convince her understanding, for she had no understanding worth the pains of convincing, but to afford her some pretence and opportunity of giving vent to her emotion. When this effect is produced, he proceeds to substitute some regard for himself in its place. As we have already observed, he has been

taking measures for this purpose in every thing he has said; and, by soothing expressions of adulation, during the course of her anger, he was gradually preparing her mind for the more pleasing, but not less powerful, dominion of vanity. In the foregoing lines, and in what follows, he ventures a declaration of the passion he pretends to entertain for her: yet he does this indirectly, as suggested by the progress of their argument, and as a reason for those parts of his conduct that seems so heinous:

> Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
> Your beauty, that doth haunt me in my sleep, etc.

Richard was well aware that a declaration of love from him would, of course, renew her indignation. He accordingly manages her mind in such a manner as to correct the violence of her anger, by suggesting the idea of his passion, when he first mentions it, in terms more playful than serious; and, afterwards, when he announces it more seriously, by an indirect and seeming accidental declaration. Still, however, with all these precautions to introduce the thought in a familiar and easy manner, he is aware of her displeasure. Here, therefore, as in the former part of the scene, he must depend on his command of temper, and on the same means, of artfully irritating her emotion till it entirely subsides. Accordingly, persisting in his adulation, he incenses her anger to its utmost extreme; and, finally, by varying the attitude of his flatteries, by assuming an humble and suppliant address, he subdues her soul to the dominion of guilty vanity ..... In the close of the dialogue, we may trace distinctly the decline of her emotion. It follows the same course as the passion she expresses at the beginning of the scene. She is at first violent; becomes more violent; her passion subsides; yet some ideas of

propriety wandering across her mind, she makes an effort to recal her resentment: the effort is feeble; it amounts to no more than to express contempt in her aspect; it is baffled by a new attitude of adulation; and, by a pretended indirect appeal to her compassion, she is totally vanquished.

Through the whole of this scene, our abhorrence, our disgust and contempt, excited by cruelty, falsehood, meanness, and insignificance of mind, are so counterbalanced by the feelings that arise on the view of ability, self-possession, knowledge of character, and the masterly display of human nature, as that, instead of impairing, they rather contribute force to the general sensation of pleasure. The conduct of Richard towards a character of more determined virtue, or of more stubborn passions, would have been absurd: towards Lady Anne it was natural, and attended with that success, which it was calculated to obtain.

No. LXVII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 28.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

YOUR predecessor, the Spectator, used to be consulted in cases of difficulty. I know not if you, Mr. Mirror, set up on the same footing. I am resolved, however, to try; and, although you should refuse to prescribe, I shall at least have the satisfaction of communicating my distress.

I am between the age of a young man, and what the ladies call an old bachelor, not many years under forty, of no inconsiderable family, with an opulent fortune. I was educated like most other young heirs,

that is, very indifferently. My teachers, it is true, were eminent in their different branches. My father obliged me to give regular attendance to their instructions ; but another part of the family seemed to think the restraint I was kept in too severe. The knowledge of this encouraged my want of attention at the time, though the recollection has, of late, given me much regret. I succeeded to my fortune at the age of eighteen, and engaged deeply in those pursuits which are stigmatized with the name of vices, by those who are unable to attain them. Having run on in the usual career, I became tired with the sameness and insipidity of the scenes in which I had so often been a spectator, or an actor. I began to look on my conduct as bordering on the contemptible, and wished to change it for something more rational and respectable. I wished to change it while I had a sound constitution, which I owed to Nature, and an unimpaired fortune, which I owed to a spirit of independence, instilled by a worthy father, from whose counsels and example I ought never to have departed. The good effects of these, if not wholly obliterated, have at least been long obscured by intemperance and dissipation.

A man who, from being idle and dissipated, becomes sober and regular in his conduct, is immediately marked out for marriage by his former companions. Mine certainly thought of it for me long before I did so for myself. Many of my relations seemed to entertain the same opinion. They had long wished me to marry, to prevent a considerable part of my fortune from going to a worthless and distant relation ; and shewed so much satisfaction at my supposed resolution, that I adopted it in earnest.

You, who set up for an instructor, are, I presume, better acquainted with the world than to imagine that I would first turn my views to those young la-

dies with whom I was most intimately acquainted, and in whose society I had passed a considerable part of my time. The giddy and frivolous pursuits in which I saw them constantly engaged, left no room for that domestic tenderness which I looked for in a wife. The gloss of fashion might suffice for the transient intercourse of gaiety ; but some more intrinsic excellence was necessary to fix an attachment for life.

I resolved, therefore, to pay my addresses only to young ladies who had received a less public education ; and with that view I determined to cultivate an acquaintance in those families that were most remarkable for their prudence and moderation. I now began to look upon it as not one of the least misfortunes attending a young man in the fashionable world, that he is, in some degree, excluded from the opportunity of forming connexions with the best and most virtuous of the other sex at an early period of life, while the warm feelings of benevolence remain unblunted by those artificial manners, the consequences of which to society go near to overbalance the advantage arising from the refinements that produce them.

In the course of my researches I became acquainted with Nerissa, an only daughter, who had been educated under the eye of a mother famed for her prudence and economy. She was at this time about twenty ; though not a perfect beauty, she was agreeable, with an air of simplicity that is always engaging. Her conversation was sensible, and her ease of manner, and the facility with which she expressed herself, astonished me in one who had so little intercourse with the world ; but Nerissa's conversation furnished not one generous sentiment. The tear of compassion never started in her eye at a tale of sorrow ; nor did the glow of pleasure ever sparkle in her countenance at the success of merit.

In the society in which I had lived, self-gratification seemed to be the study of every individual, without giving the least attention to the pleasure and enjoyment of others. It was only the outward conduct of Nerissa that was different; her disposition was the same; and, as I had resolved to be attentive to the happiness of a wife, I wished not to chuse one who would be regardless of that of a husband. We were not suited to each other; the only objects of Nerissa were rank and fortune; she has since attained her wishes, having been lately married to a title and a settlement.

I next became acquainted in the house of Sir George Edwin, a man of very moderate fortune, who had lived some years in town for the education of his family. With Sir George I had but little intercourse, though he too was a man of the world; but he moved in an inferior sphere, his pleasures being chiefly confined to the bottle. He had three daughters, of whom I had that sort of acquaintance one necessarily acquires in a narrow country like this, by meeting frequently at places of public resort, as well as at private entertainments; but, as they were always attended by their mother Lady Edwin, a grave matron, she never permitted them to engage in those familiar parties, amongst whom, or at the tavern, I generally passed my evenings.

The Miss Edwins were justly esteemed handsome; their manners were easy, not elegant; their conversation was, for the most part, confined to the occurrences of the day, and never went farther than observations on the last ball or the last dinner. These they were so eager to communicate, that they commonly spoke all at once, each of them afraid, no doubt, lest her sister should have the merit of her important discoveries. The only object of the mother seemed to be to get her girls well married. For this purpose she had trusted entirely to the ex-

ternal accomplishments of their persons, and those little arts which experienced matrons know well how to use, to entrap the amorous and unwary. I hope she will succeed ; the Miss Edwins appear to be good sort of girls, and will, I have no doubt, make excellent wives to some honest country squire, or some plodding man of business, who has no other idea of a wife than as a breeder or a housekeeper. Lady Edwin says she is an excellent economist, and her daughters have had the benefit of her example.

In the house of Sir George Edwin I first heard of Cordelia, and not much to her advantage. This, for censure will often defeat its purpose, gave me a strong desire to be acquainted with her. I soon learned that she was an only daughter ; that she was now in her twenty second year ; that her father died when she was a child, leaving her a handsome fortune, which, being placed in the hands of a relation in the mercantile line, was so much impaired by his failure, that her mother found it necessary to cut short her plan of a fashionable and expensive education, and to take the chief care of her daughter's instruction upon herself. They had lived together in a decent retirement for five or six years, except a few months which they passed in town every winter, with the only one of their opulent relations who received them with the same affection as in their prosperity. Cordelia and her mother were upon one of these annual visits when I was introduced to her. I will not pretend to describe the sensations I then felt, nor the "mind illumined "face" that produced them ; from that moment I was unhappy but in her company, and found in her conversation that elegance of mind, that cheerful sweetness and sensibility of temper, which was diffused upon her countenance. I rejoiced at that rank and fortune of which I was possessed, as giving me

the power of making Cordelia happy, and of raising her to a station less unworthy her distinguished merit and accomplishments. The lady with whom she lived gave me every opportunity I could wish of cultivating a more intimate acquaintance, and shewing the sincerity of my attachment; nor did her mother seem averse to the connexion, though there was, at times, an anxious solicitude in her countenance at those approaches to the familiarity which I had been accustomed to indulge, both in manner and conversation, among my female acquaintance; a habit which the sincerity of my passion for Cordelia could not, at all times, repress. Cordelia herself, always received me with affability; and, though I could not pretend to discover any partiality in my favour, I attributed this to her compliance with the cautious prudence of a mother, which would be moved by an open declaration of my attachment, and a proposal of marriage in form.

Desirous to interest the mother in my favour, I made my first application to her, convinced that she could not hesitate to approve of a match which was so favourable in point of fortune. Contrary to my hopes, she at once referred me to her daughter, with an observation in which there was more truth than politeness: "That being the person principally "interested, she was the first to be applied to." Having endeavoured to make an apology for this part of my conduct, of which a better notion of female delicacy than was to be acquired among my former companions had taught me the impropriety, I was shewn into Cordelia's dressing-room; where, after a short pause, I entered on the purpose of my visit, and made offer of myself and fortune, with all the ardour which the strength and sincerity of my passion inspired, and with all the attention that was due to her beauty and accomplishments. She heard me, not without emotion; and, as she seemed un-

able to give an immediate answer, I interpreted her silence favourably; and seizing her hand, pressed my suit with all the earnestness of which I was capable. She soon recovered her tranquillity, and withdrawing her hand, answered with her usual unaffected modesty, but with a firmness I had never before observed, "That she was obliged to me for "my favourable opinion; but as our affections were "not in our power, and as the mode of life to which "I had been accustomed was little suited to her "inclinations, or to create that respect for the sex "which she hoped to find in a husband, it was im-"possible I could ever be hers." In vain did I join with her in blaming my past conduct; in vain did I assure her of the settled purpose I had formed to alter my mode of life; that I had actually done so; that as all my wishes were centered in an union with her, it should be the future business of my life to promote her happiness. She remained inflexible; she doubted not, she said, the sincerity of my intentions; but her resolution was taken; and she repeatedly assured me, that her motives made it unalterable. Some of the family coming in, I retired in a state of mind which I shall not attempt to describe.

This incident, Mr. Mirror, has made me look into myself, into my past conduct, and into the errors or misfortunes, call them by what name you please, which have been the chief cause of my present anxiety and uneasiness. That I was the heir of an opulent fortune, was no fault of mine; neither can I be answerable for having succeeded to it at the early age of eighteen, when the passions were contending for gratification, when the means were in my power, and novelty heightened the enjoyment. The societies I frequented were composed of the first names of the kingdom, both for rank and fortune; our knowledge of men was not confined to the narrow circle of our own country; we were acquainted with

the faces of the principal potentates of Europe, and with those of many of their ministers; we could discourse of music and painting in the language of a connoisseur, and re-echo the opinions we had heard of the most celebrated singers of Florence, Naples, and Rome. Was I to blame for accommodating myself to the established manners of my country, in that rank of life to which I belonged? Even the attention that was paid to my education, before the death of an excellent father, has been a source of misfortune; it can only be from the impressions I then received, that I acquired a confused idea of a conduct more becoming a being who found himself capable of reasoning and reflection. This idea often obtruded itself in the hours of langour and inactivity, and sometimes even embittered the cup of enjoyment. Restrained, for a time, by those habits which remain after the passions that produced them are extinguished, I at last found means to break the charm, and to form plans of rational and domestic enjoyment. Disappointed in these, I feel the most poignant regret that I was not born a younger brother, and compelled to seek that distinction from merit which I enjoyed from fortune; or that my father had not allowed me to remain equally ignorant and uncultivated as the generality of my companions, whose affections centre in themselves, whose ambition consists in frequenting the best company, and whose knowledge is confined to the kitchen or the gaming-table. Displeased with myself, disgusted with the world, and rejected by Cordelia, I am preparing to sink at once into retirement and oblivion. What my occupations are to be, I know not; an hundred schemes have been formed and rejected. If it be in your power to suggest any thing I can steadily adhere to, and which will make me less contemptible in my own eyes, you will do good to one; but if you can exhibit in your Mirror

a preventative to the errors by which I have been undone, you may do good to thousands.

I am, &c.

LORENZO.

H

No. LXVIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1780.

I can make speeches in the Senate too, Nacky.

OTWAY.

ONE morning, during my late visit to Mr. Umphraville, as that gentleman, his sister, and I, were sitting at breakfast, my old friend John came in, and delivered a sealed card to his master. After putting on his spectacles, and reading it with attention, "Ay," said Umphraville, "this is one of your "modern improvements. I remember the time "when one neighbour could have gone to dine with "another without any fuss or ceremony; but now, "forsooth, you must announce your intention so "many days before; and, by and by, I suppose, the "intercourse between two country gentlemen will "be carried on with the same stiffness of ceremonial "that prevails among your little German princes. "Sister, you must prepare a feast on Thursday; "Colonel Plum says he intends to have the honour "of waiting on us." "Brother," replied Miss Umphraville, "you know we don't deal in giving feasts; "but if colonel Plum can dine on a plain dinner, "without his foreign dishes and French sauces, I "can promise him a bit of good mutton, and hearty "welcome."

On the day appointed Colonel Plum arrived, and along with him the gay, the sprightly Sir Bobby Button, who had posted down to the country to enjoy two days shooting at Colonel Plum's, where he arrived just as that gentleman was setting out for Mr. Umphraville's. Sir Bobby always easy, and who in every society is the same, protested against the Colonel's putting off his visit, and declared he would be happy to attend him.

Though I had but little knowledge of Sir Bobby, I was perfectly acquainted with his character; but to Umphraville he was altogether unknown, and I promised myself some amusement from the contrast of two persons so opposite in sentiments, in manner, and in opinions. When he was presented, I observed Umphraville somewhat shocked with his dress and figure; in both which it must be owned, he resembled a monkey of a larger size. Sir Bobby, however, did not allow him much time to contemplate his external appearance; for he immediately, without any preparation or apology, began to attack the old gentleman on the bad taste of his house, and of every thing about it. "Why the devil," said he, "don't you enlarge your windows, and cut down "those damned hedges and trees that spoil your "lawn so miserably? If you would allow me, I "would undertake, in a week's time, to give you a "clever place. This is for all the world just such "a chateau as my friend Lord ..... (you know "Lord ....., the finest fellow on earth) succeeded "to last year by the death of an uncle, a queer "old prig, who had lived locked up in his castle for "half a century :.....he died damned rich though; "and as soon as Lord ..... knew for certain that "his breath was out, he and I went down to take "possession; and in a strange condition to be sure, "we found things, but in less than a month, we "turned all topsy-turvy, and it is now in the way of

" being as fine a place as any in England." To this Umphraville made no answer; and indeed the baronet was so fond of hearing himself talk, and chattered away at such a rate, that he neither seemed to desire nor to expect an answer.

On Miss Umphraville's coming in, he addressed himself to her; and, after displaying his dress, and explaining some particulars with regard to it, he began to entertain her with an account of the gallantries in which he had been engaged the preceding winter in London. He talked as if no woman could resist his persuasive address and elegant figure .....as if London were one great seraglio, and he himself the mighty master of it. This topic he was so fond of, that he enlarged upon it after Miss Umphraville had retired, and used a grossiereté of expression in his descriptions which, of late, has been very much affected by our fine gentlemen; but which shocked Umphraville, to whom it was altogether new, and who has ever entertained the highest veneration for the sex.

To put an end to this conversation, Colonel Plum, who seemed to be tired of it, as we were, mentioned the very singular situation this country was in when the combined fleets of France and Spain lay off Plymouth; and took occasion to observe, that, if our fleet should be vanquished, if our wooden walls should fail us, he was afraid our country, thus laid open to the invasion of those hostile powers, could not easily resist their force. Umphraville entertained a very different opinion. He said, that a naval force might perhaps be necessary to maintain and defend an extensive foreign commerce; but he did not see, how it was at all connected with the internal defence of a state, or why a nation might not be respectable, both at home and abroad, without any great fleet? " Were the English," said he, " indebted to their wooden walls for the victory of

" Cressy, of Poictiers, and of Agincourt? Was it " by a naval force that the great Gustavus was en- " abled to take so decisive a part in the affairs of " Europe, and to render the power of Sweden so " respectable? Is it by ships that the brave Swiss " have defended their liberties for so many ages? " What fleets did our own country possess, while " she boldly maintained her independence, for so " many centuries, against the constant and unre- " mitted attacks of England? Did we possess a sin- " gle ship of force, when the gallant Bruce almost " annihilated the power of England on the field of " Bannockburn? Believe me, gentlemen," continued he, " it is not an easy matter to subdue a free " people fighting for their country. In such a cause " every man would stand forth. Old as I am, I " would not hesitate a moment to draw my sword " against our foes, should they ever be desperate " enough to make an attempt on these islands." " You may, if you please," said Sir Bobby (who seemed to be awed into silence, by the elevated tone Umphraville had assumed), " but I'll be " cursed if I would. Damn it, what does it signify? " If the French were to conquer us, I don't think " we could lose much by it: and, in some respects " we should gain. We should drink better Bur- " gundy; and we should have cloaths fit for a gen- " tleman to wear, without running the risque of " their being seized by these damned locusts of " custom-house officers.....I should not like, though, " to lose my seat in the House. If the French leave " us that, they may come again when they please " for me."....Umphraville, who had not the most distant conception of his being in parliament, asked Sir Bobby gravely, what seat, what house he meant? " Why, damn it, our House, the House of Com- " mons, to be sure;....there is no living out of par- " liament now; it is the ton for a gentleman to be

" in it, and it is the pleasantest thing in the world. " There are Jack ....., Dick ....., Lord ....., " and I, are always together. At first, we used to " tire confoundedly of their late nights and long " debates; but now the minister is so obliging as to " tell us when he thinks the question will be put, " and away we go to dinner, to the opera, or some- " where, and contrive to return just in time to " vote, or as Lord ..... calls it, to be in at the " death."

Hitherto Umphraville's countenance had discovered no emotion but that of contempt; now he could not conceal his astonishment and indignation. Recollecting himself, however, he asked the Baronet, if he never thought of his constituents, and of the purposes for which they sent him to parliament? ...." As to that," said he, " there is no man so at- " tentive to his constituents as I am. I spend some " months among them every summer, where I " keep open house for the savages, and make love " to their wives and daughters. Besides, I am al- " ways making presents to the women of some little " fashionable trinket. The last time I came from " London I brought down a parcel of spring garters, " that cost me thirty shillings a pair, by Gad; " which I distributed among them, taking care, at " the same time, to tell each of them, that nothing " shewed a fine ankle to such advantage as a spring " garter."

In the evening, after our visitors had left us, I found Umphraville sitting in his elbow-chair, in a graver mood than usual. " I am thinking, my " friend," said he, " of the strange times we live in. " You know I am not much of a politician; and, " living retired as I do, abstracted from the world, " I have little access to be acquainted with the " springs that move the wheels of government, or " the causes of national prosperity or adversity.

" For some time past, however, I have been endea-
" vouring, in vain, to investigate the latent sources
" of the sudden and almost instantaneous decline of
" our empire, unexampled, I believe, in the histo-
" ry of nations. The scene you have this day wit-
" nessed, has given me more light on that subject
" than any thing I have met with. If such men
" are to conduct and to regulate the great affairs of
" state, are we to wonder at our want of success?
" If our senate is to be filled with beings, mean as
" they are worthless, alike destitute of public virtue
" and of private honour, we may cease to be sur-
" prised at any calamity that befals us. Of such
" creatures, I presume, the Roman senate was com-
" posed, when, by the groundless jealousy of an
" emperor (Gallienus, if I mistake not), the sena-
" tors were prohibited from holding any military
" employment; and they considered the exemption
" as a favour, not as an affront: so lost were they
" to every principle of honour, so void of every
" generous and manly feeling. But what astonishes
" me most is, that in times like these, when the
" empire is shook to its foundation, the people
" should be so infatuated as to trust their best, their
" dearest rights in such hands. Had the Congress
" been composed of Bobby Buttons, would Ameri-
" ca ever have made such a stand against us?"

How long this Phillippic might have lasted I cannot say, had not Miss Umphraville come in, and put an end to it, by challenging me to play a game at backgammon.

No. LXIX. TUESDAY, JANUARY 4.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM a pretty constant reader of your publications; by what means, you shall know before I have finished this letter. Among other papers of your publishing, I have read one marked No. LXV. written by a lady, who subscribes herself S. M. That lady is pleased to complain of her situation, and to represent herself as unfortunate. I cannot think she has the least title to do so. She was received and entertained by a kind brother; but, forsooth, she took it into her head to quarrel with him because he married, and seemed to like his wife better than her, and to be displeased with the lady, because she appeared to have more vanity than she ought to have had. Pray, what right had she to find fault with those who so hospitably entertained her? or, how did she shew superior sense by thus quarrelling with her bread and butter?....I am, Sir, the younger brother of Sir George Fielding. I live comfortably and contentedly in his house; and yet, I could lay a wager, were Madam S. M. in my situation, she would be fretful and discontented; but I shall appeal to you, Sir, if she would have any reason for her discontent.

My father, Sir Robert, sent me, when a young man, to the University; but, as I had no taste for study, I spent most of my time at the billiard-table, at cards, in hunting, playing at golf, or in public diversions. I was more gaily dressed than any of my companions, and I united many of the qualities of a beaux and a buck.....During the vacation, I resided at my father's house; and the elegant and expensive manner in which he lived, increased my turn for pleasure and amusement.

I was in my twentieth year when my father, who had supplied me liberally with money, died, leaving me the small patrimony of one thousand pounds. Fifty pounds a year could not support the expence of one who had been accustomed to spend four times that sum. In this situation it was thought necessary that I should do something for myself. Amidst the various schemes that were proposed, it was determined that I should become a merchant. My brother, Sir George, generously discharged all the debts I had contracted; for, notwithstanding my father's liberality while he was living, I had contracted several; and I was bound apprentice to an eminent trader. He was a sober, industrious, thriving man; but I soon found it impossible to accommodate myself to his frugal and economical ideas; and my inclination for amusement and pleasure, which he used to call dissipation and idleness, could not give way to his habits of industry and attention.

Accordingly, before the term of my apprenticeship was elapsed, my master wrote to Sir George, informing him that I had taken up with bad company; that I had neglected my business; that I had not profited by his instructions; and recommending to him to try me in something else, and, in all events, to remove me to some other place.

After a good deal of deliberation, it was resolved to try to set me up as a farmer; and I entered upon the management of a considerable farm. But in this business I found I did not succeed any better than in my former. Notwithstanding the good instructions I received at a club of very honest fellows, at which we met every week to talk about farming and improvements, somehow or other, my crops never paid for the expence of raising them; and, in a few years, I found that I had improved away every shilling of my capital. Sir George then

proposed to me that I should quit all thoughts of business, and take up my residence in his house; I cheerfully accepted this proposal, and have lived with him for fourteen years past.

In his house I find every thing provided for me, and I am perfectly contented, having nothing to care for. Sir George, who is beloved and respected by all the neighbourhood, has frequently crowds of company who resort to his house; but, as he does not drink himself, whenever the company wish to drink a little more than usual, he deputes me to act his part as a landlord. In that capacity I do not fail to push about the bottle; and I find myself in a situation perfectly to my wish. As I am a good shot, I spend great part of my time in shooting; and Mr. Joseph, for that is the name I go by, is made a welcome guest at all the gentlemen's houses in the neighbourhood; the more so, as I seldom make a visit without carrying along with me some of the game I have killed. I never fail to make one at all the sports in the neighbourhood. At a village-wedding I am a considerable personage; and there is not a country girl who does not think it an honour to dance with Mr. Joseph. When Lady Fielding makes a visit, I generally attend her in the absence of Sir George. The only part of my employment which I find disagreeable is, that sometimes, in the winter evenings, I am set a-reading to my Lady; and, among other publications, I have read over to her most of the MIRRORS. My Lady likes them exceedingly; so do I too, but not for the same reason that she does; I like them ....because they are short. In the course of this employment, I read S. M.'s letter, and have already given you my reasons for being much dissatisfied with what she writes.

I can make no doubt, that, were she in my situation, she would think she had much reason to be

unhappy. She would, perhaps, complain that her brother was so rich, and she so poor; she would say, that it was an employment below her to act as toast-master to her brother's drunken company; that it was despicable to be known only by the name of Mr. Joseph; that she could not but consider herself as in a contemptible situation, being unfit for any employment, or to act any higher part than that of a sportsman, a dancer at a country wedding, or an humble attendant on my Lady Fielding. But I am of a very different opinion. I certainly neither have the fortune, nor do I meet with the same respect that my brother Sir George does;....but what does that signify?.....I eat, drink, and am merry, enjoy good health and good spirits; and I have neither the trouble of managing a great estate, nor am I obliged to be circumspect in my conduct in order that I may act up, as I hear my brother and some of his friends express it, to a certain dignity of character. In a word, I am happy enough, and I think Madam S. M. might have been so too, if she had had a mind.

I am, &c.

JOSEPH FIELDING.

The situation which is described in the above letter is not, I believe, altogether an uncommon one. I should be very unwilling to make Mr. Joseph displeased with it; on the contrary, I think his cheerfulness and good humour are to be envied. At the same time, without expressing those sentiments which, I doubt not, will occur to many of my readers upon the perusal of his letter, I cannot but observe, that I have sometimes felt regret that, in certain circumstances, a more equal distribution of fortune were not made among the children of some great landed proprietors, or that care were not taken to moderate their education to

that style of life in which their circumstances are likely to place them. A young man, who is left a small patrimony, ought not surely to be accustomed to habits of extravagance and dissipation, but ought to be early inured to economy, and be qualified for some business. Without this (though accident may sometimes conduct such young men to fortune or to eminence), there must be always great danger of their proving unfit for any valuable purpose in life, of their deserving no higher appellation than that of Mr. Joseph.

A

No. LXX. SATURDAY, JANUARY 8.

Ingentes Dominos, et clariae nomina famae
Illustrique graves nobilitate domos
Devita.

SENECA.

IN an excursion I made some months ago to the county of ....., I paid a visit to Antonio, an old acquaintance of my father's, whom I had known from my infancy. He had been exceedingly attentive to me when a boy; and, as he was something of a sportsman, my guardians often permitted me to accompany him to the field, where, as indeed on every occasion, he treated me with the ease and freedom of a companion and an equal. This behaviour, so different from that to which boys are generally accustomed, while it flattered my self-importance, gave me so much favour and affection for Antonio, that I never saw him afterwards, without feeling those agreeable sensations which accom-

pany the recollection of that happy period of life, when we catch the pleasures of the moment, equally regardless of what is past or to come.

I had not heard of Antonio for many months. When I arrived at the village where he lived, I hastened to his house without any previous enquiry. The countenance of the servant made me suspect all was not well; and, when I entered his apartment, I found him in the last stage of a dropsy. The sensations that crowded on my mind at the squalid and death-like appearance of the good old man, so different from those in which I was prepared to indulge, had almost overcome me; but the growing emotion was checked by the countenance with which he beheld it. No sooner was I seated, than, taking my hand, "What a change," said he, with a look of melancholy composure, "is here since you last "saw me!....I was two years older than your father; "had he been alive, he would have been seventy-"four next Christmas."

The particulars of the conversation, though they have made a lasting impression on my mind, would be uninteresting to many of my readers; but as the life of Antonio will afford an important lesson to the younger part of them, I give the following short account of it, as the subject of this and the subsequent paper.

"The father of Antonio was one of the first men "of family in Scotland, who had been bred to the "profession of a merchant; in which he was so "successful, that about the beginning of this cen-"tury he had acquired the sum of twenty thousand "pounds, which was, at that time, reckoned no "inconsiderable fortune. He had two children who "survived him; Antonio, and a daughter, Leonora, "who was several years younger than her brother. "As the Father had received a liberal education, "he was attentive to bestow the same benefit upon

" his son ; but, being equally sensible of the advan-
" tages of industry, he was, at the same time, deter-
" mined that he should be educated to some profes-
" sion or employment, though he did not restrain
" him in his choice. Antonio, on his part, seconded
" his father's views. His genius was inferior to
" none of his contemporaries ; allowing for some
" little excesses, which the liveliness and compliancy
" of his disposition engaged him in, he exceeded
" them all in the assiduity of his application ; and,
" as his manners were at the same time mild and
" spirited, he was both beloved and respected by his
" companions.

" Being arrived at an age which made it neces-
" sary to regulate his studies by the profession he
" was to follow, he made choice of that of physic,
" which, including the different branches of science
" usually connected with it, may be said to embrace
" the whole study of nature : to these he applied
" rather as a philosopher than as one who intended
" to be a practitioner in the art ; he was, neverthe-
" less, preparing to take his degree, when the death
" of his father left him, at the age of twenty, pos-
" sessed of a handsome fortune.

" Antonio continued his studies for some time
" with his usual assiduity ; but, finding his income
" more than sufficient for his wants, he gave up all
" thoughts of engaging in practice. His house be-
" came the rendezvous of his former school compa-
" nions, many of them the sons of the first families
" in the kingdom, who were now entering into life
" (I speak of a period above fifty years ago), and
" who found themselves flattered by those engaging
" manners in the man, which had attached them to
" the boy.

" In consequence of these connections, Antonio
" found himself engaged in a line of life to which
" he had been little accustomed ; but, as he had

" mixed the study of polite literature with science,
" and was master of the exercises of dancing, fen-
" cing, and riding; he soon acquired that ease in
" his address and conversation, which mark the
" gentleman, while they hide the man of learning
" from a common observer. His good-nature and
" benevolence, proceeding from an enlarged and
" liberal mind, prevented him from viewing, with
" too severe an eye, the occasional excesses of some
" of his companions; and elegant taste, and a sound
" understanding, prevented him from engaging in
" them too deeply.

" Antonio's time was now mostly spent among
" the great. He made long and frequent visits
" at their seats in the country; he joined them
" in excursions from time to time to the different
" courts on the continent; and, when he was not
" abroad, he resided almost constantly in London,
" or the neighbourhood; so that he became, in
" a great measure, a stranger in his own country.

" Among the companions of Antonio were two
" sons of the Earl of W....., who were particu-
" larly attached to him. Their father was not more
" envied by the ambitious for the distinguished
" rank he held in the councils of his sovereign,
" than by the wise and moderate for being father
" to two of the most promising young men of the
" age. They had been acquainted with Antonio
" from their infancy. They had grown up at the
" same schools, and studied under the same mas-
" ters. After an absence of three years, they hap-
" pened to meet at Venice, where Antonio had the
" good fortune to render them essential service, in
" extricating them from difficulties in which the
" impetuosity of the best conditioned young men
" will sometimes involve them, especially in a
" foreign country. They returned together to Bri-

" tain. Their father, who knew their former con-
" nexion with Antonio, and had heard of their
" recent obligation to him, expressed his sense of
" it in very flattering terms, and earnestly wished
" for an opportunity to reward it.

" I had seen few men who were proof against
" the attention of ministers. Though it does not
" always gratify, it seldom fails to excite three of the
" most powerful passions, vanity, ambition, and ava-
" rice. Antonio, I am afraid, did not form an
" exception to the rule. Though naturally an eco-
" nomist, his mode of life had considerably impaired
" his fortune. He knew this; but he knew not
" exactly to what extent. He received gentle re-
" monstrances on the subject from some of his
" relations in Scotland, who remembered his virtues.
" In the letters of his sister Leonora (who still re-
" tained that affection and attachment to her brother
" which his attention to her, both before and after
" her father's death, had impressed upon her mind),
" he perceived an anxiety for which he could not
" otherwise account than from her apprehensions
" about the situation of his affairs. The patronage
" of the Earl of W..... presented itself as a
" remedy. To him, therefore, he determined to
" apply. The intimacy in which he lived with his
" sons, the friendly manner in which the earl him-
" self always behaved to him, made this appear
" an easy matter to Antonio; but he was unaccus-
" tomed to ask favours even from the great. His
" spirit rose at the consciousness of their having
" become necessary; and he sunk in his own esteem
" in being reduced to use the language of solicita-
" tion for something like a pecuniary favour. After
" several fruitless attempts, he could bring himself
" no farther than to give a distant hint to his com-
" panions, the sons of the earl. It was sufficient to
" them; and, at the next interview with their father,

" Antonio received the most friendly assurances of " being soon provided for in some way suited to his " taste and disposition.

" Elated with these hopes, he returned, after a " ten-years' absence to visit his friends in Scotland, " and to examine into the situation of his affairs. " Of the twenty thousand pounds left by his father, " there was little more than ten thousand pounds re- " maining; and the half of that sum belonged to his " sister Leonora. The knowledge of this made no " great impression on his mind, as he was certain " of being amply provided for; meanwhile, he " thought it his duty to put his sister's fortune in " safety; and, by his whole behaviour to her during " a nine-months' residence in Scotland, he confirmed " that love and affection which his more early con- " duct had justly merited."

No. LXXI. TUESDAY, JANUARY 11.

" ANTONIO returned to London about the " breaking out of the Spanish war in 1739. The par- " ties in the state ran high; the minister was attack- " ed on all sides, in a language somewhat more de- " cent than what is in use among the patriots of the " present day, though it was not, on that account, " less poignant and severe. Antonio's patron, the " Earl of W....., took part with the minister, " and both he and his sons, who were by this time " in parliament, seemed so much occupied with the " affairs of the public, that Antonio was unwilling to " disturb them with any private application for him- " self, until the ferment was somewhat subsided. In " the mean time, he continued his usual mode of

" life ; and, though he could not help observing, that " many of the great men with whom he had been " accustomed to converse on the most easy and fa- " miliar terms, began to treat him with a forbidding " ceremony, more disgusting to a mind of sensibility " than downright insolence ; still the consciousness " of his situation prevented him from renouncing a " society in which the secret admonitions of his heart " frequently told him he could not continue, with- " out forfeiting the strongest support of virtue and " honour, a proper respect for himself.

" Sir Robert Walpole was at last obliged to resign, " and along with him a few of his friends, who were " most obnoxious to the leaders of the successful " party. The Earl of W..... was not of the " number; he still preserved his place in the cabi- " net; and the new and the old ministers having " adjusted their different pretensions, a calm tran- " quillity succeeded, as the less powerful and disap- " pointed patriots, rendered suspicious by the de- " fection of their principal leaders, could not at once " connect themselves into a formidable opposition.

" Antonio thought this a proper time to renew his " application. That delicacy which made him for- " merly shrink at the idea of asking a pecuniary " favour, was now no more ; his growing necessities, " and the habits of submission they produced, had " blunted the fine feelings of independence, and he " could now, though unnoticed, dance attendance at " the levees of the great, like one who had never felt " himself their equal. Fortunately there soon hap- " pened a vacancy in an office in the department of " the Earl of W....., which was every way suit- " ed to Antonio. He modestly reminded the Earl of " his former promises ; and, having made the first " application, his request was instantly granted. At " that moment Lord C....., who was supposed to " be prime minister, arrived to ask the office for the

" son of a butcher in Kent, who was returning offi-
" cer in a borough where there was a contested
" election. The Earl of W..... told the minis-
" ter, that he had just now promised it to that gen-
" tleman, pointing to Antonio. The minister had
" frequently seen Antonio, and was not unacquaint-
" ed with his character; congratulated him with
" much seeming cordiality; and, turning to the Earl
" of W....., paid him many compliments on his
" bestowing the office upon one of so distinguished
" merit. That consideration, added he, can compen-
" sate for the disappointment I feel in not having
" obtained it for the person I mentioned to your
" lordship. Antonio was too well acquainted with
" the language of the court not to understand the
" tendency of all this. The Earl of W..... im-
" mediately observed, that to oblige his lordship, he
" had no doubt Antonio would readily give up the
" promise. This was instantly done; and these two
" noble persons vied with each other in their offers
" of service; he was given to understand, that the
" first opportunity should be taken to provide for
" him in a manner exceeding his wishes.

" Though Antonio was not, upon the whole,
" very well pleased with this incident, he endea-
" voured to comfort himself with reflecting, that he
" had now acquired a right of going directly to the
" minister, which was so much the more agreeable,
" as he plainly perceived that the sons of the Earl of
" W....., though they still behaved to him
" with more ease and attention than many others of
" his former companions, would, like the rest, soon
" be estranged from him. At school at college, on
" their travels, and even for some time after their
" return, their pursuits were the same. Whether it
" was instruction or entertainment, they were mu-
" tually assisting to each other, and they found An-
" tonio to be in every thing their equal, perhaps in

" some things their superior. The scene was now " changed. In the midst of their family and rela- " tions, possessed of the adventitious, though daz- " zling qualities of rank and fortune, the real merit " of Antonio was hardly perceived. They now found " him to be in some things their inferior. This " alone would have, in time, put an end to their in- " timacy, unless, like many others, he would have " contented himself with acting the part of an hum- " ble attendant. Having once opened to their views " the career of ambition, and the prospect of rising " in the state, they estimated their friendships by " the extent of their political influence. Virtue and " merit were now out of the question, or were at " best but secondary considerations. Former ser- " vices, compared to the objects in which they were " now engaged, sunk to nothing; at the same time " a consciousness of duty led them to behave civilly " to a man they had once esteemed, and who had " done nothing to forfeit their good opinion. Per- " haps, if even applied to in a fortunate moment, " when impelled by a sudden emanation of half- " extinguished virtue, they might have exerted " themselves to serve him; but these exertions " would not have been of long continuance; they " would soon have been smothered by cold political " prudence.

" After two years solicitation, during which his " patrons sometimes cajoled him with promises, and, " at others, hardly deigned to take notice of his re- " quest, Antonio gave up all hopes of success. His " fortune was now totally gone. His friends in Scot- " land had frequently informed him of this; but he " continued to solicit and to receive small sums of " money from time to time, which he was in hopes " of being soon able to repay. These hopes being " extinguished, he could not ask for more. He had " also contracted several debts to the different trades-

" men he employed. He frankly told them his situ-
" ation ; but they remembered the liberality of his
" conduct and behaviour in the days of his prospe-
" rity, and would not use the barbarous right of im-
" prisonment to increase his calamities.

" The accumulated distress to which Antonio was
" now exposed, was more than he could bear. After
" combating some time with the agitation of his
" mind, he was seized with a slow fever, attended
" with a delirium, which made it necessary to ac-
" quaint his friends. His sister Leonora hastened
" to his relief. At the end of some weeks, his health
" was so far re-established, that she ventured to pro-
" pose his undertaking a journey to Scotland ; to
" which he at last consented, but not without reluct-
" ance.

" He learned, by degrees, that the money he re-
" ceived for the last two years he resided in London,
" had come from Leonora ; that she had paid all his
" debts there, and with the small remains of her for-
" tune, had purchased an annuity of an hundred
" and fifty pounds for his and her own life. In a
" short time they retired to a village in the county
" of ....., not far from my father's residence, who
" had been an early acquaintance of Antonio's. My
" father joined his endeavours to those of Leonora to
" recover him from that depression of spirits into
" which his misfortunes, and the reflection on his
" past conduct, had thrown him. They at last suc-
" ceeded, and saw him, with pleasure, regain those
" mild and engaging manners which they had for-
" merly admired. But his spirit and vivacity could
" not be restored. He seemed to engage in the usual
" pastimes and occupations of a country life, rather
" with patience than satisfaction, and to suffer society
" as a duty which he owed to a sister who has pre-
" served him, and to those friends who shewed so
" much solicitude for his happiness, rather than to

" enjoy it as a source of pleasure and entertainment
" to himself. If ever he was animated, it was in the
" company of a few young men who looked up to
" him for instruction. He entertained them not
" with murmurings against the world, or complaints
" of the injustice or depravity of mankind. His pic-
" tures of society were flattering and agreeable, as
" giving the most extensive scope for the exercise
" of the active virtues. " My young friends," he
" he was wont to say, " carry with you into the world
" a spirit of independence, and a proper respect for
" yourselves. These are the guardians of virtue.
" No man can trust to others for his support, or for-
" feit his own good opinion with impunity. Extra-
" vagant desires, and ill-founded hopes pave the way
" for disappointment, and dispose us to cover our
" own errors with the unjust accusation of others.
" Society is supported by a reciprocation of good
" offices ; and, though virtue and humanity will give,
" justice cannot demand, a favour, without a recom-
" pence. Warm and generous friendships are some-
" times, nay, I hope, often found in the world ; but,
" in those changes and vicissitudes of life which open
" new views, and form new connexions, the old are
" apt to be weakened or forgotten. Family and do-
" mestic friendships," would he add, with a sigh,
" will generally be found the most lasting and sin-
" cere ; but here, my friends, you will think me
" prejudiced ; you all know my obligations to
" Leonara."

" Antonio and Leonora are now no more ; he died
" a few days after my last visit. His sister he had
" buried about a twelvemonth before ; and I have
" often heard him mention, with a kind of melancho-
" ly satisfaction, that, to her other distresses, there
" had not been added the regret of being left behind
" him."

No. LXXII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 15.

Sunt lacrymae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.

VILG.

THE consideration of death has been always made use of, by the moralist and the divine, as a powerful incentive to virtue and to piety. From the uncertainty of life, they have endeavoured to sink the estimation of its pleasures, and, if they could not strip the seductions of vice of their present enjoyment, at least to load them with the fear of their end.

Voluptuaries, on the other hand, have, from a similar reflection, endeavoured to enhance the value, and persuade to the enjoyment, of temporal delights. They have advised us to pluck the roses which would otherwise soon wither of themselves, to seize the moments which we could not long command, and since time was unavoidably fleeting, to crown its flight with joy.

Of neither of these persuasives, whether of the moral or the licentious, the severe or the gay, have the effects been great. Life must necessarily consist of active scenes, which exclude from its general tenor the leisure of meditation, and the influence of thought. The schemes of the busy will not be checked by the uncertainty of their event, nor the amusements of the dissipated be either controlled or endeared by the shortness of their duration. Even the cell of the Anchorite, and the cloister of the Monk, have their business and their pleasures; for study may become business, and abstraction pleasure, when they engage the mind, and occupy the time. A man may even enjoy the present, and forget the future, at the very moment in which he is writing

of the insignificancy of the former, and the importance of the latter.

It were easy to shew the wisdom and benignity of Providence, Providence ever wise and benign, in this particular of our constitution ; but it would be trite to repeat arguments too obvious not to have been often observed, and too just not to have been always allowed.

But, though neither the situation of the world, nor the formation of our minds, allow the thoughts of futurity or death a constant or prevailing effect upon our lives, they may surely sometimes, not unseasonably, press upon our imagination ; even exclusive of their moral or religious use, there is a sympathetic enjoyment which often makes it not only better, but more delightful, " to go to the house of " mourning, than to the house of feasting."

Perhaps I felt it so, when, but a few days since, I attended the funeral of a young lady, who was torn, in the bloom of youth and beauty, from the arms of a father who doated on her, of a family by whom she was adored : I think I would not have exchanged my feelings at the time, for all the mirth which gaiety could inspire, or all the pleasure which luxury could bestow.

Maria was in her twentieth year. To the beauty of her form, and excellence of her natural disposition, a parent equally indulgent and attentive had done the fullest justice. To accomplish her person and to cultivate her mind, every endeavour had been used ; and they had been attended with that success which they commonly meet with, when not prevented by mistaken fondness or untimely vanity. Few young ladies have attracted more admiration ; none ever felt it less : with all the charms of beauty, and the polish of education, the plainest were not less affected, nor the most ignorant less assuming. She died when every tongue was eloquent of her

virtues, when every hope was ripening to reward them.

It is by such private and domestic distresses, that the softer emotions of the heart are most strongly excited. The fall of more important personages is commonly distant from our observation ; but even where it happens under our immediate notice, there is a mixture of other feelings by which our compassion is weakened. The eminently great, or extensively useful, leave behind them a train of interrupted views, and disappointed expectations, by which the distress is complicated beyond the simplicity of pity. But the death of one who, like Maria, was to shed the influence of her virtues over the age of a father, and the childhood of her sisters, presents to us a little view of family-affliction which every eye can perceive, and every heart can feel. On scenes of public sorrow and national regret, we gaze as upon those gallery-pictures which strike us with wonder and admiration ; domestic calamity is like the miniature of a friend, which we wear in our bosoms, and keep for secret looks and solitary enjoyment.

The last time I saw Maria was in the midst of a crowded assembly of the fashionable and the gay, where she fixed all eyes by the gracefulness of her motions, and the native dignity of her mien ; yet so tempered was that superiority which they conferred with gentleness and modesty, that not a murmur was heard, either from the rivalship of beauty, or the envy of homeliness. From that scene the transition was so violent to the hearse and the pall, the grave and the sod, that once or twice the imagination turned rebel to my senses : I beheld the objects around me as the painting of a dream, and thought of Maria as living still.

I was soon, however, recalled to the sad reality. The figure of her father bending over the grave of

his darling child; the silent suffering composure in which his countenance was fixed; the tears of his attendants, whose grief was light, and capable of tears; these gave me back the truth, and reminded me that I should see her no more. There was a flow of sorrow with which I suffered myself to be borne along, with a melancholy kind of indulgence; but when her father dropped the cord with which he had helped to lay his Maria in the earth, its sound on the coffin chilled my heart, and horror for a moment took place of pity!

It was but for a moment.....He looked eagerly into the grave; made one involuntary motion to stop the assistants who were throwing the earth into it; then suddenly recollecting himself, clasped his hands together, threw up his eyes to heaven; and then first I saw a few tears drop from them. I gave language to all this. It spoke a lesson of faith, and piety, and resignation. I went away sorrowful, but my sorrow was neither ungentle nor unmanly; cast on this world a glance rather of pity than of enmity; on the next a look of humbleness and hope!

Such, I am persuaded, will commonly be the effect of scenes like that I have described, on minds neither frigid nor unthinking; for of feelings like these, the gloom of the ascetic is as little susceptible as the levity of the giddy. There needs a certain pliancy of mind, which society alone can give, though its vices often destroy, to render us capable of that gentle melancholy which makes sorrow pleasant, and affliction useful.

It is not from a melancholy of this sort, that men are prompted to the cold unfruitful virtues of monkish solitude. These are often the effects rather of passion secluded than repressed, rather of temptation avoided than overcome. The crucifix and the rosary, the death's head and the bones, if custom has not made them indifferent, will rather chill desire than

excite virtue; but amidst the warmth of social affection, and of social sympathy, the heart will feel the weakness and enjoy the duties of humanity.

Perhaps, it will be said, that such situations, and such reflections as the foregoing, will only affect minds already too tender, and be disregarded by those who need the lessons they impart. But this, I apprehend, is to allow too much to the force of habit, and the resistance of prejudice. I will not pretend to assert, that rooted principles, and long-established conduct, are suddenly to be changed by the effects of situation, or the eloquence of sentiment; but if it be granted that such change ever took place, who shall determine by what imperceptible motive, or accidental impression, it was first begun? And, even if the influence of such a call to thought can only smother, in its birth, one allurement to evil, or confirm one wavering purpose to virtue, I shall not have unjustly commended that occasional indulgence of pensiveness and sorrow, which will thus be rendered not only one of the refinements, but one of the improvements, of life.

Z

No. LXXIII. TUESDAY, JANUARY, 18.

THE essay contained in this and the following number, was some time ago received from a gentleman of distinguished name in the literary world.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

IN the course of his various enquiries into human nature, your illustrious kinsman the Specta-

tor did not overlook Dreaming; on which he has given us many ingenious and useful observations. Having all my life been a great dreamer of dreams, I also have made some remarks upon that mysterious phænomenon, which, I flatter myself, may be acceptable to the Author of the Mirror, as I believe some of them are new, and not unworthy of notice.

I shall not take up much of your time with the opinions of the ancients in regard to the immediate cause of dreaming. Epicurus fancied, that an infinite multitude of subtle images, some flowing from bodies, some formed of their own accord, and others made up of different things variously combined, were continually moving up and down in the air about us; and that these images, being of extreme fineness, penetrate our bodies; and, striking upon the mind, give rise to that mode of perception which we call imagination, and to which he refers the origin both of our waking thoughts and of our dreams. Aristotle seems to think, that every object of outward sense makes upon the human soul, or upon some other part of our frame, a certain impression, which remains for some time after the object that made it is gone, and which being afterwards recognized by the mind in sleep, gives rise to those visions that then present themselves. These opinions, if one were to examine them, would be found either to amount to nothing that can be understood, or to ascribe to human thought a sort of material nature, which is perfectly inconceivable.

Neither shall I trouble you with enumerating five different species of dreams acknowledged by some of the ancients, and particularly described by Macrobius. Dreams are, indeed, of different sorts and characters; but I see no reason why they may not be divided into five hundred classes as well as into five. My own remarks I shall set down without

method, and in the order in which they occur to me.

Though some of our dreams are exceedingly wild and extravagant, others are more regular, and more like real life. When the mind is at ease, and the body in health, we are apt to dream of our ordinary business. The passions too, which occupy the mind when awake, and the objects and causes of those passions, are apt to recur in sleep, though for the most part, under some disguise; accompanied with painful circumstances when we are in trouble, and with more pleasing ideas when we are happy. To this the poets attend; and, in describing the dreams of their heroes and heroines, are careful to give them a resemblance to their real fortune. Dido, when forsaken by Æneas, dreams that she is going a long journey alone, and seeking her Tyrians in a desert land;

"……longam incomitata videtur
"Ire viam, Tyriosque deserta quaerere terra."

Thus uniting, as it were, in one image, the two passions that engrossed her through the day, love to her people, and a sense of her forlorn condition. Eloisa, separated for ever from her friend, dreams of being again happy in his company; but the next moment, says she,

……Methinks we wandering go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mouldering tower pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps;
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies?
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.

On these occasions, the poet will not describe a dream exactly like the real circumstances of the dreamer; he makes it only a sort of dark allegorical simili-

tude: and this we approve of, because we know that it is according to nature. For a reason to be given in the sequel, it will appear to be mercifully ordered by Providence, that our dreams should thus differ from our waking thoughts; and, from what we know of the influence of our passions upon the general tenor of our thinking, we need not wonder that there should be notwithstanding, some analogy between them. It is this mixture of resemblance and diversity, that makes some of our dreams allegorical. But, when that happens, an attentive observer, who is free from superstition, will find that they allude, not to what is future, but to what is present or past, unless where we have been anticipating some future event; in which case our dreams may possibly resemble our conjectures. Now, if our conjectures be right, and if our dreams resemble them, it may happen that there shall be a likeness between a certain dream and a future occurrence: but in this there is nothing more supernatural, than that I should dream to-night of what I have been employed in to-day; for this is nothing more than a particular train of thought impressed upon us in sleep, by a certain previous train of thought into which reason and experience had led us when awake. For example, when I see a man dissipating his fortune by debauchery, I may, with reason, apprehend that disease and poverty will soon overtake him. If this conjecture trouble me in the daytime, it may also recur in sleep, accompanied with some visionary circumstances; and I shall dream, perhaps, that I see him in rags and misery. Suppose this really to happen soon after, what opinion am I to entertain concerning my dream? Surely I have no more reason to consider it as prophetical, than I have to look upon the conjecture which gave rise to it as the effect of inspiration.

Some of our dreams bear little or no resemblance to any thing that ever before occurred to our senses, or fancy. But this is not common, except in bad health. It holds true in general, that dreams are an imitation, though often a very extravagant one, of reality.

There are people who observe, that one particular dream frequently returns upon them. Socrates, in the Phædo of Plato, tells his friend, that he had all his life been haunted with a vision of this kind, in which one seemed to say to him, that he ought to study music. If this repetition of dreams be the effect of habit, which is not unlikely, we may from it learn the expediency of concealing such as are disagreeable, and banishing them from our thoughts as soon as we can. Indeed, it is a vulgar observation, that they who never speak of dreams are not often troubled with them.

Intemperance of every kind, in eating or drinking, in sleep or watching, in rest or exercise, tends to make dreams disagreeable; and therefore, one end of dreaming may be, to recommend sobriety and moderation. For the time we may employ in sleep bears a great proportion to the whole of human life; and, if there be any expedient for rendering that portion of our time agreeable, it is surely worth while to put it in practice. Habits of virtue and soberness, the repression of turbulent desires, and the indulgence of pious, social, and cheerful dispositions, are for the most part effectual in giving that lightness to the animal spirits, and that calm temperature to the blood, which promote thoughts pleasurable through the day, and sweet slumber and easy dreams by night.

The ancients thought, that morning dreams come nearest the truth. In the morning, no doubt, the perspiration and digestion continued through the night will make the stomach, and the whole frame

of the body, more composed and cool than when we go to sleep ; and hence, perhaps, it is not absurd to say, that dreams may be more regular then, and more like real life. But if we have passed the earlier hours of the morning without sleep, and fall a-dozing about the time we usually rise, our dreams are seldom agreeable, and our slumber is rather stupifying than salutary ; whence we may perhaps infer, that it is the intention of Nature that we should rise early, and at a stated hour.

As agreeable thoughts accompany good health ; as violent passions, and even phrenzy, are the attendants of certain diseases ; as dulness and confusion of thought may be occasioned by a loaded stomach ; and, as the swallowing of much strong liquor produces a temporary madness ; as our thoughts, I say, when we are awake, are so much determined by our bodily habit, it is no wonder that they should be still more liable to such influence when we are asleep. Accordingly, certain dreams do, for the most part, accompany certain positions and states of the body. When our breathing is in any degree interrupted, by our head falling awry, by the bed-clothes pressing on our mouth and nostrils, or by any internal disorder, we are apt to dream of going with great uneasiness, through narrow passages where we are in danger of suffocation. When the state of the stomach and bowels occasion any convulsive motion in the jaws, a thing not uncommon in sleep, and which frequently produces a strong compression and grinding of the teeth, we are apt to dream that the teeth are loose or falling out, or that our mouth is full of pins, or of something very disagreeable. In cold weather, too, when by any accident we throw aside the bed-clothes, we sometimes dream of going naked. Of all these facts I have often had experience ; and, if the thing could be accurately attended to, I make no doubt but

many of our dreams might be accounted for in the same manner: and therefore, when we have an uncommon dream, we ought not to look forward with apprehension, as if it were to be the forerunner of calamity; but rather backward to see whether we can discover its cause, and whether from such a discovery, we may not learn something that may be profitable to our health.

In some constitutions, certain dreams do generally go before, or accompany the beginnings of certain diseases. When, for example, there is any tendency to fever, we are apt to dream of performing, with great labour, some work, we know not precisely what, in which we never make any progress. This imagination will occur in sleep, even while one has no means of observing, when awake, any symptom that could lead one to suspect one's health to be in danger; and, when it does occur, may it not give warning to make some change in the ordinary regimen, to eat or drink less than usual, or have recourse to some of those other methods whereby acute distempers are prevented? In general when one is haunted more than usual with disagreeable dreams, it may, I think, be taken as a sign that something is wrong in the constitution; and therefore that temperance, fasting, or exercise, may be requisite to avert the impending evil. And these are remedies which one may have recourse to; and in regard to which one may venture to make a few experiments, in almost any circumstances. Agreeable dreams I would take for the signs of health, and accordingly consider them as good, and not evil.

If you approve of these remarks, you shall have more on the same subject, in a few days, from

Yours, &c.

INSOMNIOSUS.

No. LXXIV. SATURDAY, JANUARY 22.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

IN my last, I hinted that dreams may be useful, as physical admonitions. What if I should go a step further, and say, that they may be serviceable as means of our moral improvement? I will not affirm, however, as some have done, that by them we may make a more accurate discovery of our temper and ruling passions, than by observing what passes in our minds when awake; for, in sleep, we are very incompetent judges of ourselves, and of every thing else; and one will dream of committing crimes with little remorse, which, if awake, one could not think of without horror. But, as many of our passions are inflamed or allayed by the temperature of the body, this, I think, may be said with truth, that, by attending to what passes in sleep, we may sometimes discern what passions are predominant, and, consequently, receive some useful cautions for the regulation of them. A man dreams, for example, that he is in a violent anger, and that he strikes a blow which knocks a person down, and kills him. He awakes in horror at the thought of what he has done, and of the punishment he thinks he has reason to apprehend; and while, after a moment's recollection, he rejoices to find that it is but a dream, he will also be inclinable to form resolutions against violent anger, lest it would, one time or other, hurry him on to a real perpetration of a like nature. If we ever derive this advantage from a dream we cannot pronounce it useless. And this, or a similar advantage, may sometimes be derived from dreaming. For why may we not, in this way, reap improvement from a fiction of our own fancy, as well as from a novel, or a fable of Æsop?

One of the finest moral tales I ever read, is an account of a dream in the Tatler, which, though it has every appearance of a real dream, comprehends a moral so sublime and so interesting, that I question whether any man who attends to it can ever forget it, and if he remembers, whether he can ever cease to be the better for it. Addison is the author of the paper; and I shall give the story in his own elegant words.

"I was once," says the Tatler, "in agonies of "grief that are unutterable, and in so great a dis- "traction of mind, that I thought myself even out "of the possibility of receiving comfort. The oc- "casion was as follows: when I was a youth, in a "part of the army which was then quartered at "Dover, I fell in love with an agreeable young "woman of a good family in those parts, and had "the satisfaction of seeing my addresses kindly "received, which occasioned the perplexity I am "going to relate. We were, in a calm evening, "diverting ourselves, on the top of a cliff, with the "prospect of the sea; and trifling away the time "in such little fondnesses as are most ridiculous "to people in business, and most agreeable to those "in love. In the midst of these our innocent en- "dearments, she snatched a paper of verses out of "my hand, and ran away with them. I was fol- "lowing her, when on a sudden the ground, though "at a considerable distance from the verge of the "precipice, sunk under, and threw her down, from "so prodigious an height, upon such a range of "rocks, as would have dashed her into ten thousand "pieces, had her body been made of adamant. It "is much easier for my reader to imagine my state "of mind upon such an occasion, than for me to "express it. I said to myself, It is not in the "power of Heaven to relieve me.....when I awaked, "equally transported and astonished, to see myself

" drawn out of an affliction, which the very mo-
" ment before, appeared to be altogether inextri-
" cable."

What fable of Æsop, nay of Homer, or of Virgil, conveys so fine a moral! Yet most people have, if I mistake not, met with such deliverances by means of a dream. And such a deliverance will every good man meet with at last, when he is taken away from the evils of life, and awakes in the regions of everlasting light and peace; looking back upon the world, and all its troubles, with a surprize and a satisfaction, similar in kind, though incomparably higher in degree, to that which we now feel, when we escape from a terrifying dream, and open our eyes upon the sweet serenity of a summer morning. Let us not despise instruction, how mean soever the vehicle may be that brings it. Even if it be a dream, let us learn to profit by it. For, whether asleep or awake, we are equally the care of Providence; and neither a dream, nor a waking thought, can occur to us, without the permission of Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being.

Some men dream more, and others less; and some, perhaps, though these are few, none at all. This cannot be fully accounted for, from the different degrees of health which different men enjoy, nor from their different ways of life; though these and the like peculiarities, may no doubt have some influence. Persons who think much, and take little bodily exercise, will perhaps, be found to be the greatest dreamers: especially if their imagination be active, and their nervous system very sensible; which last is too common an infirmity among men of learning. The sleep of the labouring man is sweet and sound; and his dreams he rarely remembers: for the faculties of his mind are not much employed, his nerves are strong, and the sphere of his imagination is narrow. As Nature does nothing

in vain, is it not probable that, to the constitutions of some people, dreaming may be more necessary, as a mental recreation, than to those of others? To meditate continually on one set of objects, is detrimental to health, and even to reason; and, when one is oppressed with low spirits, which often proceed from this very cause, the physician never fails to recommend amusements, company, travelling, sea-voyages, and other expedients, for leading the mind out of its old gloomy track, refreshing it with new ideas, and forcing it to exert itself with unusual energy, and in a new direction.

> Go, soft enthusiast, quit the cypress groves,
> Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
> Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful haunts
> Of men, and mingle with the bust ling crowd,
> Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wish
> Of nobler minds, and push them night and day.
> Or join the caravan, in quest of scenes
> New to the eye, and shifting every hour,
> Beyond the Alps, beyond the Appenines.
> Or, more adventurous, rush into the field
> Where war grows hot, and raging through the sky
> The lofty trumpet swells the maddening soul;
> And in the hardy camp, and toilsome march,
> Forget all softer and less manly cares.
>
> ARMSTRONG.

Men, therefore, who think more than others, may have more need than others have, of that amusement and variety which is produced by dreaming. Certain it is, that dreams are often a relief to those who are in perplexity, or who have long been ruminating upon disagreeable objects, or upon any one set of ideas which they cannot easily get rid of. Nor is it necessary in order to effect this, that a dream should in itself be pleasing. Scenes of difficulty, and even of danger, are as we have seen, recommended to the patient oppressed with melancholy; and, if a dream shall only give a new

impulse, even for a short time, to the minds of those persons of whom I now speak, it may do them an important service, however disagreeable in itself. Seldom, indeed, are they happy in their dreams, whose faculties are worn out with much thinking.

Dreams depend, in part, on the state of the air. That which has the power over the passions may reasonably be presumed to have power over the thoughts of men. For the thoughts that occur to a mind actuated by any passion, are always congenial to that passion, and tend to encourage it. Now most people know by experience, how effectual, in producing joy and hope, are pure skies and sunshine, and that a long continuance of dark weather brings on solicitude and melancholy. This is particularly the case with those persons whose nervous system has been weakened by a sedentary life and much thinking; and they, as I hinted formerly, are most subject to troublesome dreams. If the external air can affect the motions of so heavy a substance as mercury, in the tube of the barometer, we need not wonder that it should affect those finer liquids that circulate through the human body. And if our passions and thoughts, when we are awake, may be variously modified by the consistency, defect, or redundance of these liquids, and by the state of the tubes through which they circulate, need we wonder that the same thing should happen in sleep, when our ideas, disengaged from the control of reason, may be supposed to be more obsequious to material impulse? When the air is loaded with gross vapour, dreams are generally disagreeable to persons of a delicate constitution.

If, then, our thoughts in sleep may receive form and colour from so many circumstances; from the general state of our health, from the present state of the stomach and fluids, from the temperature of

the air, from the position of external objecs in contact with our body, and from the tenour of our thoughts through the day*; shall we be surprised at the variety of our dreams? and when any uncommon or disagreeable dream occurs, is it not more rational to refer it to one or other of these causes, than to terrify ourselves with a foolish conceit, that it is supernatural, and betokens calamity? How often, during the day, do thoughts arise, which we cannot account for, as uncommon perhaps, and incongruous, as those which compose our dreams? Once, after riding thirty miles in a very high wind, I remember to have passed a night of dreams that were, beyond description, terrible; insomuch, that I at last found it expedient to keep myself awake, that I might no more be tormented with them. Had I been superstitious, I should have thought that some disaster was impending. But it occurred to me, that the tempestuous weather I had encountered the preceding day might be the occasion of all those horrors; and I have since, in some medical author met with a remark to justify the conjecture. A very slight cause may check that insensible perspiration which is so necessary to health; and when this happens, we cannot expect that our dreams should be so easy as at other times. Let no one, then, be alarmed at an uncommon dream. It is probably nothing more than a symptom of a trifling bodily disorder: and, if so, it has nothing more to do with futurity, nor is one whit more supernatural than a cut-finger, or a pang of the tooth-ach.

Concerning the opinion, which some have entertained of our dreams being suggested by invisible beings, I shall only say, that I think it very improbable. For first, I see no reason for believing that the Deity would employ "millions of spiritual crea-

* See number 73.

" tures" in such an office as that of suggesting our ordinary dreams. Secondly, I cannot conceive how those creatures should be affected, in such an operation, by the external air, or by the state of our health, which are known to have great influence on our thoughts, both in sleep and when we are awake. And, thirdly, from what we know of the rapidity of our fancy when awake, we need not suppose any foreign impulse necessary to produce the various appearances of dreaming; as the soul seems to possess in herself powers sufficient for that purpose. Madness, melancholy, and many other diseases, give an extravagance to the thoughts of waking men, equal, or even superior, to what happens in sleep. If the agency of unseen beings is not supposed to produce the first, why should we have recourse to it in order to account for the last? But it is urged, that, in sleep, the soul is passive, and is haunted by visions, which she would gladly get rid of if she could. And it may be urged, in answer, for it is no less true, that persons afflicted with anxiety and melancholy, too often find, to their sad experience, that their soul is almost equally passive when they are awake; for that they are, even then, haunted with the most tormenting thoughts, from which all their powers of reason, all the exertions of their will, and all the exhortations of their friends, cannot effectually relieve them.

To conclude: Providence certainly superintends the affairs of men; and often, we know not how often, interposes for our preservation. It would, therefore, be presumptuous to affirm, that supernatural cautions in regard to futurity, are never communicated in dreams. The design of these remarks, is not to contradict any authentic experience, or historical fact, but only to shew that dreams may proceed from a variety of causes that have nothing supernatural in them; and that, though we are not

much acquainted with the nature of this wonderful mode of perception, we know enough of it to see that it is not useless or superfluous, but may, on the contrary, answer some purposes of great importance to our welfare both in soul and body.

I am, yours, &c.

INSOMNIOSUS.

No. LXXV. TUESDAY, JANUARY 25.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

I REMARK, that you meddle not with the high matters of politics. For this, you must answer to yourself, being that you are able to write printed papers. I am a member of eighty-five societies, all zealous for the liberty of the press, in consistency with, and in conformity to, our establishment; and so I think that you are at liberty to write of those things only whereof you have understanding; and if so be that, by reason of your silence, you abuse, or, as one may say, vilipend the liberty of the press, judge you yourself; as for me, I say nothing.

But, although you give us no news yourself, perhaps you have something to say with the gentlemen who make the news; and if so, I hope that you will recommend it to them so to write, as that they may be understood of men who are not book-learned.

They, being book-learned gentlemen, write in divers tongues, whereby we poor simple men, are at a loss, and Europe may be overthrown by compacts and associations, or ever we can understand the danger.

Not many days ago, I read in the news, that some good men put up an advertisement on a statue, with this superscription, pro patria mori, and that the superscription rejoiced all honest hearts. I enquired of our deacon, who received the rudiments of his education at the grammar-school of Lesmahagoe, what was the meaning of the words? and he made answer that the words were Latin, and that he thought they would be found in the Latin Dictionary; the which having got, I, on searching, discovered that pro signified "for the sake of," and that patria signified "a man's native country," and that mori signified "foolish and silly persons."

Wherefore, by joining together the words, I conjectured, moreover, that the interpretation of pro patria mori was "foolish or silly persons for the sake "of their native country; or that "they who act "for their native country are foolish and silly per-"sons."

Now, Sir, if so be that this is so, I moreover conjecture, that the honest men who put up the advertisement, that they who rejoiced thereat, were deceived through ignorance of the Latin tongue, and that to them there was no cause of rejoicing.

Of that tongue I think no good: it is reported amongst us, that the mass is written in it, the which I renounce, and also abominate, &c. I am Sir, your honour's, to serve you at command,

TIMOTHY SHUTTLEWORTH.

P. S. Weaving performed in all its branches at reasonable rates; also, cloth taken in for the Dalquharn bleachfield.

My worthy correspondent Mr. Shuttleworth, in the after-part of his letter, intrusts me with his sentiments concerning some very momentous subjects;

but I should not deserve the honour of his friendship, were I to impart to the public what has been communicated to me in confidence.

Not knowing his direction, and not having been favoured with a cypher from him, I can only say, that "n. p. had no more influence in the matter of the "c. p. and the p. b. than th.... m....n of the m....n; "and of this Mr. Shuttleworth may rest assured."

With respect to the Latin words, which have been the innocent cause of so much uneasiness to him, they are taken from a Roman poet, but no Roman Catholic; in metre accommodated to the course of my friend's studies, they signify,

That for our father's land to die, it is a comely thing.

As, indeed, "I meddle not with the high matters of "politics," I shall only add, that it is to be hoped there are very few who consult Shuttleworth's dictionary.

Since I have been desired to advise the authors of newspapers to write intelligibly, I must say something on that subject, lest my silence should be construed into an acknowledgment of my little credit with those gentlemen.

Of their skill in the learned languages, I pretend not to give any opinion. Thus much, however, I may be allowed to say without offence, that they are the historians of the vulgar; that, in our country, the persons who pass under the name of the vulgar, are not unconcerned spectators of national events; and, "that what relates to all ought to be under-"stood of all."

A man may write in the native language of his readers, and yet be unintelligible. For example, when contrary propositions are positively asserted, when paragraphs encounter with paragraphs, and "jostle in the dark," what must be the state of him

who sits down to spell the newspapers with the determined resolution of believing whatever he sees in print?

There is a pleasure in giving good advice, and therefore I must take this opportunity of going a little beyond my friend's commission.

A witty statesman of the days of our fathers observed, "that John Bull was always in the garret, "or in the cellar." John's own sister Margaret, although not quite so delicate in her sensations, has much of the family disposition. If the wind sets in to the east, then we are a betrayed, and abandoned, and lost people; but on the wind coming round to the west, what nation so glorious and well governed as ours? Our perfidious enemies shall know what it is to rouse the Lion, and annoy the Thistle, or to put the Harp out of tune.

Such being the disposition of readers apt to be depressed or elevated on every occasion, or on no occasion, the writers of newspapers ought to be cautious as well in slackening as in overbracing the nerves of their customers; and the only method I can recommend for attaining this happy medium, is, "that they report nothing but what they believe "to be true;" or, if that be to require too much of flesh and blood, "that they report nothing which "they believe to be fictitious."

"The Britannia, Captain George Manly com-"mander, is totally lost on the coast of Barbary; "every soul on board perished."

On board the Britannia there was the only son of a widow, whose single fund of subsistence depended on that pittance of his wages which her dutiful child allotted to her. In the same ship there was a sober and industrious young man, who had quitted his wife a few months after marriage, that he might provide for a young creature whom he hoped to see in its mother's arms at his return.

" It is confidently reported, that six or seven men " of the crew of the Britannia got safely to shore, " and that they were made slaves, unless, as is to " be feared, they were murdered by the natives." Here there is a gleam of miserable and dubious hope darting on the minds of those who had relations on board the Britannia.

" The Britannia is safely arrived at Port Mahon ; " so that the report of her having been lost is with- " out foundation."....The inference is most logical !

In the very next paragraph it is said, " We have " the pleasure of informing the public, that a capital " figure-dancer will soon make his appearance on " the stage."

Are not such things to be found in the newspapers of every week; and is it not a cruel sporting with the sensibilities of human nature, thus to wring the souls of parents and wives, of the aged and helpless, and that merely to fill up the columns of a newspaper ?

It is of high national importance that the very earliest notice should be given of the near appearance of a figure-dancer ; but, surely, there was no necessity of saying any thing of the Britannia, in whose fate the fates of so many little families were involved, until it should have been certainly known whether she was wrecked, or had safely arrived in port.

Of late years there has a practice crept in, of making the newspapers not only the vehicle of public intelligence, but also of the misfortunes, real or imaginary, of private families. For example, " We hear that Mrs. Gadabout was lately detected " in an illicit commerce with her husband's postil- " lion, and that a process of divorce will be brought, " &c."

Invention immediately busies itself in accounting for this incident. After the first ceremonies of sur-

prize and deep regret, the education of the lady is scrutinized; it was too strict, or it was too loose: the character of the husband is laid before the inquest of gossips: he was morose and sullen, or he set an example of extravagance and libertinism, which poor Mrs. Gadabout inconsiderately followed. Then some one more expert in tracing effects to their cause, recollects having heard, that something of a like nature befel the family many years ago; and the grand-aunt of Mrs. Gadabout's father, if common fame lie not, stept aside with the Duke of Buckingham, when he attended Charles II. of Scotland.

In this state of uncertainty things remain for a week or two, when fresh intelligence is communicated to the public. "The report of Mrs Gadabout's "affair is premature.....The former article was "copied from another paper. We hope that all "concerned will accept of this apology." Doubtless a most satisfying apology to all concerned!

The writers of newspapers are the historians of the day, but I see no cause why they should be the historians of the lie of the day.

V

No. LXVI. SATURDAY, JANUARY 29.

REFINEMENT and delicacy of mind are not more observable in our serious occupations, than in the style of our amusements. Of those who possess them, the most vacant hours will generally be informed by taste, or enlivened by imagination; but with men destitute of that sentiment which they inspire, pleasure will commonly degenerate into gross-

ness, sociality into intemperance, and mirth into riot.

Mr. Melfort is one of my friend Mr. Umphraville's early acquaintance, who continues to reside in this city, and of whom he still retains some resemblance.

That gentleman, in his youth, had applied to the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar; but having soon after succeeded to a tolerable fortune, he derives no other benefit from his profession than an apology for residing part of the year in town, and such a general acquaintance there, as enables him to spend his time in that society which is suited to his disposition. He is often, indeed, to be seen in court; but he comes there only as he does to the coffee-house, to enquire after the news of the day, or to form a party for some of those dinners which he usually gives.

In my friend's last visit to town, he met with this gentleman, and came under an engagement to dine with him. I was asked to be of the party, and attended him accordingly.

The company was a large one. Besides Mrs. Melfort and her two daughters, there were three other young ladies who appeared to be intimate in the family. The male part of the company was still more numerous. It consisted, beside our landlord, Mr. Umphraville, and myself, of two lawyers, a physician, a jolly-looking man in the uniform of a sea-officer, and a gentleman advanced in life, who had somewhat the air and manner of a foreigner, and, I afterwards learned, had left this country at an early age, and lived chiefly abroad ever since.

Mr. Umphraville, who was seated next Mrs. Melfort, seemed not less pleased with the conversation than with the manners of that lady, who is indeed perfectly well-bred and accomplished; and the stranger, whose name was Melville, appeared equally

to relish the spirit which distinguished the discourse of Mr. Umphraville. I had early observed him to mark my old friend, as a member of the company not the least worthy of his attention.

The dinner was succeeded by a round of toasts, during which the ladies received scarce any other mark of attention from the company, Mr. Umphraville, Mr. Melville, and myself, excepted, than that of Mr. Melfort's calling for their toasts, which he always distinguished, by desiring us to fill a bumper.

Immediately after this ceremony was ended, they withdrew; a circumstance which seemed nowise disagreeable to the company they left, the greatest part of whom had hitherto sat mute, and plainly felt the presence of the ladies a restraint on the freedom and jollity of conversation.

They had no sooner retired, than Mr. Melfort, raising himself in his chair, announced a bumper to the ladies who had left us; an order which was readily complied with, and seemed to spread an air of satisfaction around the table. The sea-captain said, he was glad the frigates had sheered off; "and now," added he, "if you please, Mr. Melfort, as the signal "is given, we may clear the decks and form the line "of battle."

The captain's joke was applauded with a loud laugh, during which honest Umphraville, whose face is no hypocrite, cast to my side of the table a look of displeasure and contempt, which I was at no loss to interpret. Meantime the servants removed one half of the table, that we might sit sociably, as Mr. Melfort termed it, round the other, which was immediately furnished with a set of fresh glasses, and cleared of every incumbrance that might retard the circulation of the bottle.

Our friends, who had been so silent during the presence of the ladies, now began to take their re-

venge, and enlarge their share of the conversation in the number of their stories and their jokes; all of which seemed to be equally relished; and not the less so, that they now became somewhat loose and licentious.

Mr. Melville had at first endeavoured, though in a very easy and polite manner, to give somewhat of a more refined turn to the conversation: but his endeavours, though supported by a good deal of wit and vivacity, could not long withstand the general disposition of the company. He now found himself as little able to relish their merriment as Mr. Umphraville, next whom he was seated; and they had begun to enter into conversation of a very different kind, when Umphraville received a slap on the shoulder from one of the company, who at the same time reminded him that he was hunted.

My friend was at first startled with a familiarity to which he was little accustomed; having recovered his composure, however, he thanked the gentleman, though with an air rather formal and reserved, for his attention, and drank off his bumper. But having, it seems, left a little more than was proper in the bottom of his glass, he was saluted with a call of "No heeltops!" from another corner of the table. This enigmatical advice being explained to him, he complied with it also, saying, however, with his natural firmness of tone and manner, "that "it was his rule to fill and drink his glass when and "how he pleased; and that, as he had already gone "greater lengths than usual, Mr. Melfort must ex- "cuse him if he did not now depart from it."

I saw that Mr. Umphraville was now heartily tired of the company, and was not sorry when, a little after this incident, both he and Mr. Melville withdrew. Having remained long enough to witness some jocular remarks to which this gave occasion, I followed them to the drawing room, where I

found they were much more agreeably employed in drinking coffee with Mrs. Melfort, while one of her daughters obliged my old friend by playing some Scots airs upon the harpsichord, which the other accompanied with a voice equally sweet and expressive.

The conversation which succeeded was supported in an easy agreeable manner, by Mr. Melville and the ladies, with that mixture of serious remark which made it not unpleasing to Mr. Umphraville; nor did he suffer in their opinion by the part he occasionly took in it. The silent approbation of his countenance, during the performance of the young ladies, and the observations which it gave him an opportunity of making on the character of our native music, had already made the old gentleman a favourite; nor were the rest of the company displeased with the turn of his sentiments, when he complained, that the drawing-rooms, where, in his younger days, the ladies and gentlemen were accustomed to the company of each other, were now almost totally deserted; and that, as far he could observe amidst the boasted refinement of modern manners, the gentlemen paid less attention to the ladies, both in public places and in private society, than they had done fifty years ago.

After some time passed in this manner, the noise of laughter and of vociferation on the stairs announced the approach of Mr. Melfort and his company. The physician, and one of the lawyers, were indeed the only members of it who had chosen to attend him to the drawing-room; both of whom were prodigiously flustered; and yet, to my astonishment, they contrived to put a decent face upon it, and fell into fewer improprieties than could have been expected. A drawing-room, however, was not their element; and, after swallowing a little coffee, they withdrew,

leaving honest Melfort fast asleep in a corner of the settee.

Mr. Umphraville and I took our leave. We were scarce out of the house when he exclaimed,

"O rus! quando ego te aspiciam?

And, after a little pause, "Good God!" said he, "Charles, can such scenes be common at poor Mel-"fort's? To what a degree must he have lost all "respect for himself, and all taste for true happiness, "who, for such society as we have this day witnes-"sed, can forego the agreeable conversation of his "own family, or who can allow the elegance of their "amusements to be disturbed by the intrusion of "his loose and riotous companions?"

I represented to my friend that he saw the matter in too strong a light. I observed that the excess on this occasion had probably been greater than usual; Mr. Melfort was nowise singular in the manner of entertaining his friends; that, in this country, the general opinion justified the observation of the poet, "Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum;" that wine was supposed necessary to remove the natural reserve of our manner, and give a proper degree of ease and spirit to our conversation. As to the appearance of Melfort and his friends in the drawing-room, I observed, that a little habit made the occasional intrusion of a drunken company be considered as a sort of interlude, which ladies could bear without uneasiness; and, at any rate, as it was an equal chance that their future husbands would give such dinners, and receive such guests as their father did, it might not be improper to accustom them, in their earlier days, to a species of conversation and behaviour which they must afterwards be obliged to endure.

" Ay," says he, " Charles, this is your way ; the " follies of mankind are familiar to you, and you are " always ready to find an apology for them ; but I, " who, for many years, have only heard of them, can- " not be supposed to bear their defects with as much " patience. I am sick of this town of yours ; and, " though I could have as much pleasure as any " man in witnessing such elegant manners, and " partaking in such agreeable conversation, as we " saw and enjoyed during a part of this evening ; " if I must purchase it by sharing in the intemper- " ance, the noise, and the folly which succeeded it, " should you wonder if I long to return to my books " and my solitude ?"

K

No. LXXVII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1.

All impediments in fancy's course,
Are motives of more fancy.

SHAKSPEARE.

AMIDST the variety of objects around us, philosophers have frequently been employed in pointing out and distinguishing those which are the sources of pleasure, and those which are productive of pain ; they have endeavoured also to investigate the causes and the qualities in the different objects by which their effects are produced. I suspect, that, in many cases, we must be obliged to have recourse to the original constitution of our frame, and that the most penetrating philosophical enquiries can often go no farther than to say, thus nature has made us.

But whatever may be the original sources of our pleasure and pain, it is certain that there are various circumstances which may be pointed out, as adding to, or diminishing both the one and the other; circumstances by which the warmth of expectation may be heightened or allayed, and the pangs of disappointment increased or mitigated.

It is a common observation, the justice of which, I believe, will not be disputed, that every passion increases according to the difficulty there is in its gratification. When once a desire for a certain object is raised, every opposition which occurs to the attainment of it, provided it be not such as cuts off all hopes of succeeding, and every perplexity and embarrassment thrown in the way, when the mind is engaged in the pursuit, inflames the desire; the object becomes heightened and exaggerated in our ideas, the mind grows more attached to it, and the expectation of enjoyment from the possession is encreased.

To account for this appearance in our nature, it may be observed, that nothing is so apt to make an object figure in the imagination, as to have our attention long and earnestly fixed upon it. This makes it appear in stronger and more lively colours. If it be an object of desire, it appears more and more calculated to give pleasure; if an object of aversion, it appears more and more calculated to produce pain. Every time we view it, there is an addition made to the impression we have received. The sensations it has already given us still continue, and the passion it has created receives additional force. If the object be pleasant, the mind dwells upon its good, if disagreeable, upon its bad qualities: it broods over them, it amplifies, it exaggerates them.

Now, no circumstance is so much calculated to fix the attention upon any particular object, as those

difficulties which arise in our pursuit of it. The mind, unwilling to be overcome, cannot think of submitting to a defeat, or of giving up those expectations of enjoyment which it has formed. Every little opposition, therefore, that is met with, every obstruction thrown in the way, calls forth a fresh consideration of the object. We take a view of it in its every form, to try if we can get the better of those difficulties, and remove those obstructions. The object itself, meanwhile, gains complete possession of the soul. It swells and heightens in our imagination, and is no longer seen as it is by other men, nor as it would be by the same person, were other objects allowed to have place in his mind, or to divide his attention.

From this circumstance in our nature, that fixing our attention upon any one object, or set of objects, is apt to encrease or heighten them in our imagination, a variety of remarks might be made, tending to illustrate the history of the human heart. It is owing to this circumstance, that a general lover seldom forms an attachment to any particular object. It is from the same cause, that the gentleman, who follows no particular profession, seldom exaggerates the advantages of any one. It is the merchant, who limits his views solely to commerce, that sees in too strong a light the advantages of trade; it is the scholar, who confines himself to one branch of science, that is the complete pedant. The moral philosopher wonders how any man can be occupied by the dry unpleasant study of the mathematics, while the curious fabric of the human mind remains unexplored. The mathematician is equally surprised that any man should compare the certainty of mathematical evidence to the vague enquiries of the moral philosopher. The geometrician, who, by the intreaty of his friends, was prevailed with to read the Cid of Corneille, wondered that any body

should admire a thing in which nothing was proved. And the learned Budæus, when he was writing his treatise concerning the Roman '*as*,' being interrupted by his maid-servant, who told him the house was on fire, bade her go and tell his wife, for that he did not mind family matters. "What a pity is it," says a learned foreign professor, in writing to his correspondent in this country, "what a pity is it, "that the illustrious Dr. Franklin, the discoverer of "electricity, and the author of so many inventions "in the sciences, should descend from the sublime "heights of philosophy, to employ his time and "study in directing the trifling and unimportant "contentions of nations!"

It would far exceed the bounds of this paper to exhaust this subject, or to take notice of the different remarks which may be drawn from it, either with regard to human sentiments and conduct, or in relation to the fine arts*. I shall therefore confine myself to one other observation, on a point which has been treated of by Mr. Addison, in the 40th No. of the Spectator, where he justifies against the ruling opinion at that time, the practice of those writers of tragedy, who disregard what are called the rules of poetical justice. To his defence of that practice, I think we may add one argument, which seems to have escaped him, drawn from the effect of the opposition above-mentioned, to heighten our passion for a particular object.

There is implanted in the mind of every man a desire that virtue should be followed by reward, and vice by punishment. But this desire, like every other, gathers new strength by opposition, and rises upon resistance.....When, therefore, a virtuous man, amidst all his virtue, is represented as unhappy, that anxiety which we feel for his hap-

* See Elements of Criticism.

piness becomes so much the greater; the more undeserved calamities he meets with, the higher is that principle raised by which we desire that he should attain an adequate reward; the more he is environed and perplexed with difficulties, the more earnestly do we wish that he may be delivered from them all; and, even when he is cut off by premature death, we follow his memory with the greater admiration; and our respect and reverence for his conduct are increased so much the more, as all our prayers for his happiness in this life are disappointed.

On the other hand, with regard to the vicious, nothing excites so strongly our indignation against vice, or our desire that it should be punished, as our beholding the vicious successful, and, in the midst of his crimes, enjoying prosperity. Were we always to see the vicious man meeting with a proper punishment for his guilt, wretched and unhappy, our eagerness for his punishment would subside, and our hatred against him would be converted into pity; his guilt would be forgotten, and his misfortunes only would affect us. Before the trial of an atrocious criminal, the unanimous voice of the public is, that he should be led out to punishment. Suppose him condemned, how altered is that voice! His fate is now universally pitied and deplored; and, did not the safety of thousands depend on his suffering, hardly, in any case, should we see the laws of justice finally put in execution.

There can be no good reason, therefore, for observing the rules of what is called "poetical justice." The effect which a departure from these rules produces, affords the highest possible testimony in favour of virtue. It shews that, where virtue meets with calamities and disappointments, this, instead of lessoning it in our estimation, only attaches us so much the more warmly to its interests; and that,

where vice is successful, instead of creating a feeling in its favour, this only encreases our indignation against it. Were virtue always fortunate, were vice always unprosperous, that principle would be enfeebled, by which we desire the reward of the one, and the punishment of the other.

P

No. LXXVIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

THE praises of friendship, and descriptions of the happiness arising from it, I remember to have met with in almost every book and poem since first I could read. I was never much addicted to reading: and, in this instance, I think, I have little reason to put confidence in authors. How it may be in their experience, I know not; but, in mine, this same virtue of friendship has tended very little to my happiness; on the contrary, Sir, when I tell you my situation, you will find that I am almost ruined by my friends.

From my earliest days I was reckoned one of the best-natured fellows in the world; and at school, though I must confess I did not acquire so much learning as many of my companions; yet, even there, I was remarkable for the acquisition of friends. Even there, too, I acquired them at some expence; I was flogged, I dare say, an hundred times, for the faults of others, but was too generous ever to 'peach;' my companions were generous fellows too; but it always happened, I don't know how, that my generosity was on the losing side of the adventure.

I had not been above three years at college, when the death of an uncle put me in possession of a very considerable estate. As I was not violently inclined towards literature, I soon took the opportunity, which this presented me, of leaving the university, and entering upon the world. I put myself under the tuition of one of my companions, who generally spent the vacations, and indeed some of the terms too, in London; and took up my residence in that city. There I needed not that propensity which I have told you, I always possessed, to acquire a multitude of friends; I found myself surrounded by them in every tavern and coffee-house about town. But I soon experienced, that though the commodity was plenty, the price was high. Besides a considerable mortgage on my estate, of which one of my best friends contrived to possess himself, I was obliged to expose my life in a couple of duels, and had very near lost it by disease, in that course of friendship which I underwent in the metropolis. All this was more a social sacrifice to others than a gratification to myself. Naturally rather of a sober disposition, I found more frequently disgust than pleasure amidst those scenes of dissipation in which I was engaged. I was often obliged to roar out a catch expressive of our happiness, at the head of a long table in a tavern, though I would almost have exchanged my place for the bench of a galley-slave; and to bellow for a bumper, when I would as soon have swallowed the bitterest drug in the shop of my apothecary.

From this sort of bondage I contrived to emancipate myself by matrimony. I married the sister of one of my friends, a girl good-natured and thoughtless like himself, with whom I soon after retired into the country, and set out upon what we thought a sober, well-regulated plan. The situation was so distant, as to be quite out of the reach of my former

town companions ; provisions were cheap, and servants faithful : in short, every thing so circumstanced that we made no doubt of living considerably within our income. Our manner of life, however, was to be as happy as prudent. By the improvement of my estate, I was to be equally amused and enriched ; my skill in sportmanship (for I had acquired that science to great perfection at the university) was to procure vigour to my constitution, and dainties to my table ; and, against the long nights of winter, we were provided with an excellent neighbourhood.

The last-mentioned article is the only one which we have found come entirely up to our expectations. My talent for friend-making has indeed extended the limits of neighbourhood a good deal farther than the word is commonly understood to reach. The parish which is not a small one,....the country, which is proportionably extensive, comes all within the denomination of neighbourhood with us ; and my neighbour Goostry, who pays me an annual sporting visit of several weeks, lives at least fifty miles off.

Some of those neighbours, who always become friends at my house, have endeavoured to pay me for their entertainment with their advice as to the cultivation of my farm, or the management of my estate ; but I have generally found their counsel, like other friendly exertions, put me out of pocket in the end. Their theories of agriculture failed in my practice of them ; and the ingenious men they recommended to me for tenants, seldom paid their rent by their ingenuity. One gentleman, in particular, was so penetrated by my kindness and hospitality, that he generously communicated to me a project he had formed, which he shewed me to be infallible, for acquiring a great fortune in a very short time, and offering me an equal share in the

profits, upon my advancing the sum of five hundred pounds, to enable him to put his plan more speedily into execution. But, about a twelvemonth after, I was informed that his project had miscarried, and that my five hundred pounds were lost in the wreck of it. This gentleman is almost the only one of my friends, who, after having been once at my house, does not chuse to frequent it again.

My wife is not a whit less happy in acquiring friends than myself. Besides all her relations, of whom (for I chose a woman of family) she has a very great number, every lady she meets at visits, at church, or at the yearly races in our country-town, is so instantaneously charmed with her manners and conversation, that she finds it impossible to leave our part of the country without doing herself the pleasure of waiting on Mrs. Hearty at her own house. Mrs. Hearty's friends are kind enough to give advice too, as well as mine. After such visits, I generally find some improvement in the furniture of my house, the dress of my wife, or the livery of my servants.

The attentions of our friends are sometimes carried farther than mere words or visits of compliment; yet, even then, unfortunately, their favours are just so many taxes upon us. When I receive a present of a delicate salmon, or a nice haunch of venison, it is but a signal for all my good neighbours to come and eat at my expence; and, some time ago, when a nephew of my wife settled abroad, sent me an hogshead of excellent claret, it cost me, in entertainments for the honour of the liquor, what might have purchased a tun from the wine-merchant.

After so many instances in which my friendships were hurtful to my fortune, I wished to hit on the way of making some of them beneficial to it. For this purpose, my wife and I have, for a good while

past, been employed in looking out for some snug office, or reversion, to which my interest with several powerful friends might recommend me. But, somehow or other, our expectations have been always disappointed; not from any want of inclination in our friends to serve us, as we have been repeatedly assured, but from some various unforeseen accidents, to which expectations of that sort are particularly liable. In the course of these solicitations, I was led to engage in the political interests of a gentleman, on whose influence I built the strongest hopes of success in my own schemes; and I flattered myself, that, from the friendly footing on which I stood with my neighbours, I might be of considerable service to him. This, indeed, he is extremely ready to acknowledge, though he has never yet found an opportunity of returning the favour; but, in the mean time, it kept my table open to all his friends, as well as my own, and cost me, besides, a head-ache twice a week during the whole period of the canvass.

In short, Mr. Mirror, I find I can afford to keep myself in friends no longer. I mean to give them warning of this my resolution as speedily as possible. Be so good, therefore, as inform such of them as read your paper, that I have shut my gates, locked my cellar, turned off my cook, disposed of my dogs, forgot my acquaintance, and am resolved henceforward, let people say of me what they will, to be "no one's friend but my own."

I am, &c.

I JOHN HEARTY.

No. LXXIX. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8.

.. ..Tanto major famae sitis est quam virtutis.

JUV.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

THERE is, perhaps, no character in the world more frequent than that of your negatively good men; people who strictly conform to the laws of decency and good order in society, whose conduct is squared to the rules of honesty and morality, and yet who never did one virtuous or laudable action from the day of their birth. Men of this sort seem to consider life as a journey through a barbarous country, occupied by savages, and overspread with dangers in every quarter. Their only wish is to steer the safest course, to escape any hidden snares or precipices, and to avoid exasperating the enemy; but to win them by offices of kindness, or attach them by real services, they consider as a fruitless waste of time, a needless expence, and often a dangerous experiment.

It is not a little surprising, that these good sort of men should, by the decency of their exterior deportment, so far impose upon the world, as to glide on with ease and safety, to arrive often at riches and eminence, and, from being free of the censure of every species of open vice, to obtain, not unfrequently, the respect which is due to virtue.

You, Mr. Mirror, like some other rigid moralists, seem, from the general strain of your writings, to require something more towards the formation of a good man than the mere absence of evil, or the mere livery of goodness. It must be allowed, however, that by a scrupulous observance of certain rules of decorum, and a timely use of the vocables

of virtue, the exterior and visible part of the character is to be attained, which, for most of the useful purposes of life, seems to be quite sufficient. But as there are still a few who go a little deeper, and are scrupulous enough to require a purity of heart as well as of manners, it is pity that those sincere good people should lose all recompense for the sacrifice they make of many comfortable gratifications, while they see the rewards of virtue as certainly attained at a much smaller expence.

From my concern for the few I have mentioned, I have been considering whether it were not possible to devise some means of unmasking those of the former character, some standard by which the two classes might be compared, or statical balance which should shew the difference of weight and solidity of such objects as have a similar appearance. I think, Sir, I have been successful, and shall now propose to you my plan.

Imprimis, I lay it down as a rule, that men shall not be judged of by the actions they perform, but by such as they do not perform. Now, Sir, as those useful chronicles of facts, called newspapers, have hitherto been only the records of what men have been daily a-doing, I propose to publish a newspaper of a different kind, which shall contain the daily intelligence of all such things as are not done.

For the benefit of such as chuse to encourage my undertaking, I send you a specimen of the work, which I can safely promise, and hereby engage, shall contain more in quantity than any other periodical register whatever.

" Saturday last, being the festival of Christmas,
" a day which the late worthy Sir Thomas W.....
" used to commemorate by giving a warm dinner
" to all the poor of the parish, the same was cele-

" brated by his son the present Sir Thomas, with " no solemnity whatever."

" Yesterday George B....., Esq. who by the " death of an uncle, succeeded to an estate of four " thousand pounds per annum, gave no answer to " five charity letters from the natural children of " his deceased relation, and their mother, who " works hard for their maintenance."

" In the course of last week four poor people died " in the streets....owing to the great inclemency of " the weather."

" On Friday the twenty-fourth ult. the Duke of " ..... visited the Royal Infirmary of this city, " and, after perusing the list of contributions to that " humane and useful foundation, was pleased to " give a ..... pinch of snuff to the gentleman " that stood next him."

" It was confidently reported some days ago, that " C..... W....., Esq. had paid his father's debts; " but this, we are assured, is without foundation."

" In the action lately brought by E. L. a pauper, " against her son-in-law Lord ....., for an alimo- " ny, several eminent counsel being applied to in " behalf of the plaintiff, refused to take any con- " cern in so shameful a prosecution."

" W. P. Esq. who lately sustained a considera- " ble loss by play, has not, as was asserted, sold " his hunters and pack of harriers. He has only " dismissed his chaplain, and cut off the allowance " of some superannuated domestics, on whom his " father bestowed annual pensions."

" Whereas it has been reported, that R. V. Esq. " who some time ago made a composition with his " creditors of five shillings in the pound, has of " late given several entertainments of three courses, " we are desired to inform the public, from the best " authority, viz. his butler, that the said gentle-

" man never gives more than two courses and a " dessert."

" Last night, between the hours of nine and ten, " a fire broke out in the kitchen of R. H. Esq. " which, after burning with some violence, for two " hours, was happily extinguished. It did no fur- " ther damage than the consuming of about twenty " pound of coals. It is surprising how very few " such accidents have happened of late years."

Such, Mr. Mirror, is the nature of the paper which I propose shall daily give intelligence of whatever is omitted to be done in this city and its environs. Besides the recommendation of novelty, its general usefulness must be so apparent, that I can have very little doubt of its extensive circulation.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
INTEGER.

I have been favoured by an ingenious correspondent, with the following observations on Pastoral Poetry.

NO species of poetry has given occasion to more observations and criticisms than what is called Pastoral; though I am still inclined to suspect that the nature of this composition has not, after all, been properly ascertained. The critics have prescribed a great number of rules upon that subject, but without attempting to point out any principle in nature upon which they are founded; expecting, perhaps, that, like receipts, they should be implicitly followed upon the mere authority of the persons by whom

they are delivered. Thus we are informed that an eclogue, or pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or of one considered under that character; and that those who introduced reapers, or fishermen, into this sort of composition, have acted improperly. Although an eclogue, however, ought to represent the manners of a shepherd, we are told that those manners should be painted, not as they are found in nature, but according to an ideal standard of perfection in what is called the golden age, where mankind live a life of simplicity untainted by vice, and maintain a serenity and tranquillity of mind undisturbed by avarice or ambition. In short, the actions of a shepherd, exhibited in this sort of writing, ought to have little resemblance to such as exist at present among that class of people, or probably ever did exist in any period of the world.

Is there not something mighty whimsical and arbitrary in these critical tenets? May we not be permitted to ask why a species of poetry should be appropriated to one particular profession or occupation, in contradistinction to all others? What is there in the life of a shepherd to distinguish it from that of the other inhabitants of a country, and to mark the peculiar style and character of those verses which are employed in describing it?

A pastoral ought, in my opinion, to be distinguished from any other poem, not so much by the class of people whom it proposes to exhibit, as by the kind of sentiments which it is designed to express. Love and friendship give rise to sentiments which are apt to engross the whole imagination, and to have an extensive influence upon the disposition and temper. The sensibility and delicacy produced in a mind where these affections are prevalent, is liable to be disgusted with the ordinary commerce of society, to feel an aversion to the cares and bustle of an ac-

tive life, and a high relish for the ease and indolent enjoyments connected with rural retirement.

> And Wisdom's self
> Oft seeks the sweet retired solitude,
> Where, with her best nurse Contemplation,
> She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
> That, in the bustling hurry of resort,
> Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.

As these dispositions and sentiments have a peculiar tone and character, that poetry in which they are expressed is, with propriety, considered as distinct from every other; being obviously different from that which is employed in describing great and heroic actions, or from that which is intended to call forth sympathy by scenes of distress, or from that which is calculated to excite laughter by exhibiting objects of folly and ridicule.

In a poem expressive of tender sentiments, it seems necessary that the scene should be laid at a distance from places of business and public resort, and should be filled with a description of rural objects and amusements. Shepherds, therefore, being the earliest inhabitants of the country, enjoying ease and happiness, were naturally pitched upon as the only persons who could, with probability, be represented in compositions of this nature. Hence it seems to have arisen, that the readers of such poems, and even critics, attending more to the sensible objects that were exhibited, than to the end which the poet had in view, have considered that as primary which was merely an accidental circumstance; and have regarded the employment of tending flocks as essential in the persons represented. It is in consequence of this that the name of pastoral is now commonly appropriated to that sort of composition, which has been substituted in place of Eclogues, Idyllia, Sylvæ, and several others used by

ancient authors. No reason, however, occurs for adhering to those early ideas in the present state of the world, where the situation of things is totally changed. Many people at present may, with probability, be supposed to live in the country, whose situation in life has no connexion with that of shepherds, and yet whose character is suitable to sentiments which ought to prevail in that species of writing.

It may even be doubted, whether the representation of sentiments belonging to the real inhabitants of the country, who are strangers to all refinement, or those entertained by a person of an elegant and cultivated mind, who, from choice, retires into the country, with a view of enjoying those pleasures which it affords, is calculated to produce a more interesting picture. If the former is recommended by its naïvetè and simplicity, it may be expected that the latter should have the preference in point of beauty and variety.

Two of the greatest poets of antiquity have described the pleasures of a country life in these two different aspects. The former view is exhibited, with great propriety and elegance, in one of the most beautiful poems of Horace.

"Quod si pudica mulier in partem juvans
Domum, atque dulces liberos;
(Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus
Pernicis uxor Appuli)
Sacrum vetustis exstruat lignis focum
Lassi sub adventum viri:
Claudensque textis cratibus laetum pecus
Distenta siccet ubera;
Et horna dulci vina promens dolio
Dapes inemptas apparet."

EPOD 2.

But if a chaste and virtuous wife
Assist him in the tender care,
Of sun-burnt charms, but honest fame,
Such as the Sabine or Apulian dame;

Fatigued when homeward he returns,
The sacred fire with cheerful lustre burns;
Or if she milk her swelling kine,
Or in their folds his happy flock confine;
While unbought dainties crown the feast,
And luscious wines from this year's vintage prest.
FRANCIS.

The more elevated Virgil has given a picture of the latter kind no less delightful, in that passage at the end of the second book of the Georgics, beginning,

"O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint
Agricolas..... ....

O happy if he knew his happy state
The swain..... ....

The enlargement of the field of pastoral poetry, which is here suggested, would surely be of advantage, considering how much the common topics of that species of writing are already exhausted. We are become weary of the ordinary sentiments of shepherds, which have been so often repeated, and which have usually nothing but the variety of expression to recommend them. The greater part of the productions which have appeared under the name of pastorals are, accordingly, so insipid, as to have excited little attention: which is the more remarkable, because the subjects which they treat of naturally interest the affections, and are easily painted in such delusive colours as tend to sooth the imagination by romantic dreams of happiness.

M. de Fontenelle has attempted to write pastorals, upon the extensive plan above mentioned; but, though this author writes with great elegance in prose, his poetical talents seem rather below mediocrity; so that it is not likely he will be regarded, by succeeding poets, as a model for imitation.

No. LXXX. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8.

..... Ex fumo dare lucem,
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.

HOR.

AUTHORS have been divided into two classes, the instructive and the entertaining; to which has been added a third, who mix, according to Horace, the "utile dulci," and are, in his opinion, entitled to the highest degree of applause.

Readers complain, that in none of these departments is there, in modern writing, much pretension to originality. In science, they say, so much has been already discovered, that all a modern writer has left, is, to explain and enforce the systems of our predecessors; and, in literature, our fathers have so exhausted the acuteness of reasoning, the flashes of wit, the luxuriance of description, and the invention of incident, that an author now-a-days can only give new form, not matter, to his argument; a new turn, not thought, to his epigram; new attitudes, not object, to his picture; new language, not situation, to his story.

However true this complaint may be in the main, there is one class of writers to whom the charge of triteness, does, I apprehend, very little apply. They are generally of the first species mentioned above, who publish useful information to mankind; yet, in the last quarter of the 18th century, their information is often as new as if they had written in the infancy of art and of science, when every field was open to the researches of industry, and the invention of genius. The writers I allude to, are the authors of those little essays which appear in the learned world under the title of Advertisements.

The necessary and ornamental arts of life are equally the objects of the class of authors whom I describe. In both, I will venture to assert, that the novelty of their productions is equal to their usefulness.

It was formerly imagined, that disease was an evil which mankind had inherited as a punishment for the lapse of their progenitor. Milton has given, in his Paradise Lost, a catalogue of some of those tormenting maladies which were to be felt by the race of fallen Adam.....So has Dr. Dominiceti in an advertisement, which is now lying before me; but, with the most extraordinary force of original discovery, has informed us, that, in his treatment of those disorders, there is no evil, no pain, but, on the contrary, much pleasure, and even luxury. "I "engage," says the doctor, "with pleasure and "even luxury, to the patient, to encrease or diminish "the vital heat, and the circulatory, secretory, and "excretory functions; to soften and relax the "too hard and dry muscular and nervous fibres, and "contracted ligaments; and to harden and make "compact, and give the proper tone and elasticity "to the too moist and flabby muscular and nervous "fibres and relaxed sinews, and provide and esta-"blish an equilibrium between the fluids and ves-"sels; to sweeten acrid, corrosive, and saline "humours; and to cure the dropsy, asthma, con-"sumptions, cholic, gravel, rheumatism, palsy, pleu-"risy and fevers, stone and gout, scurvy and leprosy; "to mollify and destroy inveterate callosities, to "deterge and cure obstinate ulcers, &c.

"These are not the representations of a quack's "bill; I detest the arts of quackery as much as "any man living. I deal not in nostrums or myste-"ries, or magic, or expedient to captivate:

"Non sibi, sed toto genitum se credere mundo."

If he who invented one new pleasure was formerly thought entitled to imperial munificence, what reward does the doctor deserve, who has added as many luxuries to the list, as there are diseases in the catalogues of nosology?

Scotland, though not remarkable in this department of literature, has the honour of producing an author, who in an advertisement published not long ago, has added to the stores of natural history the following very curious facts, with regard to the properties of air and heat. Mr. Fair, mason, opposite to the White Hart Inn, Grass-market, Edinburgh, thus delivers himself on the subject of pneumatics: "Air and smoke," says he, "are two "elastic fluids, capable of being condensed and "expanded. Heat, or the fire in the grate, expands "the air. Being expanded, it becomes lighter. "And, as it is in nature for light matter to swim "to the top of heavier, it rises up the vent, carrying "the smoke along with it. This is the principle "by which fire burns, and smoke ascends. Now, "that the particles of air may be brought above the "fire, that they may be heated to expand and carry "off the smoke, should be the chief care of a mason "in finishing of the fire-places. On the contrary, "it is the cause of smoke.

"The other cause of smoke is the wind. Wind "is a current of the air always rushing into voids. "At the same time it goes forward, by the law of "gravity, it has a tendency to press downwards. "Now, when it blows over any one object higher "than the chimney-top, gravity brings it down-"ward, pressing the smoke before it."

It will be observed, that like many other great theorists, Mr. Fair uses a language in some places a little obscure; and that in others, as where he mentions the tendency of wind to press downwards, his expression borders on the jocular; a liberty in

which some of the greatest philosophers have frequently indulged.

These discoveries, however, new and astonishing, are not supernatural. But I have just now read an advertisement, which carries its information beyond the bounds of space and time; and, though the modesty of its author allows that she has borrowed something from the Eastern Magi, may fairly be deemed an original. "Mrs. Corbyn, at No. 41, "Stanhope-street, Clare-market, London, by the "genuine rules of the real astronomical arcana, for "which the wise men of the East were so noted, "undertakes to answer all legal astrological ques-"tions, in a most surprising manner. Continues "to give the most amazing accounts of persons by "sea and land. Gives attendance at the ware-house "every day from ten in the morning to eight at "night." The wise men of the East, and some other astrologers, might perhaps retail some predictions; but the idea of a ware-house of prophecy was, I am persuaded, reserved for Mrs. Corbyn of Clare-market.

In the ornamental part of science, has there been any thing, since the days of Medea, that could so effectually give beauty to homeliness, or restore youth to age, as the Circassian Wash, or the Venetian Flower-water? or has the cunning of art ever rivalled the productions of nature more successfully than in the Elastic Cushion and Spring Curls, "which," says the advertisement, "are as natural "and becoming, nay, by many thought more so, "than the natural hair itself?"

Nor is the merit of those gentlemen much inferior, where they apply arts already discovered, to purposes which their inventors never dreamed of. Socrates was said to have brought down philosophy from heaven to dwell with men. I think the same eulogium may be fairly bestowed on the very inge-

nious artist, who has informed us in an advertisement, " that he makes leather breeches by the rules " of trigonometry."

Having thus done justice to the merit of those authors in point of substance, I proceed to shew their excellence in the composition and style of their productions. Amidst a variety of instances, I shall make choice of one, merely because it strikes my view in last night's Public Advertiser. It is the production of a very voluminous writer in this department, Mr. Norton, of Golden-square.

" E. S. gent. of Tenderden in Kent, was long " afflicted with an inveterate scorbutic disorder. It " first broke out in hot pimples and dry scales all " over his face; then appeared in great blotches on " various parts of his body, and œdematous swellings " in his legs, which terminated in dreadful excoria- " tions and fœtid ulcers. All this was attended with a " total loss of appetite, and, at last, with such ex- " treme langour and debility, that the poor gentle- " man was utterly despaired of by several of the " most eminent of the faculty who attended him; " till, at last, by the providential discovery in the " newspapers of the efficacy of Maredant's drops, " by taking a few bottles of them, all the above " terrible symptoms began gradually to disappear, " his appetite returned, his complexion regained " its pristine bloom, his skin became as smooth as " that of a new-born babe, and his flesh recovered " the soundness and elasticity of the most vigorous " habit. He has ever since been perfectly stout, " hale, and active, and has had three children born " to him, all thriving and healthy.

This may be considered as a sort of tragi-comic recital, and, if examined by the rules of Aristotle, will be found to contain all the requisites of the best dramatic composition. Here is a beginning, a middle, and an end. The beginning, the break-

ing out of Mr. S's disorder; the middle, the progress of the disease; the end, its perfect cure. Here too, in some sort, is the Αγνωρισις, and here evidently the Περιπετεια, the two great beauties of a perfect drama; the Αγνωρισις the providential discovery of Maredant's drops; the Περιπετεια the change of situation from pimples and scales to a blooming complexion, from blotches and ulcers to smoothness of skin and soundness of flesh, from extreme debility and langour, to being the father of healthy children.

Nor is this class of writers less remarkable for adaptation of style than for correctness of composition. The advertisement above recited of Dr. Dominiceti, and the daily performances of Mess. Christie and Ansell, shew to what elevation they can raise it, when the subject requires elevation. On the other hand, where shall we find more truly characteristic simplicity than in the following notice from a gentleman-tailor? "Wanted, by a single "gentleman-tailor, a servant maid, to act as house-"keeper and cook, where a girl is kept to attend "and wait upon the master. None need apply "who will pretend to manage the kitchen fire with-"out his directions, as he understands the manage-"ment of coal-fires, which few servants in this town "do. As he commonly dines out of a Sunday, he "expects his servants to go to church, instead of "cooking dainties to themselves, such as shoulders "of veal stuff'd, &c. as, though he is a single man, "he is very well instructed by a neighbour how "to manage his family.....Apply next door to "the steps, Panton-square."

Other writers, often equally poor and proud, may perhaps object to the class of authors whom I commemorate, that they write not from the love of science, or the desire of fame, but from motives merely interested and selfish. But a little acquaint-

ance with many of their productions will effectually remove this reproach. Is it not benevolence alone that forces Mr. Speediman, in spite of his natural modesty, to address the public in an advertisement? "Mr. Speediman would be unjust to the public if "he any longer delayed acquainting them of the "virtues of his stomach-pills." Are there not daily advertisements of sales "far below prime cost," which continue for several years to the evident advantage of the public, and loss of the advertiser? and does not Mr. Molesworth press adventurers in the lottery to purchase his tickets and shares, though he knows, by certain calculation, that they are to be drawn prizes?

To such men, may not the above quoted motto of the illustrious Dr. Dominiceti be most deservedly applied?

"Non sibi, sed toto genitum se credere mundo;"

which, however, as malice is always ready to detract from merit, I heard a wicked wag of my acquaintance translate the other day to a company of ladies, that the doctor's fumigations "were to make "himself live, and to kill all the world beside."

Z.

No. LXXXI. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

SOME time ago you inserted in your paper a letter from a lady who subscribed herself S. M. giving an account of the hardships she has suffered as the daughter of a man of fortune, educated in the midst of affluence, and then left to the support of a very slender provision. I own the situation to be a hard one; but it may, perhaps, afford her some consolation to be told, that there are others, seemingly enviable, which are yet as distressful, that derive their distresses from circumstances exactly the reverse of those in which Miss S. M. is placed.

I lost my father, a gentleman of considerable fortune, at an age so early, that his death has scarce left any trace on my mind. I can only recollect, that there was something of bustle, as well as sorrow, all over the house; that my coloured sash was changed for a black one; and that I was not allowed to drink papa's health after dinner, which, before, I had been taught regularly to do. Soon after, I can remember my mamma being sick, and that there was a little brother born who was much more attended to than I. As we grew up, I can remember his getting finer play-things, and being oftener the subject of discourse among our visitors; and that sometimes, when there were little quarrels in the nursery, Billy's maid would tell mine, that Miss must wait till her betters were served.

A superiority to which I was so early accustomed, it gave me little uneasiness to bear. The vivacity natural to children, which in me was supported by uninterrupted good health, left me no leisure to complain of a preference, by which, though my brother was distinguished, he was seldom or never

made happier. The notice, indeed, to which his birthright entitled him, was often more a hardship than a privilege. He was frequently kept in the drawing-room with mamma, when he would have much rather been with me in the garden; he was made to repeat his lesson to the company, that they might admire his parts and his progress, while I was suffered to be playing blindman's-buff below stairs; he was set at dinner with the old folks, helped to light things that would not hurt him, obliged to drink toast and water, and to behave like a gentleman, while I was allowed to devour apple-dumplin, gulp down small-beer, and play monkey tricks at the side-table.

That care, however, which watched his health was not repaid with success; he was always more delicate, and more subject to little disorders than I; and at last, after completing his seventh year, was seized with a fever, which, in a few days, put an end to his life, and transferred to me the inheritance of my ancestors.

After the first transports of my mother's grief were subsided, she began to apply herself to the care of her surviving child. I was now become inheritress of her anxiety, as well as of my father's fortune; a remarkable change was made in every department of my education, my company, and my amusements. Instead of going along with a set of other girls of my own age to a class for learning French, and a public writing-school, teachers were brought into the house to instruct me privately; and, though I still went to a dancing-school three days in the week to practise the lessons which I received from an eminent master at home, yet I was always attended by my mother, my governess, or somebody, by whose side I was stuck up before and after the dance, to the great vexation of myself, and the ridicule of my former companions. Of

companions, indeed, I was now altogether deprived. I was too considerable a person to associate with those in whose sports and amusements I had formerly been so happy to share; if, at any time I ventured to mention a wish for their society, I was immediately checked by an observation of my mamma, that she believed they were very good girls, but not fit company for me.

To prevent the solitude in which my superiority would have thus placed me, a little girl, an orphan niece of my mother's maid, was taken into the house, whose office it was to attend me during all my hours of study or amusement, to hold the pincushion while my maid was dressing me, to get lessons along with me, and be chid if I neglected them; to play games at Draughts, which she was never to win, and to lift the Shuttlecock, which I commonly let fall; in short, she was to serve me for the practice of all that insolence which the precepts of others had taught me I had a right to assume. I feel, at this moment, Mr. Mirror, the most sincere compunction for the hardships which this poor girl suffered while she was with me; hardships, from which, at last, she freed herself, by running off with a recruiting serjeant; yet I was taught, at the time, to call her subsistence a bounty, and to account myself generous when I bestowed any trifle beyond it.

While my mind was thus encouraged in perversion, the culture of my body was little less preposterous. The freedom and exercise which formerly bestowed health and vigour, I now exchanged for the constraints of fashion, and the laziness of pride. Every shackle of dress which the daughters of any great man were understood to wear, I was immediately provided with, because I could afford it as well as they. I was never allowed the use of my limbs, because I could afford a coach; and, when

attacked by the slightest disorder, immediate recourse was had to the physician, because I could afford a fee. The consequence was natural: I lost all my former spirits, as well as my former bloom; and, when I first put on the womanly garb, I was a fine lady complete, with cheeks as pale, and nerves as weak, as the finest.

I was now arrived at a period when attention and anxiety were to be pointed almost solely to one object, the disposal of my person in marriage. With regard to this event, I was equally the slave of my mother's hopes and fears. I was dressed and re-dressed, squeezed and pinched, that I might catch a fine gentleman who had lately returned from his travels. I was often hurried several miles in the dark to a ball at our county-town, to display myself to a Lord, who was to be of the party there; I was walked over hedge and ditch, in order to captivate a country 'squire of a very large estate in our neighbourhood; and I was once obliged to hazard my neck, that I might go out a hunting with a Duke. On the other hand, I was in perfect durance when any improper man had been seen to look at me. I was forced to leave the parish-church, upon information received of a young gentleman having bribed the beadle with a shilling, to admit him into the next pew; my dancing-master was changed, because his wife died while he was attending me; and my drawing-master, an old bachelor of threescore, was dismissed because he happened to put his hand on mine in shewing me how to manage my crayons. The only poor man with whom I was allowed to associate was the clergyman of our parish, a very old gentleman of the most irreproachable character. To this indulgence, however, I was more indebted than my mother was aware, or I had any reason to hope. Possessed of excellent sense and great learning, the good man

was at pains to teach me the use of the first, and the value of the latter. By his assistance, my mind, which before had always been either uncultivated or misled, was informed with knowledge more useful than the extent of my fortune, or the privileges of my birth. He shewed me the folly of pride and the meanness of insolence; he taught me the respect due to merit, the tenderness to poverty, the reverence to misfortune; from him I first learned the dignity of condescension, the pleasures of civility, the luxury of beneficence. He died, alas! before I could receive the full benefit of his instructions, before he was able to eradicate the effects of early perversion and habitual indulgence; and left me rather in a condition to feel the weakness of my mind, than to recover its strength.

My mother did not long survive him. I had been forced to see the errors of her judgment, though I could never doubt the warmth of her affection. I was unfortunate enough to lose her assistance, when her assistance would have been more useful, and her indulgence less prejudicial. In the management of my fortune, which is now devolved on me, I am perplexed with business which I do not understand, and harassed by applications which I know not how to answer. I am sometimes puzzled with schemes for improving my estate, sometimes frightened with dangers that threaten to diminish it; I am vexed with the complaints of poor tenants, and plagued with the litigiousness of rich ones. I never open a letter from my steward in the country without uneasiness; and a visit from my agent in town is to me like that of a bailiff. Amidst all these difficulties, I have no relation whom I can trust, and no friend to whom I can lean; the interest which people have in deceiving me deprives me of confidence in advice, or pleasure in approbation. In short, it is my singular misfortune to possess

wealth with all the embarrassment of poverty, and power with all the dependence of meanness.

I am, &c.

V OLIVIA.

No. LXXXII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19.

THE paper of to-day was received from an unknown hand several weeks ago. The publication of it may, perhaps, appear rather unseasonable, after the last Gazette. There is still, however, much truth in my Correspondent's observations, who, I dare ssy, will not regret, that Sir George Rodney's success has somewhat lessened their force.

FOR THE MIRROR.

Romulus et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,
Post ingentia facta, Deorum in templa recepti.

HOR.

MEN, who either possess a natural sourness of temper, or who have been unfortunate in the world from accident or imprudence, or perhaps think they have been so, from over-rating their own deserts, are apt to ascribe to human nature a variety of vices and imperfections. They consider these as the chief ingredients of the composition of mankind, and that their virtues and good qualities are exceptions from the general rule, like accidental strokes of genius, or colouring in the works of a painter, whose performances, on the whole, are coarse and irregular.

Nothing can be more groundless and unjust than this accusation. I am convinced that, upon a thorough examination, though we might discover many vicious and profligate individuals, we should find, in general, that human nature is virtuous and well-disposed, and little merits the abuse that peevish or unfortunate men are inclined to bestow upon it.

One charge, much insisted upon against mankind, is public ingratitude. With what justice or truth this is urged, we may judge, by examining the behaviour of men from the earliest period to the present times; and, in doing so, I flatter myself we shall be able to discover that the reverse is true, and that a strong spirit of gratitude has appeared on all occasions where it was due, though in different ages and countries it has been expressed in a different manner.

In Egypt and ancient Greece, the tribute paid by the public to the benefactors of mankind, was to consider them as objects of divine worship, and for that purpose to enroll them among the gods. Such was Ceres, for the invention of corn; Bacchus, for the discovery of wine; and a variety of others, with whom every school-boy is acquainted. If a man of superior strength and valour happened to repel an invader, destroy a monster, or perform any notable deed of public service, he was revered while living, and, after his death, his memory was respected, and a species of inferior worship was paid to him, as a hero, or demi-god.

In later times, in the Grecian states, the general who fought a successful battle, or destroyed an enemy's fleet, had statues erected to him by the public voice, and at the expence of the public. The Romans did not think of honouring their active or fortunate commanders with statues; but they had their triumphs and ovations bestowed by the public,

and supported by the voluntary applause and attendance of a grateful populace.

I should be extremely sorry if the moderns yielded in the article of public gratitude either to the Greeks or Romans. I shall not enter upon the practice or manners of other European nations; but I can venture to assert, with some degree of confidence, that the people of Great Britain possess a degree of public gratitude unexampled in any other age or country.

In making this assertion, I do not allude to public monuments, hereditary pensions, or thanks of parliament, which, though of a public, and seemingly of a general nature, may nevertheless proceed from a very limited cause. I allude to that universal effusion of honest gratitude which the good people of England frequently bestow on successful commanders, by putting up their pictures as signs for their taverns and ale-houses, and frequenting these more than any other, till the reputation of the original begins to be obscured by the rising glory of some new favourite.

I must, at the same time observe, that great statesmen have seldom experienced this mark of public applause. The late Mr. Pitt, was, indeed, an exception from the remark; but he was, in fact, a minister of war only, and never meddled with finance. A first Lord of the Treasury, let him be as wise as Ximenes, and as moderate as Fleury, cannot expect to be revered on the sign-post of an ale-house; every article of consumption there has felt the weight of his hand; and whether the company get drunk in wine or punch, or enjoy the cool collations of tea and coffee, still the reckoning recalls ideas that lead to execrations on the whole system of finance and taxation, from the department of the first minister to the walk of the lowest exciseman; and, by an easy transition, the dislike of the

system and the offices passes, in some degree, to the persons of those who fill them.

But as the same cause of unmerited obloquy does not exist with respect to our admirals and generals, they have been often and much the objects of this species of public gratitude. It is needless to go far back: In the year 1739, Admiral Vernon took Porto-Bello, with six ships only. The public gratitude to him was boundless.....He was sung in ballads.....At the ensuing general election in 1741, he was returned from three different corporations; but, above all, his portrait filled every sign-post; and he may be figuratively said to have sold the ale, beer, porter, and purl of England for six years.

Towards the close of that period, the Admiral's favour began to fade apace with the colours of his uniform; and the battle of Culloden was total annihilation to him. When the news of that victory reached England, a new object presented itself to the public favour; and the honest admiral, in every sign-post, made way for the more portly figure of the glorious Duke of Cumberland.

The duke kept possession of the sign-posts a long time. In the beginning of last war, our admiral in the Mediterranean, and our generals in North-America, did nothing that could tend, in the least degree, to move his Royal Highness from his place; but the doubtful battle of Hamellan, followed by the unfortunate convention of Stade, and the rising glories of the King of Prussia, obliterated the glorious Duke of Cumberland as effectually as his Royal Highness and the battle of Culloden had effaced the figure, the memory, and the renown of admiral Vernon.

The duke was so totally displaced by his Prussian Majesty, that I have some doubts whether he met with fair play. One circumstance, indeed, was much against him; his figure being marked by a hat with

the Kevenhuller cock, a military uniform, and a fierce look, a very slight touch of the painter converted him into the King of Prussia; but what crowned the success of his Prussian Majesty, was the title bestowed upon him by the brothers of the brush, "The glorious protestant hero;" words which added splendor to every sign-post, and which no British subject could read, without peculiar sensations of veneration and of thirst.

For two years, "the glorious Protestant Hero" was unrivalled; but the French being beat at Minden upon the 1st of August 1759, by the army under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, the King of Prussia began to give place a little to two popular favourites, who started at the same time, I mean Prince Ferdinand, and the Marquis of Granby. Prince Ferdinand was supported altogether by his good conduct at Minden, and his high reputation over Europe as a general:....the Marquis of Granby behaved with spirit and personal courage every where; but his success in the sign-posts of England was much owing to a comparison generally made between him and another British general of higher rank but who was supposed not to have behaved so well. Perhaps too, he was a good deal indebted to another circumstance, to wit, the baldness of his head.

The next who figured in the sign-post way, was the celebrated John Wilkes Esq.;....This public honour conferred on him was also an effusion of gratitude; for he was supposed to have written the Earl of Bute, who was both a Scotsman and a favourite, out of power, and to have resisted and explained the illegality of general warrants. Besides, he fought a bloodless duel with E. Talbot, and was shot in the cause of liberty by Mr. Martin of the treasury. All these were great weights in the scale of popularity; and, though Mr. Wilkes

never attained the glory either of Admiral Vernon or the Duke of Cumberland, yet his visage has filled many a sign-post, and much ale and gin has been sold under his auspices.

These are the last whom the people of Great-Britain have thought worthy of being so honoured; and though the thing itself may seem ludicrous, yet the tale has a moral, by no means flattering to the well-wishers of this country. We have been now for five years employed in attempting to reduce our rebellious colonies; we have been two years at war with France, and one with Spain; many troops have been raised, many millions have been expended; expeditions without number have been planned and supported, and the most powerful fleets have been fitted out that the coasts and dock-yards of England ever beheld; yet, during this long period, with so many opportunities, and so much force, we have not an admiral whose head would sell a single cann of flip, nor a general whose full length would procure custom for an additional pot of porter.

That this expression of public gratitude may be sometimes misplaced, I will by no means deny; but still this tribute paid by the people is more likely, than any other circumstance, to be a sure proof of real merit. The sovereign may be misinformed as to the deservings of those whom he is pleased to honour; and although, in the present reign, no substantial mark of unmerited favour has been conferred, yet every body remembers the late General Blakeney, who gave up Minorca, made a Lord for defending it, merely to support a sinking administration. What reliance can be had on the thanks of parliament as a proof of public merit, may be learned from the answer of a gallant sea-officer (not an admiral,) who, upon being told that the House of Commons meant to give him thanks for his intrepid

and successful conduct on the coast of France, swore, if they did, he would instantly resign his commission.

Perhaps at that time, some recent instance of party injustice and partiality had brought the thanks of parliament into disrepute ; but, be that as it may, I shall never think our affairs, either by sea or land, in a prosperous condition, until I see the sign-posts of England filled with fresh figures of generals and admirals. When that happens, it will be a sure proof that our affairs have taken a favourable turn, and that some of our commanders, have at last, acted in a manner suitable to the troops and treasure with which, from the beginning of this war, they have all been so liberally supplied.

No. LXXXIII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22.

IN a paper published at Edinburgh, it would be improper to enter into any comparison of the writers of this country with those on the other side of the Tweed : but, whatever be the comparative rank of Scottish and English authors, it must surely be allowed, that, of late, there have been writers in this country, upon different subjects, who are possessed of very considerable merit. In one species of writing, however, in works and compositions of humour, there can be no sort of doubt that the English stand perfectly unrivalled by their northern neighbours. The English excel in comedy ; several of their romances are replete with the most humourous representations of life and character, and many of their other works are full of excellent ridicule. But, in Scotland, we have hardly any book

which aims at humour, and, of the very few which do, still fewer have any degree of merit. Though we have tragedies written by Scots authors, we have no comedy, excepting Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd; and though we have tender novels, we have none of humour, excepting those of Smollet, who, from his long residence in England can hardly be said to have acquired in this country his talent for writing; nor can we, for the same reason, lay a perfect claim to Arbuthnot, who is still a more illustrious exception to my general remark. There must be something in the national genius of the two people which makes this remarkable difference in their writings, though it may be difficult to discover from what cause it arises.

I am inclined to suspect, that there is something in the situation and present government of Scotland, which may, in part, account for this difference in the genius of the two countries. Scotland, before the union of the two kingdoms, was a separate state, with a parliament and constitution of its own. Now the seat of government is removed, and its constitution is involved in that of England. At the time the two nations came to be so intimately connected, its great men were less affluent than those of England, its agriculture was little advanced, and its manufactures were in their infancy. A Scotsman was, therefore, in this situation, obliged to exert every nerve, that he might be able to hold his place.

If preferment, or offices in public life, were his object, he was obliged to remove from home to a city, which, though now the metropolis of the united kingdoms, had formerly been to him a sort of foreign capital.

If wealth was the object of his pursuit, he could only acquire it at home by great industry and perseverance; and if he found he could not easily succeed in his own country, he repaired to other coun-

tries, where he expected to be able to amass a fortune. Hence it has been remarked, that there are more natives of Scotland to be found abroad than of any other country.

People in this situation are not apt to indulge themselves in humour; and few humorous characters will appear. It is only in countries where men wanton in the extravagancies of wealth, that some are led to indulge a particular vein of character, and that others are induced to delineate and express it in writing. Besides, where men are in a situation which makes it necessary for them to push their way in the world, more particularly if they are obliged to do so among strangers, though this may give them a firmness and a resoluteness in their conduct, it will naturally produce a modest caution and reserve in their deportment, which must chill every approach to humour. Hence, though the Scots are allowed to be brave and undaunted in dangerous situations; yet bashfulness, reserve, and even timidity of manner, unless when they are called forth to action, are justly considered as making part of their character. Men of this disposition are not apt to have humour; it is the open, the careless, the indifferent, and the forward, who indulge in it; it is the man who does not think of interest, and who sets himself above attending to the proprieties of conduct. But he who has objects of interest in view, who attends with circumspection to his conduct, and finds it necessary to do so, is generally grave and silent, and seldom makes any attempt at humour.

These circumstances may have had a considerable influence upon the genius and temper of the people in Scotland; and if they have given a particular formation to the genius of the people in general, they would naturally have a similar effect upon its authors: the genius of an author commonly takes its direction from that of his countrymen.

To these causes, arising from the present situation and government of our country, may be added another circumstance, that of there being no court or seat of the monarch in Scotland. It is only where the court is, that the standard of manners can be fixed, and, of consequence, it is only in the neighbourhood of the court that a deviation from that standard can be exactly ascertained, or a departure from it be easily made the object of ridicule. Where there is no court, it becomes of little importance what dress the people wear, what hours they observe, what language they express themselves in, or what is their general deportment. Men living at distance from the court become also unacquainted with the rules of fashion which it establishes, and are unable to mark or point them out. But the great object for wit and ludicrous representation arises from men's having a thorough knowledge of what is the fashionable standard of manners, and being able to seize upon, and hold out a departure from it, in an humorous point of view. In Scotland, therefore, which, since the removal of the court, has become, in a certain degree, a provincial country, there being no fixed standard of manners within the country itself, one great source of ridicule is cut off, and an author is not led to attempt humorous composition; or, if he does, has little chance of succeeding.

There is another particular which may have had a very considerable effect upon the genius of the Scots writers, and that is, the nature of the language in which they write. The old Scottish dialect is now banished from our books, and the English is substituted in its place. But though our books be written in English, our conversation is in Scotch. Of our language it may be said, as we are told of the wit of Sir Hudibras, that we have a suit for holidays, and another for working-days. The Scot-

tish dialect is our ordinary suit; the English is used only on solemn occasions. When a Scotsman therefore writes, he does it generally in trammels. His own native original language, which he hears spoken around him, he does not make use of; but he expresses himself in a language in some respects foreign to him, and which he has acquired by study and observation. When a celebrated Scottish writer, after the publication of his History of Scotland, was first introduced to Lord Chesterfield, his lordship with that happy talent of compliment for which he was so remarkable, addressed him, at parting, in these words: "I am happy, Sir, to have met with "you,....happy to have passed a day with you,.... "and extremely happy to find that you speak "Scotch.....It would be too much, were you to speak, "as well as write our language, better than we do "ourselves."

This circumstance of a Scottish author not writing his own natural dialect, must have a considerable influence upon the nature of his literary productions. When he is employed in any grave dignified composition, when he writes history, politics, or poetry, the pains he must take to write, in a manner different from that in which he speaks, will not much affect his productions; the language of such compositions is, in every case, raised above that of common life; and, therefore, the deviation which a Scottish author is obliged to make from the common language of the country, can be of little prejudice to him. But if a writer is to descend to common and ludicrous pictures of life; if, in short, he is to deal in humorous composition, his language must be, as nearly as possible, that of common life, that of the bulk of the people: but a Scotsman who wishes to write English cannot easily do this. He neither speaks the English dialect, nor is it spoken by those around him: any knowledge he has acquired of the

language is got from books, not from conversation. Hence Scottish authors may have been prevented from attempting to write books of humour; and, when they have tried it, we may be able, in some measure, to account for their failure.

In confirmation of these remarks, it may be observed, that almost the only works of humour which we have in this country, are in the Scottish dialect, and most of them were written before the union of the kingdoms, when the Scotch was the written, as well as the spoken language of the country. The Gentle Shepherd, which is full of natural and ludicrous representations of low life, is written in broad Scotch. Many of our ancient Scottish ballads are full of humour. If there have been lately any publications of humour in this country, written in good English, they have been mostly of the graver sort, called irony. In this species of writing, where the author himself never appears to laugh, a more dignified composition is admissible; and, in that case the disadvantage of writing in a language different from that in which the author speaks, or those around him converse, is not so sensibly felt.

No. LXXXIV. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26.

Clamant periisse pudorem
Cuncti pene patres.

HOR.

TO dispute the right of Fashion to enlarge, to vary, or to change the ideas, both of man and woman kind, were a want of good breeding, of which the author of a periodical paper, who throws himself, as it were, from day to day, on the protection of the polite world, cannot be supposed capable. I pay, therefore, very little regard to the observations of some antiquated correspondents, who pretend to set up what they call the invariable notions of things, against the opinions and practice of people of condition. At the same time I must observe, that, as there is a College in Physic, and a Faculty (as it is called in Scotland) in Law; so, in Fashion, there is a select body, who enjoy many privileges and immunities, to which pretenders, or inferior practitioners in the art, are by no means entitled. There is a certain grace in the rudeness, and wit in the folly of a person of fashion, to which one of a lower rank has no manner of pretension.

I am afraid that our city (talking like a man who has travelled) is but a sort of mimic metropolis, and cannot fairly pretend to the same license of making a fool of itself, as London or Paris. The circle, therefore, taking them in the gros, of our fashionable people here, have seldom ventured on the same beautiful irregularity in dress, in behaviour, or in manners, that is frequently practised by the leaders of the ton in the capitals of France or England.

With individuals, the same rule of subordination is to be observed, which, however, persons of extraordinary parts, of genius above their condition, are

sometimes apt to overlook. I perceive in the pit of the play-house, some young men, who have got fuddled in punch, as noisy and as witty as the gentlemen in the boxes, who have been drinking Burgundy ; and others, who have come sober from the counter, or the writing-desk, give almost as little attention to the play as the men of three thousand pounds a year.....My old school-acquaintance, Jack Wou'dbe, t'other morning, had a neckcloth as dirty as a lord's, and picked his teeth after dinner, for a quarter of an hour, by the assistance of the little mirror in the lid of his tooth-pick case. I take the first opportunity of giving him a friendly hint, that this practice is elegant only in a man who has made the tour of Europe.

Nature and Fashion are two opposite powers, that have long been at variance with one another. The first is allowed to preside over the bulk of the people known by the denomination of the vulgar ; the last is peculiar to the higher orders of the state, and by her honours they have a title to be distinguished. Attention to interesting scenes, civility to those we ought to oblige, and propriety in public behaviour, belong to nature, and are therefore the property of the people. It is a direct infringement on the rights of Fashion, if the inferior members of the community shall laugh where they should cry, be noisy where they should be silent, rude where they should be civil, or dirty where they should be cleanly. These are badges of greatness, and, like certain coats armorial, are only to be borne by illustrious personages.

These are matters in which, I think, I may venture to interpose my advice or animadversion. But, as to some more delicate subjects, I am very doubtful whether they come within the limits of my jurisdiction, or how far it would be prudent in me to exercise it, if they did. I mean this as a general

apology for not inserting a variety of letters from unknown correspondents, giving me information of certain irregularities in the manners and deportment of the fashionable world, which they desire may be taken immediate notice of in the Mirror. One who writes under the signature of Rusticus, tells me, that painting is now become so common a practice among our fine ladies, that he has oftner than once been introduced to a lady in the morning, from whom, till he informed himself of her name, he was surprised to receive a curtsey at the play or the concert. Another, who subscribes himself Modestus, desires me to imitate the example of the Tatler, by animadverting, not on the large, but the small size of the petticoat, which, he says, has so shrunk up this winter, that there is more of the.... ankle seen than he can find countenance to look at.

To the first of these correspondents I must answer, that I think the ladies (whose number I am inclined to believe is small) who choose to dress their faces in rouge or carmine, are exempted from all censure; they certainly do it to please themselves, as they know how much it is detested by the men. Or, perhaps, they are of that icy order of females who have made vows of perpetual celibacy, and thus varnish over their beauty, as virtuosi do certain delicate natural productions, which are meant to be looked at, but never to be touched. As to the complaint of Modestus, I can only account for the present shortness of the petticoat, from the attention of the ladies being so much engrossed about their heads, as to leave them no leisure to take care of the other extremity; as generals, who are anxious to cover one part of their works, are apt to leave an opposite quarter defenceless.

But the most serious complaint I have received, is a letter subscribed Censor, arraigning, with true

Juvenalian severity, the conduct of a certain club, which, in the words of my correspondent, "continues, in defiance of decency and good manners, to "insult the public in large characters, in the front "of every newspaper in town. This (he adds) moves "my indignation the more, when I consider that "several of its principal members are arrived at a "period of life which should teach decorum, at "least, if it does not extinguish vice."

In answer to this angry correspondent, I will tell him the following story: some years ago, I happened to be in York at the time of the assizes. Dining one day in a tavern with some gentlemen of that city and its neighbourhood, we were violently disturbed by the noise of somebody below, who hooted and hallooed, smacked his whip, and made his servants sound their French horns; in short, rehearsed, during the whole time of our dinner, all "the glo-"rious tumult of the chace." Some of the company, after several ineffectual messages by the waiter, began to be angry, and to think of a very serious remonstrance with the sportman below. But an elderly person, who sat opposite to me, pacified their resentment; "I know the gentleman who disturbs "you," said he; "his head-piece was never one of "the best; but now, poor man! I believe we must "let him alone....Since he is past running down the "fox in the field, he must e'en be allowed to hunt "him in the parlour."

No. LXXXV. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 29.

Possum oblivisci qui fuerim? Non sentire qui sim? Quo caream honore
Qua gloria? Quibus liberis? Quibus fortunis?

CIC.

A PERIODICAL publication, such as the Mirror, is, from its nature, confined chiefly to prose compositions. My illustrious predecessor, the Spectator, has, however, sometimes inserted a little poem among his other essays; and his example has been imitated by most of his successors. Perhaps it may be from this cause, that, among the variety of communications I have lately received, many of them consist of poetical compositions. I must observe in general to these correspondents, that, though the insertion of a poem now and then may not be altogether improper for a work of this kind, yet it is not every poetical composition that is fit for it. A poem may be possessed of very considerable merit, and may be entitled to applause, when published in a poetical collection, though, from its subject, its length, or the manner in which it is written, it may not be suited to the Mirror. I hope my poetical correspondents, therefore, will receive this as an apology for their poems not being inserted, and will by no means consider their exclusion as proceeding from their being thought destitute of merit.

Among the poetical presents I have received, there is, however, one, which seems very well suited to a work of this kind. The gentleman from whom I received it says, he has been informed that it was founded on the following inscription (probably written from real feeling) on the window of an inn, situate in the Highlands of Scotland.

"Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,
A life of wandering is the greatest woe;
On all their weary ways wait care and pain,
And pine and penury, a meagre train,
A wretched Exile to his country send,
Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend."

This poem contains a description of the situation of a Scotch gentleman who had been obliged to leave his country for rebellion against our present happy government. It points out the fatal consequences of such treasonable attempts, and represents the distress of the person described, in a very interesting and pathetic manner.

THE EXILE. AN ELEGY.

Where, 'midst the ruins of a fallen state,
The once fam'd Tiber rolls his scanty wave,
Where half a column now derides the great,
Where half a statue yet records the brave:

With trembling steps an Exile wander'd near,
In Scottish weeds his shrivell'd limbs array'd;
His furrow'd cheek was cross'd with many a tear,
And frequent sighs his wounded soul betray'd.

Oh! wretch! he cry'd, that like some troubled ghost
Art doom'd to wander round this world of woe,
While memory speaks of joy for ever lost,
Of peace! of comfort, thou hast ceas'd to know!

These are the scenes, with fancy'd charms endow'd,
Where happier Britons, casting pearls away,
The fools of sound, of empty trifles proud,
Far from the land of bliss and freedom stray.

Wou'd that, for yonder dome, these eyes could see
The wither'd oak that crowns my native hill!
These urns let ruin waste; but give to me
The tuft that trembles o'er its only rill.

Oh! sacred haunts! and is the hillock green
That saw our infant-sports beguile the day?
Still are our seats of fairy fashion seen?
Or is my little throne of moss away?

Had but ambition, in this tortur'd breast,
Ne'er sought to rule beyond the humble plain,
Where mild dependence holds the vassal blest,
Where faith and friendship fix the chieftain's reign;

Thus had I liv'd the life my fathers led;
Their name, their family had not ceas'd to be;
And thou, Monimia! on thy earthly bed!....
My name, my family, what were these to thee!...

Three little moons had seen our growing love,
Since first Monimia join'd her hand to mine;
Three little moons had seen us blest above
All that enthusiast hope could e'er divine.

Urg'd by the brave, by fancy'd glory warm'd,
In treason honest, if 'twas treason here;
For rights suppos'd, my native band I arm'd,
And join'd the standard Charles had dar'd to rear.

Fated we fought, my gallant vassels fell,
But sav'd their master in the bloody strife;
Their coward master, who cou'd live to tell
He saw them fall, yet tamely suffer'd life.

Let me not think;....but, ah! the thought will rise,
Still in my whirling brain its horrors dwell,
When pale and trembling, with uplifted eyes,
Monimia faintly breath'd. ..a last farwell!

"They come," she said; "fly, fly these ruthless foes,
"And save a life, in which Monimia lives;
"Believe me, Henry, light are all her woes,
"Except what Henry's dreaded purpose gives!

"And would'st thou die, and leave me thus forlorn,
"And blast a life the most inhuman spare?
"Oh! live in pity to the babe unborn
"That stirs within me to assist my prayer."

What could I do? Contending passion strove,
And press'd my bosom with alternate weight,
Unyielding honour, soft persuasive love.....
I fled and left her...left her to her fate!

Fast came the ruffian band; no melting charm,
That e'er to suffering beauty nature gave,

The ruthless rage of party can disarm ;
Thy tears, Monimia, wanted power to save !

She, and the remnant of her weeping train,
Whose faithful love still link'd them to her side,
Torn from their dwelling, trode the desert plain,
No hut to shelter, and no hand to guide.

Thick drove its snow before the wintry wind,
And midnight darkness wrapp'd the heath they past,
Save one sad gleam, that, blazing far behind,
The ancient mansion of my father's cast.

Calmly she saw the smouldring ruins glare ;
" Tis past, all-righteous God ! 'tis past !" she cry'd ;
" But for my Henry hear my latest pray'r !"...
" Big was her bursting heart ;... the groan'd and died !.....

Still, in my dreams, I see her form confess'd,
Sailing, in robes of light, the troubled sky !...
And soon, she whispers, shall my Henry rest...
And, dimly smiling, points my place to die !

I hear that voice, I see the pale hand wave ;
I come once more to view my native shore ;
Stretch'd on Monimia's long neglected grave
To clasp the sod, and feel my woes no more !

No. LXXXVI. SATURDAY, MARCH 4.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

MANY inestimable medicines, as well for preserving health as for curing diseases, are overlooked by our modern practitioners. An attempt to revive some of those obsolete remedies, though it may appear better suited to a medical performance, yet does not seem altogether foreign to the MIRROR ; since a sound mind, according to the well known

apothegm, is in natural alliance with a sound body, the same publication which is calculated for the improvement of the one, may not improperly be made subservient to the health of the other.

I. The first that I shall mention is of sovereign efficacy in restoring debilitated stomachs to their proper tone. It renders the body vigorous, and it prolongs the days of man even unto extreme old age. Of it Tulpius, an eminent physician of Amsterdam, treats in his Observationes Medicinales.

In some languages it is called Cha, in others, Tzai; but with us it has received the appellation of Tea.

II. There is another simple of a singular kind; according to the great traveller "Pietro della Valle," it is cooling in summer, and warms in winter, without, however, changing its qualities.

It expelled a gout, of thirty years standing, from the toes of the reverend Alexander d'Albertus, a bare-footed friar of Marseilles aged seventy.

For a long time Madame de Laucun could not walk without the aid of a crutch; and no wonder; for the good lady "had numbered the frosts of fourscore and two winters." She was seized with what my author calls a tertian quartan ague, which undoubtedly is a very bad thing, though I do not find it in my dictionary; but she tried father Alexander's remedy; her youth was renewed, as one might say (comme rejeunie), and she threw away her crutch.

The wife of M. Morin, physician at Grenoble, was reduced to the last extremity by a confirmed Phthysic, of no less than sixteen years endurance: at length the doctor found out a method of laying the disease that had so obstinately haunted his bed. By way of experiment he administered the remedy to his chere moitie (dear half,) which is French for a wife. She recovered of her Phthysic,

and afterwards, by using the same remedy, of another disease with a horrible Greek name, a Peripneumony.

I might add many and various effects of this medicine still more wonderful. That of the public speaker, who was seized with a fit of modesty, is most remarkable. By taking a single dose, he felt himself restored to his wonted composure of mind; and he declared that he could with ease, have spoken out another hour.

For this and other authenticated cures, the inquisitive reader is referred to the treatise of Philip Sylvester du Tour, concerning the virtues of coffee.

III. There is a certain weed, "which, taken a "while after meat, helps digestion; it voids rheum, "&c. a little of it being steeped over night in a "little white wine, is a vomit that never fails in its "operation. It cannot endure a spider, or a flea, "or such like vermin: it is good to fortify and pre-"serve the sight, being let in round about the balls "of the eyes once a-week, and frees them from all "rheums, driving them back by way of repercus-"sion: taken into the stomach it will heal and "cleanse it; for my Lord Sunderland, president "of York, taking it downwards into his stomach, "it cured him of an imposthume, which had been "of a long time engendering out of a bruize he "had received at foot-ball, and so preserved his life "for many years."

These are the words of Howel, in his letters, where he enlarges on the praise of tobacco.

IV. But there is still another medicine of astonishing virtues, which have being circumstantially related by Matthiolus, an Italian physician of the sixteenth century; it is "a liquid which, when "skillfully prepared, proves a powerful antiseptic, "(an opposer of corruption) to every thing steeped

" in it; and so, by removing all tendency to cor-
" ruption, it is a comforter and a restorative, and
" preserves and prolongs the lives of those who use
" it. It not only cherishes the natural heat, and
" preserves it in its full vigour, but it likewise reno-
" vates as it were, and vivifies the animal spirits,
" gives an agreeable warmth to the stomach, sharp-
" ens the apprehension and understanding, clears
" the eye-sight, and repairs the memory: it is
" more peculiarly beneficial to those who are of too
" cold a temperament, and who are subject to cru-
" dities of the stomach, and other disorders pro-
" ceeding from cold affections. It therefore affords
" a sovereign relief to all who are tormented with
" pains in the stomach or bowels, proceeding from
" wind or indigestion; as also to those who are
" subject to giddiness, the falling-sickness, a relaxa-
" tion of the nervous system, inveterate melancholy,
" hypochondriacal disorders, palpitations of the
" heart, tremors, and fainting fits."

Matthiolus subjoins the method of using this medicine:

R. Once a day a table-spoonful of Aquavitæ distilled from the best wine. But with all deference to his authority, Aquavitæ, distilled even from the best wine, is not superior in any of its virtues to our great staple, whisky: for, from the researches of our own patriotic philosophers, these two conclusions may be deduced: first, that whisky is a liquor pleasant to the taste; and, secondly, that it is a wholesome spirit.

V. I shall conclude with a receipt which might have been considered as of general importance in the seventeenth century, and may prove of no less importance in the nineteenth.

Bartholomeus Carrichters, in his Secret, b. 2. c. 12. published a recipe which is mightily commended by Hector Schlands, in an epistle to his learned

friend Gregorius Horstius; see Horstii Epist. Medic. i. § 7. 1612. "R. Dog's grease, well dissolved and "cleansed, four ounces. Bears grease, eight ounces. "Capons grease, twenty-four ounces. Three trunks "of the misletoe of hazle, while green; cut it "in pieces, and pound it small, till it becomes "moist: bruise it together, and mix all in a vial. "After you have exposed it to the sun for nine "weeks, you shall extract a green ointment, where-"with if you anoint the bodies of the bewitched, "especially the parts most affected, and the joints, "they will certainly be cured."

This recipe was tried with amazing success in the case of a young girl, whose condition was truly deplorable; "for she vomited feathers, bun-"dles of straw, and a row of pins stuck in blue "paper, as fresh and new as any in the pedlar's "stall, pieces of glass windows, and nails of a cart-"wheel; as may be seen in the Wonderful and "true Relation of the bewitching a young girl in "Ireland, 1669," by Daniel Higgs.

It is with the utmost diffidence that I give my own sentiments in the Materia Medica, especially on a subject which has been expressly treated by such men as Dr. Bartholomeus Carrichters, and Dr. Hector Schlands. May I then be permitted humbly to propose this query, Is there not some reason to conjecture, that the recipe, so effectual in the case of bewitching, would answer equally well in the case of childblains?

I am, &c.
ANTIQUARIUS.

No. LXXXVII. TUESDAY, MARCH 7.

Men fear Death as Children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in Children is increased with tales, so is the other.

BACON.

THERE is in the mind of man a fund of superstition, which, in all nations, in all ages, and in all religions, has been attended with effects powerful and extraordinary. In this respect, no one people seem entitled to boast of any superiority over the rest of mankind. All seem, at one time or other, to have been alike the slaves of a weak, a childish, or a gloomy superstition. When we behold the Romans, wise and great as they were, regulating their conduct, in their most important affairs, by the accidental flight of birds; or, when threatened by some national calamity, creating a dictator for the sole purpose of driving a nail into a door, in order to avert the impending judgment of heaven, we are apt, according to the humour we are in, to smile at the folly, or to lament the weakness of human nature.

A little reflection, however, is sufficient to shew, that with all our advantages, we ourselves are, in this particular, equally weak and absurd. The modern citizen of Rome, who thinks he can appease an offended Deity, by creeping on his knees up the steps of St. Peter's so many times a day; or the pious Neapolitan, who imagines that carrying forth the relics of St. Januarius, is sufficient to stop an eruption of Mount Vesuvius; are equal objects of pity with the good Roman, who devoutly assisted at driving the nail into the temple of Jupiter Capitolius.

It is amusing to observe the conduct of our first reformers in this particular. Their penetration led them to discover the gross errors and manifold superstitions of the church of Rome; and their spirit

and strength of mind, aided by fortunate circumstances, enabled them to set themselves free from those shackles in which Europe had been held for so many ages. But no sooner had they done so, than they and their followers adopted another mode of superstition, in the place of that which it had cost them so much pains to pull down. To masses, and crucifixes, and images, were substituted a precise severity of manner, and long sermons, and a certain mode of sanctifying the Sabbath, which were inculcated as constituting the sum of virtue, and as comprehending the whole duty of a Christian. So ingenious are men in finding out something to put in the place of true piety and virtue !....Neither is this confined to one religion or to one sect. To the same cause must be attributed, the broad brim and plain coat of the Quaker, the ablutions of the Gentoo, the pilgrimages of the Mahometan, the severe fasts observed in the Greek church, with numberless other instances that might be mentioned.

There is a species of superstition, which, perhaps, might be traced back to a similar origin, that often lays strong hold of the imagination, and fills the mind with terrors and apprehensions, which reason and philosophy have not power to eradicate, when once they have fairly got hold of us. Of this sort is the dread of apparitions, of spirits, and of witches. Mr. Addison, in an excellent paper in the Spectator, has shewn the folly of those apprehensions, and has cautioned parents to be particularly careful to preserve their children from those little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they grow up. He justly observes, that next to a clear judgment and a good conscience, a sound imagination is the greatest blessing of life. Perhaps it might be going too far to attribute to this essay of Mr. Addison the reformation so strongly recommended by

him. It is, however, certain, that all these apprehensions, formerly productive of so much real uneasiness, are now in a great measure unknown. We have so far succeeded in plucking the old woman out of our hearts; and we no longer see a brave soldier afraid to walk through a dark passage, or an intrepid sailor shrink with horror at the thought of passing the night in a solitary apartment.

There is, however, another weakness somewhat a-kin to this, that I am afraid still prevails among us, which my fondness for children, and the pleasure I find in prattling with them, give me frequent opportunities of observing. I mean a custom of terrifying children, and filling their young minds with gloomy apprehensions of death. This is one of the most common methods employed by ignorant nursery maids, and foolish parents, to frighten infants into obedience. But nothing can be more absurd, or attended with more pernicious consequences. Were a person of a timid frame of mind, under a necessity of crossing the ocean, would it be the part of a friend to magnify the danger, and to amuse him all the way to the port where he was to embark, with accounts of storms and tempests, and with a fearful picture of the many and various hazards to which he must be exposed on the voyage?

A wise parent, attentive to the future happiness of his children, ought to follow a very different rule of conduct. From their earliest infancy, he ought to make the idea of death familar to them; he ought to accustom them to look upon it, not only without fear, but with the same indifference as on any other unavoidable occurrence to which they are daily exposed. By this means they will, as they advance in life, be led to consider it as a friend rather than an enemy; they will perceive, that but for death, this world would be a prison more dreadful than any the

most cruel tyrant ever invented; they will look forward to it as the only period to the cares of this life, ...as a happy passage to that better world, where only they can expect a complete reward for a faithful discharge of their duty in this.

However absurd a dread of witches and apparitions may be, the consequences attending it are not so bad as those that flow from the fear of death. The one, it is true, fills the mind with many disagreeable apprehensions, and causes many uneasy moments; but the other unfits a man for discharging his duty in society, and too often exposes him to infamy and disgrace. Courage is a quality that depends, in some measure, on the constitution of the body; and it has been observed, that the same individual is not at all times, and upon all occasions, equally brave. I cannot help being of opinion, however, that if a boy, from his earliest infancy, were taught to view death in a just light, he would imperceptibly acquire a strength of mind, that would enable him to face danger, and to do his duty on all occasions, without being obliged to summon up his resolution, and to call reason to his aid, upon every trying emergence.

I have heard it said, that if men were accustomed to despise death, they would be apt, through a sort of fool-hardiness, to throw away their lives on every slight occasion or idle quarrel. But, for my own part, I entertain a very different opinion; that fool-hardiness is seldom to be met with in a man of a calm, firm, determined mind, who knows how to estimate the true value of life. In general, it proceeds from a secret consciousness, that leads a man to put too high a value on the quality of courage, and to indulge his vanity by a display of it; as we often see men most desirous to be thought to possess those virtues and those talents to which, in reality, they have the least pretensions.

I was much pleased with a conversation I had on this subject, on a visit I lately paid to Lady ....., the wife of my much valued friend General ....., who is now abroad fighting the battles of his country. I found her in her dressing room, surrounded by a group of the most lovely children. After they retired, she began to complain, that, with all the attention a parent could bestow, it was often impossible to prevent children from receiving bad and improper impressions from servants and attendants. "It was "but just now," said she, "your favourite little "Charles told his brother, that, if he was a bad boy, "he would be put into a black box, carried to the "church-yard, thrown into a hole, and covered over "with earth." After some observations on the bad tendency of representing death in frightful colours, she said, she had often been disposed to think the poets to blame in this particular, who, by dwelling on all the circumstances attending our dissolution, and presenting them to the imagination in strong and lively colours, often leave an impression which reason is not able to wear off. She instanced the well-known lines of Shakspeare:

Aye, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the dilated spirit
To bathe in fiery floods or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribb'd ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and uncertain thought
Imagine howling;. .....'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death."".....

"It is impossible," said she, "to read those lines "without being affected by them. Yet, were I to

" judge from my own feelings, I should think the " sentiment unjust. If to me," continued she, stealing a glance at the picture of my friend, while an involuntary tear half started in her eye, " if to me " there be any thing terrible in death, it proceeds " from the thoughts of what I should leave, not from " the dread of what I should meet with."

M

No. LXXXVIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 11.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

MY father was a farmer in a tolerably reputable situation. I was his eldest son; and, at the age of six years, I was sent to the parish-school, to be taught reading and writing. My father naturally made enquiries concerning my progress, and the school-master gave him the most flattering accounts. After I had spent the usual time in learning to read and write, my master said, it would be a pity to cut short a boy of my genius, and advised my father to allow me to remain a year or two longer at his school, that I might get a little Latin. This flattered my father's vanity, as it put his son in a situation to appear somewhat above that of the children of the neighbouring farmers. I was allowed to sit on the same bench at school with our landlord's son, and I had sometimes the honour to be whipped for his faults. In studying Latin I spent three years. The account which my father received of my progress in that language, led him to follow my teacher's suggestion, to give me a little Greek.

Having gone thus far, the transition was easy; it would be a pity, said our sanguine advisers, to lose all the knowledge I had got; with my application, and my genius, if I prosecuted my studies, I might become a very learned, and a very great man. If I studied divinity (which was proposed) I might, in time, preach in the pulpit of the very parish in which my father lived; nay, I might rise to be a professor in the University, or become Moderator of the General Assembly of the church of Scotland.

I was accordingly entered a student in the university. My father considered my fortune as now made; and my expectations were not inferior to his. But I soon found my situation at the university a very hard and uneasy one. My father had been able to supply me tolerably with necessaries at the parish-school; but to do this at the university, situated in a great and expensive town, was above his power. I was obliged to walk about, therefore, with a shabby coat, and with an empty purse. I could not attend all the lectures I wished, for want of money to purchase admission, or to procure the necessary books. I now likewise found, that, far from being more knowing than my college companions, as my country school-master flattered me would be the case, most of them knew more than I did; they had been better taught, and had profited accordingly. Poverty, want of books, of friends, and of the other conveniences of life, were not circumstances very well suited for the study of the beauties of Homer and Virgil, nor for making a progress in the abstract sciences; but, with all these difficulties, I gave such close and intense application, that I was able to pick up a good deal of learning, and my diligence drew the attention of some of the professors. By their interest I was recommended to Mr. M....., a gentleman of

considerable fortune, who resided in the town where the university is situated, to be tutor to his children; and accordingly he was pleased to engage me at the salary of twenty pounds a-year, with the additional advantage of living in his house. I now thought the world was all before me; and every thing seemed to flatter me with present happiness and future exultation. Out of my salary I hoped to afford to be better dressed, to buy more books, and to attend more lectures. I expected, from the knowledge I had acquired, to be able to make a figure in the company which resorted to Mr. M's. I doubted not that they would single me out as a prodigy of learning and genius; that by their favour, I might be recommended to some lucrative or honourable place; or at least, that I should, by Mr. M.'s interest, be settled as a minister in some church, after having pleasantly spent a year or two in his family in attending to my pupils, from whose progress and improvement I expected equal pleasure and reputation. How these hopes have been answered, I proceed to inform you.

When I entered into Mr. M.'s family, I found it was expected that I should not only attend to the studies of the eldest son, a lad of about fourteen, but that I was likewise to take care of all the younger children, consisting of no fewer than six. Some of these were to be taught to read; others, who were too young for that, I was to look after, and walk out with them when they went abroad, to keep them out of harm's way, to prevent them from falling into a ditch, or being run down by a carriage. This I saw must occupy my whole time; and every thought of reading for my own improvement was to be laid aside. But though, in this manner, a temporary stop was to be put to my learning, I still flattered myself I should make it up by the improvement and knowledge of the world I should acquire

from the society and conversation at Mr. M.'s. But this expectation was as vain as the former. When there were strangers of distinction at the house, I was not allowed to sit at table, but was placed in a corner of the room with the younger children, where my province was to attend to what they eat, and to cut their meat for them. When the family were alone, or the guests were such as Mr. M. did not think necessary to treat with much ceremony, I was permitted to sit at table; but I soon found, even when this was the case, that I was not to be permitted to talk there. Seldom, indeed, was there any conversation which was worth joining in; but when any occurred in which I ventured to join, what I said was received in such a manner, that I was obliged to resolve to be silent. If I threw in an observation which started a doubt of the justice of any thing that was said, I was considered as an impertinent conceited fellow, who had no right to express his doubts; if I endeavoured to support any opinion, I saw I was deemed officious and troublesome. Mr. M. who, to the credit the world justly gave him for a great fortune, wished also to add the reputation, though without any pretentions, of learning, was afraid, when I opened my mouth, lest people should think that his son's tutor was more knowing than he; and, therefore, took care always to contradict me flatly, and with an air of superiority; and, sometimes, even made a joke of that awkwardness of manner, which it was impossible one in my situation could have escaped. You may judge what effect this treatment must have upon one who can relish the beauties of the classics, and has read many of the most eminent French and English authors. Poor, helpless, and dependent as I am, something within tells me that I am superior....but I have no title to be proud.

For some time the only pleasant moments which I had in Mr. M.'s family, were those employed in reading with my eldest pupil. But this continued a very short time. The young gentleman soon began to despise one, whom he saw his father and his father's friends treat with so much disrespect; and, instead of following my directions, took care to do the very reverse of whatever I desired him. I perceived also he made me the subject of jest with his companions. In vain did I endeavour to represent this in the gentlest manner to Mr. M. I was the worse used for my complaints; he ascribed his son's little progress to my remissness; not to any fault in the boy, who, I soon found, had much more influence with his father, in regard to his education, than I had.

Such, Mr. Mirror, is my situation with the upper members of the family. With those of an inferior rank, it is not a whit more agreeable. John, the footman, receives a salary nearly equal to mine, and he wears a better coat. He therefore, looks upon himself as a finer gentleman than me; and, as I am but little respected by those whom he considers as his betters, he does not think himself bound to respect me at all. At dinner, he seldom hears when I call; and, when he does, I often get fish sauce to my pudding, and pepper instead of sugar to my pancakes. Nor is John to be blamed for this, for he sees his master give me port or punch, while he and his guests drink claret. For some time, indeed, after I came to reside in the family, I received much complaisance from Mrs. Deborah Hitchcock, the house-keeper. Mrs. Deborah is now considerably past her fortieth year; in her person thick and squabby, with a mouth a little awry, and eyes a little asquint. Mrs. Deborah frequently sends her compliments, and asks me to drink tea with her, or invites me to evening entertainments with her

gossipping companions. She is sometimes also so kind as to visit me in my own apartment,....says, she wonders I do not tire when alone ; that she and I, from our situation in the family, should be companions to each other; and she has several times hinted, that, by her long residence in Mr. M.'s, she has acquired a sum which might be of use to a young man like me.

Thus, Sir, I have given you a view of my situation in Mr. M.'s family for more than two years past that I have resided in it. My pupil is doing no good under my care. I am not respected in the family ; the servants insult me ; and my farther progress in learning is stopped. I have often resolved to give up my place ; but what will become of me if I do? Others will not enter into my motives, they will attribute my conduct to folly or ill temper; and I shall be thrown upon the wide world without a friend, without money, and with a mind ill calculated to struggle with poverty and misfortunes. It has occurred to me, that, if you print this letter, and Mr. M. chance to see it, it may produce some change in my situation ; or, if it has no other effect, it may at least serve as a justification of my conduct, in leaving his family.

I am, &c.

K. B.

The case of Mr. K. B. may perhaps be exaggerated ; but I suspect his situation is not altogether uncommon. Indeed, I have been often surprised to see men of excellent sense in every other particular, and fond of their children, so inattentive to those who have the care of them. It should not, methinks, require much reflection to convince them, that there is a good deal of respect due to those on whom so important a trust as the education of their children is devolved ; it should require but little

observation to satisfy them, that, unless the parents regard the tutor, it is impossible the children can; that, unless the instructor be honoured, his precepts will be contemned. Even, independent of these considerations, something is due to a young man of education and of learning, who, though his situation may make it necessary for him to receive a salary for his labours, may, from that learning which he has received, and that taste which it has given him, have a mind as independent as the wealthiest, and as delicate as the highest born.

But, while I venture to suggest those hints to such gentlemen as may be in a situation to afford tutors for their children, I would recommend the perusal of Mr. B.'s letter to persons in that condition from which he has sprung. I have of late remarked with regret, in this country, a disposition in many, who, from their station and circumstances, ought to have been bred farmers or manufacturers, to become scholars and men of learned professions. Let such persons and their parents be assured, that, though there may be a few singular instances to the contrary, there is no pursuit which requires a competency, in point of fortune, more than that of a man of learning. A young man who has not enough to make him easy, and to bear the expence requisite for carrying on his education, can hardly be expected to rise to any eminence. The meanness of his situation will humble and depress him, and render him unfit for any thing elegant or great; or, if this should not be the case, there is much danger of his becoming a prey to anxiety and chagrin, and perhaps passing a neglected and a miserable life. K. B. seems to have suffered much; he may still have much to suffer; had he followed his father's profession, he might have been happy and useful.

A

No. LXXXIX. TUESDAY, MARCH 14.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

I WAS lately one of a pretty numerous company of both sexes, when a lady then going to be married was the subject of conversation, and was mentioned, by a gentleman present, as a very accomplished woman, to which the company in general assented. One lady remarked, she had often heard that phrase made use of, without being able precisely to understand what was meant by it; that she doubted not it was bestowed with propriety on Miss .....; but, as she was not of her acquaintance, she wished to know, whether, when one was said to be an accomplished woman, we were to understand such accomplishments as music, dancing, French, &c. which a boarding-school affords; or those higher attainments which the mind is supposed to acquire by reading and reflection? "Read-"ing and reflection!" repeated, with an ironical sneer, a very fine gentleman, who sat opposite to her; "I wonder how any one can fill girls heads "with such ridiculous nonsense. I am sure I never "saw a woman's learning have any other effect "than to make her conceited of herself, and a "plague to her neighbours. Were I to enter the "shackles, I have too much regard to my own ease "to chuse a lady of reflection, and, had I any "daughters, I should probably have plague enough "with them, without their being readers." Another lady, without taking the smallest notice of what the gentleman had said, observed, that she did not wonder young ladies were discouraged from taking much pains in improving their minds, as, whatever a girl's understanding or mental accomplishments might be, they were universally neglected, at least

by the gentlemen; and the company of any fool, provided she was handsome, preferred to theirs..... But, as this lady was rather homely, I durst not rely on her opinion.....An elderly gentleman then said, he did not see that reading could do a woman any harm, provided they confined themselves to books fit for them, and did not meddle with subjects they could not understand....such as religion and politics. As to the first, he said, that if a woman went regularly to church, said her prayers, read her Bible, and did as she was bid, he thought it all that was necessary; and as for politics, it was a subject far beyond the reach of any female capacity. This gentleman had a little before given a very circumstantial (and I am sure I thought a very tiresome) account of the method of making votes for the next general election, to which the company seemed to pay very little attention; and if that was what he meant by politics, he was certainly in the right; for I acknowledge I did not understand one word of it; nor did any of the ladies present, as I afterwards found, comprehend it more than myself.

A young gentleman, who, from his correct manner of speaking, I suppose practised the law, and who had hitherto listened with great attention, then took upon him to be our sex's advocate, and was proceeding to shew (in a very sensible manner, as I thought) the little danger that was to be feared, and the great advantages that might be reaped, from a young lady's appropriating a considerable part of her time to reading, provided her studies were properly directed; when the arrival of some ceremonious visitors put an end to the conversation; and the company sat down to cards.

When I came home, I could not help reflecting, with a good deal of uneasiness, on what I had heard. For if there is really no such thing as mental ac-

complishments rendering a young lady more amiable, or if reading is to be of no real service to us, I have certainly employed a great part of my past life to very little purpose. I was brought up in the country, where reading was not only my greatest amusement, but I was always told, that by that, and making proper reflections on what I read, I should become contented with myself, and be beloved and respected by all who knew me; and by these improvements alone could hope to equal my sister, who is a great deal handsomer than I, but who could seldom be persuaded to open a book.

But the conversation above mentioned, which happened very soon after I came to town, has raised many doubts in my mind as to the real importance of my former studies. I have mentioned my uneasiness to several of my female companions, who are all (especially such as are not handsome) very much interested in it, and would be very happy to see a Mirror on this subject, though they were much surprised at my courage in proposing to write to you; which, indeed, I never could have done, had I been able to find any other way to communicate my distress.

If you think this letter worthy your attention, I entreat you to give us, as soon as possible, your opinion as to what sort of accomplishments a young lady ought to be most anxious to acquire, and whether there is not some real advantage to be derived from reading; for I would fain think the young gentleman was in the right; though I am sorry I have never seen him since, to hear what he had further to say on the subject.

But if, on the contrary, you convince me, that I either cannot, or need not, aim at any mental accomplishments, I shall lay by my book, and proceed to finish some ornamental pieces of work, which have hitherto advanced very slowly, as I was always

more solicitous to improve my mind, than to adorn my person.

I am, SIR,
Your constant reader and admirer,
EMILIA.

It were hard, indeed, if the word accomplishment, when applied to a woman, excluded the idea of such mental embellishments as Emilia seems particularly to have studied. In the Author of the Mirror, she has chosen a partial umpire; for he will fairly own, that he addresses many of his papers chiefly to the Ladies, and feels a high degree of pleasure when he is told that any one of them has been lucky enough to interest or to please the fair part of his readers. Such a paper he sets down as one "à bonnes fortunes," and grows vain upon it accordingly.

It must, however, be confessed, on the other hand, that the lesser order of accomplishments, mentioned by Emilia, are very necessary attendants on that higher sort, which reading and reflection confer. They are necessary even to the men; for without them learning grows pedantry, and wit becomes rudeness. But, in women a certain softness of address and grace of manner are so indispensable, that no talents or acquirements can possibly please without them. To give that softness, to confer that grace, reading and reflection will not suffice alone: to impart them in the highest degree, no other accomplishments will suffice, without reading and reflection. Emilia's harpsichord will settle the matter. Let us take treble for the first sort of accomplishments, and bass for the latter; strike with the right hand...'tis music, but without strength; with the left....'tis harsh, and wants softness; touch it with both hands, and the instrument is quite as it should be.

It is not from the possession of knowledge, but from the display of it, that a woman ceases to be feminine. To lecture with authority, to argue with violence, to dispute with obstinacy, are qualifications purely masculine. It were too much to say that to be in the right, is a male quality: but to feel one's self in the right, or rather to shew that feeling, is not delicately female. The musical department will furnish us with another illustration. Emilia has heard of that sort of singing below the full powers of the performer's voice, which the Italians call singing "sotto-voce;" now, let a woman's understanding be ever so strong, let her mind be ever so accomplished, it should always be delivered "sotto-voce."

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM just going to commence business as a milliner, and am resolved to bestow more than common pains in furnishing out as elegant a shop-list as possible; being of opinion, that much of the employment a shopkeeper gets, is owing to the attraction of a happy-fancied sign, advertisement, or shop-bill. In executing this intention, I have met with several difficulties; and therefore am induced to trouble you for a solution of them. A friend of mine, whom I consulted (because, as he was often reading, I imagined him to be a wise and learned man), advised me to look into a book called Johnson's Dictionary, which he said would spell, explain, and describe to me, any thing I was at a loss about. Accordingly, after some difficulty, I procured a sight of this book from a relation, who was acquainted with a bookseller. But as this same Johnson explains his words in a foreign language, I am as much at a loss as ever; because I am totally ignorant what language it is, and, therefore,

cannot judge, whether what he says be such a description of my commodities as will bring me customers. Upon my looking, for instance, at his explanation of net-work, I find it to be, "any thing "reticulated or decussated with interstices betwixt "the intersections." Now, Mr. Mirror, I beg the favour of you to tell me what language this is. You certainly can easily do it, when you have obtained such a character in town for wisdom and learning. If it should be French, be so good as to translate it to me; and, if it proves to be such a description as I think suits the net-work I have on hand, I shall most gladly insert it in my bill. But if it should turn out to be Latin, Greek, Hebrew, or Dutch, or any other heathen language, I would not meddle with it for all the world; for no person then would come near my shop. I am advised by all my friends to put as much French into my bills and advertisements as possible: and, indeed, I believe the advice is good; for I have a relation, a perruquier, as he calls himself, who has told me, that he believed he owed almost all his business (and a great deal he had) to an advertisement in the newspapers interlarded with French words. It began thus, for I copied it letter for letter: "Perruques au dernier gout, made to fit the "head, avec une air bien degagé, to be had," &c. This wigmaker informed me, that there was scarcely a young beau in town who wore a wig that could resist his advertisement.

I should beg pardon for the freedom I am using in thus taking up your time about a matter which must appear so trifling to you; but if you are a benevolent man (and such I have heard you are,) it will readily occur to you, that, though my request appears of a trivial nature, yet it treats of an affair of very great consequence to me. This consideration has emboldened me to apply to you; and, if

you take the trouble to give me your assistance on this occasion, I promise to take in your Mirror to my shop for the amusement of my customers; though upon second thoughts, I am doubtful whether it may not rather hurt my business. A mirror is as necessary to a milliner's shop, as the goods that are in it; but then it must be a mirror for the body. Now yours is one for the mind; and my best customers, in all probability, will consist of a set of ladies who seldom or never look into their minds at all: for those ladies, Mr. Mirror, who decorate their persons in the highest extravagance of the fashion, and who, of consequence, are the best customers to the milliners, are generally such, I am told, as have their minds worst dressed and least ornamented. Besides, the ladies generally find something in the bodily mirror which pleases them; but your mental looking-glass is one of such just reflection, that, if my ladies should view themselves in it, I am afraid they would be dissatisfied and displeased with seeing their minds so unadorned as they really are, that they would go away in very bad humour, and without laying out a sixpence in ornaments for their persons.

I must, therefore, before I venture upon this step, consider farther of it, and have the opinion of my friends on the matter. I have a good mind, Sir, to consult yourself upon it. I think so highly of you, that I scruple not to abide by your determination. Be so good, therefore, as to tell me in your answer, whether you think I ought to venture to take in your Mirror to lie on my counter.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

LETITIA LAPPET.

No. XC. SATURDAY, MARCH 18.

Verum etiam amicum qui intuetur tanquam exemplar aliquod intuetur sui. Quocirca et absentes absunt, et egentes abundant, et imbecilles valent, et quod difficilius dictu est, mortui vivunt; tantus eos honos, memoria, desiderium prosequitur amicorum. Ex quo illorum beata mors videtur, homum vita laudabilis.

CICERO.

"LIFE," says Sir William Temple, "is like "wine; who would drink it pure, must not draw "it to the dregs." Such, I confess, has ever been my opinion, although, in reckoning up the good things of this world, long life is commonly estimated as one of its chief blessings.

I am ready to allow, that an old man, looking back on a well-spent life, in which he finds nothing to regret, and nothing to be ashamed of, and waiting with dignity for that event which is to put a period to his existence, is one of the most venerable and respectable of all objects. The idea that he is soon to quit the busy scenes of life, throws a tenderness around him, similar to that we feel in bidding adieu to a friend who is to leave us for a long time.

There is, however, something wonderfully unpleasant in the decay of the powers of mind and body, the necessary consequence of extreme old age. To those around them, particularly to those with whom they are more nearly connected, the imbecility which almost always attends persons in a very advanced period of life, affords one of the most affecting spectacles that can well be conceived. It is a situation truly interesting; and, while it teaches us to make every allowance for the weakness of age, it disposes us, by every mark of observance, to smooth the steps of the aged, and to remove, as much as possible, those clouds that hang on the evening of life.

It must, at the same time, be admitted, that there are men who live to a very great age, in the full possession of their faculties, and, what is still more, with all the affections of the mind alive and unabated. Yet, even where this is the case, I cannot, for my part, consider long life as an object much to be desired.

There is one circumstance, which with me is alone sufficient to decide the question. If there be any thing that can compensate the unavoidable evils with which this life is attended, and the numberless calamities to which mankind are subject, it is the pleasure arising from the society of those we love and esteem. Friendship is the cordial of life. Without it, who would wish to exist an hour? But every one who arrives at extreme old age, must make his account with surviving the greater part, perhaps the whole, of his friends. He must see them fall from him by degrees, while he is left alone, single and unsupported, like a leafless trunk, exposed to every storm, and shrinking from every blast.

I have been led to these reflections by a loss I lately sustained in the sudden and unlooked-for death of a friend, to whom, from my earliest youth, I had been attached by every tie of the most tender affection. Such was the confidence that subsisted between us, that, in his bosom, I was wont to repose every thought of my mind, and every weakness of my heart. In framing him, nature seemed to have thrown together a variety of opposite qualities, which, happily tempering each other, formed one of the most engaging characters I have ever known. An elevation of mind, a manly firmness, a Castalian sense of honour, accompanied with a bewitching sweetness, proceeding from the most delicate attention to the situation of the feelings of others. In his manners simple and unassuming; in the company of strangers modest to a degree of bashfulness; yet

possessing a fund of knowledge, and an extent of ability, which might have adorned the most exalted station. But it was in the social circle of his friends that he appeared to the highest advantage ; there the native benignity of his soul diffused, as it were a kindly influence on all around him, while his conversation never failed at once to amuse and to instruct.

Not many months ago I paid him a visit at his seat in a remote part of the kingdom. I found him engaged in embellishing a place, of which I had often heard him talk with rapture, and the beauties of which I found his partiality had not exaggerated. He shewed me all the improvements he had made, and pointed out those he meant to make. He told me all his schemes and all his projects. And, while I live, I must ever retain a warm remembrance of the pleasure I then enjoyed in his society.

The day I meant to set out on my return, he was seized with a slight indisposition, which he seemed to think somewhat serious ; and, indeed, if he had a weakness, it consisted in rather too great anxiety with regard to his health. I remained with him till he thought himself almost perfectly recovered ; and, in order to avoid the unpleasant ceremony of taking leave, I resolved to steal away early in the morning, before any of the family should be astir. About day-break I got up, and let myself out. At the door I found an old and favourite dog of my friend's, who immediately came and fawned upon me. He walked with me through the park. At the gate he stopped, and looked up wishfully in my face ; and, though I do not well know how to account for it, I felt at that moment when I parted with the faithful animal, a degree of tenderness, joined with a melancholy so pleasing, that I had no inclination to check it. In that frame of mind I walked on (for I had ordered my horses to wait me at the first stage)

until I reached the summit of a hill, which I knew commanded the last view I should have of the habitation of my friend. I turned to look back on the delightful scene. As I looked, the idea of the owner came full into my mind; and, while I contemplated his many virtues and numberless amiable qualities, a suggestion arose, if he should be cut off, what an irreparable loss it would be to his family, to his friends, and to society. In vain I endeavoured to combat this melancholy foreboding, by reflecting on the uncommon vigour of his constitution, and the fair prospect it afforded of his enjoying many days. The impression still recurred, and it was some considerable time before I had strength of mind sufficient to conquer it.

I had not been long at home when I received accounts of his being attacked by a violent distemper, and in a few days after I learned that it had put an end to his life.

This blow, for a time, unmanned me quite. Even now, the chief consolation I find, is in the society of a few chosen friends. Should they also be torn from me, the world would to me be as a desert; and, though I should still endeavour to discharge my duty in that station which Providence has assigned me in life, I should never cease to look forward, not without impatience, to those peaceful mansions where the weary are at rest, and where only we can hope to meet again with those from whom we have been parted by the inexorable hand of death.

No. XCI. TUESDAY, MARCH 21.

Non quia, Maecenas, Lydorum quidquid Etruscos
Incoluit fines, nemo generosior est te;
Nec quod avus tibi maternus fuit atque paternus
Olim qui magnis legionibus imperitarint,
Ut plerique solent, naso suspendis adunco
Ignotos.

HOR.

IN estimating the conduct of men, we naturally take into account, not only the merit or blame of their actions abstractedly considered, but also that portion of either which those actions derive from the situation of the persons performing them. Besides the great moral laws by which every man is bound, particular ranks and circumstances have their peculiar obligations; and he who attains elevation of place, or extent of fortune, encreases not only the pleasure he has to enjoy, but the duties he has to perform. This, however, moralists have always complained, is apt to be forgotten; the great are ever ready to exercise power, and the rich to purchase pleasure: but the first are not always mindful of benignity, nor the latter of beneficence.

In the lighter duties of life the same rule takes place, and is, in the same manner, but little attended to. In these, indeed, it is more liable to be disregarded from an idea of its unimportance. Yet, to the little and the poor, the behaviour of the great or the rich is often as essential as their conduct. There may be tyranny and injustice in the one as well as in the other; nay, I have known many men who could forgive the oppression of the powerful, and the encroachments of the wealthy, in more material instances, who never could pardon the haughtiness of their demeanour, and the fastidiousness of their air.

It is strange, methinks, that the desire of depressing the humble, and overawing the modest, should be so common as it is among those on whom birth or station has conferred superiority. One might wonder how it should ever happen, that people should prefer being feared to being loved, to spread around them the chillness of unsocial grandeur, rather than the warmth of reciprocal attachment. Yet, from the pride of folly, or of education, we find this is often the case; there is scarce any one who cannot recollect instances of persons who seem to have exchanged all the pleasures of society, all intercourse of the affections, for the cold pre-eminence of state and place.

But, in the ideas of their power, it is proper to inform such persons, they are frequently mistaken. It must be on a mind very contemptible indeed, that mere greatness can have the effects they are apt to ascribe to it. They cannot blast with a frown, or elevate with a smile, from rank or station alone, without some other qualities attending them. It is with rank and station, as an acquaintance of mine, somewhat of a coxcomb, though a better thing from nature, observed to me of dress: "Every man," said he, looking at himself in a mirror, "every man "can put on a fine coat; but it is not every man "who can wear one."

It is by no means so easy to do the honours of a high station, as many who attain high stations are apt to imagine. The importance of a man to himself is a feeling common to all; to settle with propriety the claims of others, as well as of ourselves, requires no inconsiderable degree of discernment; and the jealousy of inferior stations in this matter, will criticise with the utmost nicety the determinations of their superiors. In proportion as the great claim respect or adulation, the spirit of those beneath them will commonly refuse it. We see daily exam-

ples of men, who go on arrogating dignity, and procuring contempt; who meet with slights where they demand respect, and are refused even the attention to which they are entitled, because they would impose attention rather than receive it.

But it is not always by haughtiness of demeanour that people shew themselves most haughty. There is a claim of superiority, amidst the condescension of some men, infinitely more disgusting than the distant dignity of ordinary pride. Somebody has called the part which the inferiors of such people play, "holding the lower end of familiarity." Orgilius keeps a pack of these endholders constantly about him. He calls them by their names, as he does his hounds; they open at his jests, follow the scent of every observation he makes, and run down every character he attacks. For all this he rewards them exactly as he does his favourite dogs, by allowing them to dirty his parlour, and feed at his table; and, like the master of many a pack, he is despised by all his neighbours who have understanding, and hated by all those who want it.

Nothing is more difficult than the art of a patron; the power of patronising is but one ingredient in its composition. A patron must be able to read mankind, and to conciliate their affections; he must be so deserving of praise as to be independent of it; yet receive it as if he had no claim, and give it value where it is just, by resisting adulation. He must have that dignity of demeanour which may keep his place in the circle; yet that gentleness which may not overpower the most timid, or overawe the meanest. If he patronises the arts, he must know and feel them; yet he must speak to the learned as a learner, and often submit the correctness of his taste to the errors of genius. With so many qualifications requisite for a patron, it is not wonderful that so few should arise; or that the

bunglers whom we see attempt the part, should so frequently make enemies by offices of friendship, and purchase a lampoon at the price of a panegyric.

There is a sort of female patronage, of which I cannot forbear taking notice, though it be somewhat out of place here. It is considered as of little importance, though I am apt to believe, its consequences are sometimes of a very serious nature. In some great houses, My Lady, as well as My Lord, has a train of followers, who contend for that honour which her intimacy is held to confer, and emulate those manners which her rank and fashion are supposed to sanctify. Let the humanity of such a patroness lead her to beware, lest her patronage be fatal to her favourites. If the glare of grandeur, or the luxuries of wealth, deprive them of the relish of sober enjoyments; if the ease of fashionable behaviour seduce them from the simplicity of purer manners; they will have dearly purchased the friendship which they court, or the notice which they envy. Let such noble persons consider, that, to the young ladies they are pleased to call their friends, those sober pleasures, those untainted manners, are to be the support of celibacy, the dower of marriage, the comfort and happiness of a future life. It were cruel, indeed, if, by any infringement of those manners, any contempt for those pleasures (too easily copied by their inferiors), they should render the little transient distinctions which they bestow in kindness, a source of lasting misery to those who receive them.

To the behaviour of the rich, the above observations may apply; wealth, in a commercial country like ours, conferring, in a great measure, the dignity of title or of birth. There are, however, some particular errors, into which the possessors of suddenly acquired fortunes are apt to fall, that defeat

the ends at which they aim, that disgust where they meant to dazzle, and only create envy where they wish to excite admiration. When Lucullus, at a dinner to which he has invited half a dozen of his old acquaintance, shews his side-board loaded with plate, and brings in seven or eight laced servants to wait at table, I do not reckon the dinner given, but sold. I am expected to pay my reckoning as much as in a tavern; only here I am to give my admiration, and there my money; and it is certain that many men, and some very narrow ones too, will sooner part with the last than with the former. I have sometimes seen a high-spirited poor man at Lucullus's table, affronted by the production of Burgundy and refuse Champaigne, because it had the borachio of our landlord's fourscore thousand pounds on it. This was honest, and Lucullus had not much title to complain; but he knows not how often his Burgundy and Champaigne are drank by fellows who tell all the world, next day, of their former dinners with him at a shilling ordinary, with six-penny worth of punch, by way of regale, upon holidays.

There is an obligation to complacency, I had almost said humility of manners, which the acquisition of wealth or station lays on every man, though it has often, especially on weak minds, a directly opposite effect. A certain degree of inattention, or even rudeness, which from an equal we may easily pardon, from a superior becomes a serious injury. When my school companion Marcus was a plain fellow like myself, I could have waited for him half an hour after the time of appointment, and laughed at his want of an apology when we met. But now that he is become a great man, I count the minutes of my attendance with impatience; and when he swaggers up to his elbow-chair without an acknowledgement, I hate him for that arrogance which I

think he assumes, and almost hate myself for bearing it as I do. The truth is, Marcus was born in the rank, but without the sensibilities, of a gentleman; a want, which no office in the state, no patent of dignity, can ever supply. If the term were rightly understood, I might confine my admonitions on the subject of this paper to three words, "Be a gentle-"man." The feelings of this character, which, in point of manners, is the most respectable of any, will be as immediately hurt by the idea of giving uneasiness by his own behaviour, as of suffering uneasiness from the behaviour of another.

V

No. XCII. SATURDAY, MARCH 25.

LOOKING from the window of a house where I was visiting some mornings ago, I observed on the opposite side of the street, a sign-post, ornamented with some little busts and bronzes, indicating a person to live there, by trade a Figure-maker. On remarking to a gentleman who stood near me, that this was a profession I did not recollect having heard of before, my friend, who has a knack of drawing observations from trifles, and I must confess, is a little inclined to take things on their weak side, replied, with a sarcastic smile, that it was one of the most common in life. While he spoke, a smart young man, who has lately set up a very showy equipage, passed by in his carriage at a brisk trot, and bowed to me, who have the honour of a slight acquaintance with him, with that air of civil consequence which puts one in mind of the notice a man thinks himself entitled to. "That

" young gentleman," said my friend, " is a Figure-
" maker, and the chariot he drives in is his sign-
" post. You might trace the brethren of this trade
" through every street, square, and house in town.
" Figure-making is common to all ranks, ages,
" tempers, and situations : there are rich and poor,
" extravagant and narrow, wise and foolish, witty
" and ridiculous, eloquent and silent, beautiful and
" ugly Figure-makers. In short, there is scarce
" any body such a cypher from Nature, as not to
" form some pretensions to making a figure in spite
" of her.

" The young man who bowed to you is an extra-
" vagant Figure-maker, more remarkable from be-
" ing successor to a narrow one. I knew his father
" well, and have often visited him in the course
" of money-transactions, at his office, as it was call-
" ed, in the garret-story of a dark airless house,
" where he sat, like the Genius of Lucre, brood-
" ing in his hole over the wealth his parsimony
" had acquired him. The very ink with which he
" wrote was adulterated with water, and he delayed
" mending his pen till the characters it formed were
" almost illegible. Yet he too had great part of his
" enjoyment from the opinion of others, and was
" not insensible to the pleasures of Figure-making.
" I have often seen him in his thread-bare brown
" coat, stop in the street to wait the passing of some
" of his well-dressed debtors, that he might have
" the pleasure of insulting them with the intimacy
" to which their situations entitled him ; and I once
" knew him actually lend a large sum, on terms less
" advantageous than it was his custom to insist up-
" on, merely because it was a Peer who wanted to
" borrow, and that he had applied in vain to two
" right honourable relations of immense fortune.

" His son has just the same desire of shewing his
" wealth that the father had ; but he takes a very

" different method of displaying it. Both, however, " display, not enjoy, their wealth, and draw equal " satisfaction from the consequence derived from it " in the opinion of others. The father kept guineas " in his coffers which he never used; the son " changes, indeed, the species of property, but has " just as little the power of using it. He keeps horses " in his stable, mistresses in lodgings, and servants " in livery, to no better purpose than his father did " guineas. He gives dinners, at which he eats made " dishes that he detests, and drinks champaigne and " burgundy, instead of his old beverage of port and " punch, till he is sick, because they are the dishes " and drink of great and rich men. The son's situa- " tion has the advantage of brilliancy, but the father's " was more likely to be permanent; he was daily " growing richer with the aspect of poverty; his " son is daily growing poorer, with the appearance " of wealth.

" It is impossible to enumerate the pranks which " the sudden acquisition of riches, joined to this " desire of Figure-making, sets people a-playing. " There is nothing so absurd or extravagant, which " riches, in the hands of a weak man, will not tempt " him to commit, from the mere idea of enjoying " his money in the way of exhibition. Nay, this will " happen to persons of whose sense and discretion " the world had formerly a high opinion, even where " that opinion was a just one; for wealth often makes " fools where it does not find them." My friend happening to cast his eye upon me at that moment, discovered a smile on my countenance: " You are think- " ing now," said he, " that you and I could endure be- " ing left twenty or thirty thousand pounds, notwith- " standing the truth of my observation." " It would " spoil your lecture," I replied; " but you may go " on in the mean time." He took the pinch of snuff

which my remark had stopped in its progress towards his nose, and went on.

" From this motive of Figure-making," continued he, turning to the ladies of the company, " Beauty " puts on her airs, and Wit labours for a bon mot, " till the first becomes ugly, and the latter tiresome. " You may have frequently observed Betsey Ogle, " in a company of her ordinary acquaintance, look " charmingly, because she did not care how she " looked, till the appearance of a gentleman, with a " fine coat or a title, has set her a-tossing her head, " rolling her eyes, biting her lips, twisting her neck, " and bringing her whole figure to bear upon him, " till the expression of her countenance became per- " fect folly, and her attitudes downright distortion. " In the same way our friend Ned Glib (who has " more wit than any man I know, could he but learn " the economy of it), when some happy strokes of " humour have given him credit with himself and " the company, will set out full tilt, mimicking, ca- " ricaturing, punning, and story-telling, till every " body present wishes him dumb, in proportion as " he laughs, and looks grave.

" That wit and beauty should be desirous of mak- " ing a figure is not to be wondered at, admiration " being the very province they contend for. That " folly and ugliness should thrust themselves for- " ward to public notice, might be matter of surprise, " did we not recollect that their owners most pro- " bably think themselves witty and handsome. In " these, indeed, as in many other instances, it un- " fortunately happens, that people are strangely bent " upon making a figure in those very departments, " where they have least chance of succeeding.

" But there is a species of animal, several of whom " must have fallen under the notice of every body " present, which it is difficult to class, either among " the witty or the foolish, the clever or the dull, the

" wise or the mad, who, of all others, have the great-
" est propensity to Figure-making. Nature seems
" to have made them up in haste, and to have put
" the different ingredients, above referred to, into
" their composition at random. They are more com-
" mon in such a place as this, than in a more exten-
" sive sphere ; like some vermin that breed in ponds
" and rivulets, which a larger stream or lake would
" destroy. Our circle is just large enough to give
" their talents room, and small enough to be affected
" by their exertion. Here, therefore, there is never
" wanting a junto of them of both sexes, who are
" liked or hated, admired or despised, who make
" people laugh, or set them asleep, according to the
" fashion of the time, or the humour of their audi-
" ence, but who have always the satisfaction of talk-
" ing themselves, and of being talked of by others.
" With us, indeed, a very moderate degree of genius
" is sufficient for this purpose; in small societies,
" folks are set agape by small circumstances. I
" have known a lady here contrive to make a figure
" for half the winter, on the strength of a plume of
" feathers, or the trimming of a petticoat; and a
" gentleman make shift to be thought a fine fellow,
" only by outdoing every body else in the thickness
" of his queue, or the height of his foretop.

" But people will not only make themselves fools ;
" I have known instances of their becoming knaves,
" or at least, boasting of their being so, from this
" desire of Figure-making. You shall hear a fellow,
" who has once got the character of being a sharp
" man, tell things of himself, for which, if they had
" been true, he deserved to be hanged, merely be-
" cause his line of Figure-making lies in trick and
" chicane ; hence too, proceed all those histories of
" their own profligacy and vice, which some young
" men of spirit are perpetually relating, who are wil-

" ling to 'record themselves villains,' rather than not
" be recorded at all.

" In the arts, as well as in the characters of men,
" this same propensity is productive of strange dis-
" orders. Hence proceed the bombast of poetry, the
" tumour of prose, the garish light of some paintings,
" the unnatural 'ciaro scuro' of others; hence, in
" music, the absurd mixture of discordant movements,
" and the squeak of high-strained cadences; in short,
" all those sins against nature and simplicity, which
" artists of inferior merit are glad to practise, in
" order to extort the notice of the public, and to
" make a figure by surprise and singularity."

The accidental interruption of a new visitor now stopped the current of my friend's discoure; he had, indeed, begun to tire most of the company, who were not all disposed to listen quite so long as he seemed inclined to speak. In truth, he had forgot, that the very reproof he meant to give his neighbours, applied pretty strongly to himself, and that, though he might suppose he was lecturing from the desire of reformation, he was, in reality, haranguing in the spirit of Figure-making.

No. XCIII. TUESDAY, MARCH 28.

Parva leves capiunt animos.

OVID.

THAT life consists, in a great measure of trifling occurrences and little occupations, there needs no uncommon sagacity or attention to discover. Notwithstanding the importance we are apt to ascribe to the employments and the time, even of the greatest and most illustrious, were we to trace such persons to the end of their labours and the close of their pursuits, we should frequently discover, that trifles were the solace of the one, and the purpose of the other. Public business and political arrangement are often only the constrained employments to which accident or education has devoted their hours, while their willing moments are destined, perhaps, to light amusements and to careless mirth.

It is not, then, surprising, that trifles should form the chief gratification of ordinary men, on whom the public has no claim, and individuals have little dependence. But, of those trifles, the nature will commonly mark the man, as much as circumstances of greater importance. A mind capable of high exertion or delicate sentiment, will stoop with a certain consciousness of its descent, that will not allow it to wanton into absurdity, or sink into grossness. There is, in short, a difference, which sense and feeling will not easily forget, between the little and the mean, the simple and the rude, the playful and the foolish.

But the surest mark of a weak mind is an affectation of importance amidst the enjoyment of trifles, a bustle of serious business amidst the most insignificant concerns. The bringing forward of little things to the rank of great ones, is the true bur-

lesque in character as well as in style; yet such characters are not uncommon, even among men who have acquired some estimation in the world. In this particular, the world is easily deceived; dulness may often ape solemnity, and arrogate importance, where brighter talents would have drawn but little regard; as objects are magnified by mists, and made awful by darkness.

Of a character of this sort I received, some time ago, the following sketch from a young lady, who sometimes honours me with her correspondence, whose vivacity can give interest to trifles, and entertainment to absurdity.

DEAR SIR,

YOU made me promise, on leaving town, that I would write to you whenever the country afforded any thing worth writing about. The country at present, merely as country, presents no landscape, but one undistinguished tract of snow; vegetation is locked up in frost, and we are locked up within doors, but something might be traced within doors, had I a good pencil for the purpose.....Mine host, of whom you have heard a good deal, is no bad subject: suppose I make him sit for his picture.

Believe me, he is not quite the sensible intelligent man we were told he was.....So much the better, I like oddities....even now and then in town; still better in the country; but in frost and snow, and all the dreary confinement of winter,....Oh! your battledore and shuttlecock are a joke to them.

You remember a long while ago (so long, that I have forgot every part of the book but the name,) we read Nature displayed together. You then told me of a certain Mr. Leeuwenhoek, I think you called him, whose microscope shewed the circulation of frog's blood, the scales of the scales of fishes, the bristles of mites, and every other tiny thing in the

world. Now, my worthy landlord, Mr. G. R. has always such a glass as Leeuwenhoek's in his noddle; every little thing is so great to him, and he does little things, and talks of little things, with an air of such importance!....but I hate definitions; pictures are ten times better: and now for a few sketches of my winter-quarters, and of the good man under whose government I live.

I discovered, on my first entry into his house, that every thing was in exact order, and every place inviolably appropriated to its respective use. The gentlemen were to put their hats and sticks in one corner, and the ladies their clogs in another. The very day of my arrival, I heard the family-apothecary get a severe rebuke for violating the chastity of the clog-corner with his rattan. I have hitherto esaped much censure on this score: luckily I have attracted the regard of Mr. R.'s youngest sister, a grave, considerate, orderly young lady. I do not know how it is, but I have often got in favour with those grave ladies....God knows, I little deserve it.....Miss Sophia R. therefore keeps me right in many important particulars, or covers my deviations with some apology; or, if all will not do, I laugh, as is my way; Mr. R. calls me Rattleskull; says he shall bring me into order by and by, and there's an end on't.

By that attention to trifles, for which, from, his earliest days, he was remarkable, Mr. R. made himself commodious to some persons of considerable influence, and procured many advantages, to which neither from birth nor fortune he was any wise entitled. He travelled in company with a gentleman of very high rank and distinguished abilities, by whose means he procured an introduction to many eminent men in foreign countries; and when he returned from abroad, was often in the society of the eminent men of our own. But his brain, poor man! was like a gauze searce, it admit-

ted nothing of any magnitude: amidst great men and great things, it took in only the dust that fell from them.

He was reading in the newspapers, the other morning of the marriage of the Honourable Miss W..... to Sir H. S..... "Ah," said he, "to think "how time passes! I remember her grandfather "Lord W..... well; a great man, a very great man. "We met at Naples, and afterwards went to Parma "together. I gave him the genuine receipt for the "Parmesan cheese, which I went purposely to pro- "cure, while he was examining some statues and "ancient manuscripts. We were ever afterwards "on the most friendly footing imaginable. I was "with him a few mornings before the marriage "of Lord C. W....., this very Miss W.....'s fa- "ther. I remember it well;....it was at breakfast; "....I often breakfasted with him before he went to "the house;....he always eat butter'd muffins; but "when I was there, he used to order dry toast; I "always eat dry toast....The bride was with us; I "was intimately acquainted with her too; she let me "into the whole secret of the courtship. Her fa- "ther's principal inducement to the match,....it was "a long affair,....the B..... estate was to be settled "on the young folks at the marriage; no not all.... "part of the B..... estate, with the manor in Lin- "colnshire.....But, as I was saying, we were at "breakfast at Lord W.....'s. His son and the "bride were by; Lord C. had velvet breeches, and "gold clocks to his stockings; the question was, "whether this was proper? I put it to the bride: "I made her blush, I warrant you; she was a fine "woman, a prodigious fine woman; she always "used my wash-ball: I wrote out the receipt for "her; it was given me at Vienna by Count O.....; "a very great man count O....., and knew more of "the affairs of the empire than any man in Germa-

" ny.....From him I first learned with certainty, that " the Duchess of Lorraine's two fore-teeth were " false ones. I remember he had an old grey mon- " key.....Sister Mary, you have heard me tell the " story of count O.....'s monkey."....But here it pleased Heaven that William called his master out of the room, and saved us from the Count and his old grey monkey.

This superficial knowledge of great men, and accidental acquaintance with some of the vocables of state-business, has given him a consequential sort of phraseology, which he applies, with all the gravity in the world, to the most trifling occurrences. When he orders the chaise for his eldest sister, himself and me, the white pad for Sophy, and the old roan mare for her attendant, he calls it, " regu- " lating the order of the procession." When he gives out the wine from the cellar, and the groceries from the store-room (for he does both in person,) he tells us, he has been " granting the supplies ;" the acceptance, or offer of a visit, he lays before " a committee of the whole house ;" and for the killing of the fat ox this Christmas, he called the gentlemen three successive mornings to a " grand " council of war."

It were well if all this were only matter of amuse- ment; but some of us find it a source of very se- rious distress. Your managing men are commonly plagues ; but Mr. R. manages so much to a hair's- breadth, that he is a downright torment to the other members of his family. It was but yesterday we had the honour of a ceremonious visit from some great folks, as we think them, who came lately from your town to eat their mince pies in the country. After a wonderful ringing of bells, calling of servants, and trampling upon the stairs all the morning, Mr. R. came down to the draw- ing-room at a quarter before three, with all his

usual fiddle-faddlation, but, as I thought, in a very good humour. He had on his great company wig, and his round set shoe-buckles. The servants had their liveries new white-ball'd, and the best China was set out, with the large silver salvers, and the embossed porter-cups on the side board. The covers were stripped from the worked chair-bottoms, and his grandmother's little diced carpet was taken off the roller, and laid, like a patch, on the middle of the floor, the naked part of which was all shining with bees-wax. The company came at their hour; the beef was roasted to a turn; dinner went on with all imaginable good order and stupidity; supper was equally regular and sleepy; in short, every thing seemed quite as it should be: yet, next morning, I perceived foul weather in all the faces of the family; Mr. R. and his sister scarce spoke to one another, and he talked, all the time of breakfast, of female carelessness and inattention. Miss Sophia explained it to me when we were left alone. "Oh! do you know," said she, "a sad affair happened last night: my bro-"ther and sister had such a tiff! You must un-"derstand, before the company arrived yesterday, "he had, as usual, adjusted the ceremonial of "their different apartments; but he discovered, on "attending them to their rooms at night, that my "sister had put the gilt-china bottle and bason into "the callico bed-chamber, and the ordinary blue "and white into the pink damask."....It is lucky this man is no guardian of mine; where he to watch me as he does his sisters, and see all the odds and ends about me....But what has he to do to be a guardian? Yet nature, perhaps, meant him for something, if fortune had allowed it, he might have been excellently employed in a pin-shop, in sticking the rows in a pin-paper.

I fancy you have quite enough of my landlord. You used to say I was the best of your philosophers, your Democritus in petticoats. If I have an inch of philosophy about me, it is without my knowledge, I assure you; you are welcome to it, however, such as it is. Other folks may give you what I have heard you call the great views of nature and life; it is enough for me if I can enrich your collection with a paper of insects.

Your most truly,

V C. F.

No. XCIV. SATURDAY, APRIL 1.

AMONG the other privileges of an anonymous periodical author, is that of writing letters in praise of himself, which he is now and then, obliged to insert on account of their merit, however offensive they may be to his modesty. This sort of correspondence which I suppose is a very pleasant one, I have not ventured to indulge in. The correspondents whom I have personated, always talk of themselves instead of the Mirror; and, on the other hand, several of the papers I have received, are written in the person of the author, a character in which it were improper to praise him, and which, when assumed, gives, perhaps, no great inclination to do it. Of this last sort is the first of two communications to which I devote the paper of to-day; the second, containing one of the very few compliments which the Mirror has exhibited of itself, is a genuine letter from London, written by a gentleman in the very situation, the feelings of which he so naturally describes.

IN my first paper I took occasion to mention a few particulars of my situation and character, and my object in this publication. My design has been to afford an agreeable and innocent amusement; and by laying before my readers those characters I was acquainted with, and which presented themselves before me, I had some hopes, though I should not reclaim the completely vicious, that I might be able to guard the young and inexperienced, to alarm the inconsiderate, to confirm the wavering, and to point out, even to the worthy, some of those errors and imperfections, from which, perhaps, the finest minds are in the greatest danger of suffering.

How far I have been able to afford any amusement, I will not take upon me to say; but I am sorry to find, that many of the characters which I have presented to the public, with a view to point out men's errors and defects, have been considered as proper objects of imitation, and that some of my readers have so far mistaken the purpose I had in presenting such characters, as to be flattered by thinking that themselves bear some resemblance to them.

When I made my readers acquainted with my friend, Mr. Fleetwood, I never meant to recommend that excessive delicacy and false refinement which often prevents him from being happy; on the contrary, my intention was to point out the danger of that excessive refinement, and to guard such of my readers as should be disposed to indulge in it, against its fatal consequences; and yet I know a gentleman who is so desirous of being thought possessed of delicacy and refinement, that, the other day, I saw him very much pleased when one of his friends told him he was a very Fleetwood. Luckily for him, I know him to be possessed of Fleetwood's good qualities without his imperfections. I cannot say so much for his acquaintance C. D.; he is a peevish discontented creature, quick in his temper,

jealous of his friends, and dissatisfied with every thing about him. He has of late taken it into his head to be a man of taste, though he has not the least pretensions to the character; and while he indulges his own peevishness and chagrin, he flatters himself with the thought that he is a Fleetwood, and apologises for his bad temper, by calling it the effect of his delicacy and refinement of mind. Though I confess my partiality for Fleetwood's good qualities, yet, had I not known C. D. I could hardly have thought that any one would have been vain of his imperfections, who was not possessed of any of his merits.

When I introduced Mr. Umphraville to my readers, I never meant to recommend that seclusion from the world, and that abstraction from the duties of life, which, with all the dignity of mind he is possessed of, have given occasion to his little oddities, and disqualified him for every active purpose; and yet Tom Meadows, who gave up the profession of the law, because he was too idle to attend to it, and who has lately sold his commission in the army, because he would not undergo the fatigues of a foreign campaign, has thought proper to justify his conduct by appealing to Mr. Umphraville's example; and pretends to say, that he, forsooth, has too much pride of mind, to occupy himself in applying the rules of law to the uninteresting disputes of individuals, or to be engaged in assisting at a review, or lining the streets at a procession.

H. B.'s letter, in my fifty-first Number, describes the dangerous effects of giving too much culture, and too many accomplishments, and of softening too much the mind of a young girl who has to struggle with the difficulties of life, and is not placed in such a situation as makes her independent of the world. It represents, in a very feeling manner, the delicate distress which these circumstances had occasioned.

I have lately, however, received a letter from a correspondent, who, from her language and expressions, seems to be a great reader in the circulating library. She says, she has lately spent much of her time in studying the Belles-Lettres ; that of all things, she would wish to be learned and accomplished ;....that she regrets that her father did not educate her better ;....that of all the persons she ever read of, she would wish to be like my correspondent H. B. ;.... that she envies her affliction, for that " affliction " makes part of her dream of happiness."

The letter published in my seventy-eighth Number, gives an excellent description of the bad effects of that too great easiness of temper which leads a man into folly and extravagance, and makes him be ruined by having too many friends. My neighbour Will Littlebit, whose heart is so contracted as not to be susceptible of the sentiment of friendship, and who, far from being in danger of being preyed upon by his friends, never admits a guest within his house, says, that the seventy-eighth is the only good paper he has seen in the Mirror, and that the last paragraph in particular should be printed in letters of gold, to serve as a lesson of imitation for all the young men of the age.

The particulars above mentioned have taught me how difficult is the attempt to instruct or reform. There is no virtue which is not nearly connected with some vice ; there is no imperfection which does not bear a near resemblance to some excellency. And mankind, fond of indulging their favourite passions and inclinations, instead of distinguishing, endeavour to confound their vices with their virtues ; instead of separating the bad from the good grain, they bind all up together, and hug themselves in the belief of holding only what is valuable.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

London, March 13, 1780.

SIR,

I AM, though at this distance, one of your constant readers, and mark with pleasure not only the general good tendency of your papers, but perceive also, that you draw your pictures of human nature from the only pure fountain, Nature herself.

You must know I am a native of Edinburgh, where I passed my youth, and received my education; but have been long settled in this place. Some years ago I was impelled by a very natural desire to revisit my native country, and I now sit down to communicate to you the sensations I felt upon that occasion.

On my arrival in Edinburgh, I will own that what first struck me was the total change of faces. Very few were left whom I knew when a boy, and those so altered in their appearance, so much the shadows only of what they once were, as could not fail to excite many serious reflections. Hardly a single house did I find inhabited by the same persons I left in it; but every where a new race, new manners, and new modes of living. In short, I found myself, in almost every sense of the word, an utter stranger. Even the improvements that had been made during my long absence displeased me. The corn-fields on the south-side of the town were quite covered with substantial houses; Barefoot's Parks, where I have had many a retired and pleasant walk, converted into a splendid city, and, in the old town, many ruinous buildings, the scenes of some of my youthful amusements, now rebuilt with equal solidity and elegance.

Nor were these my only grievances. The removal of the Cross, of the Netherbow-port, and of many other incumbrances; in short every alteration,

though evidently for the better, that had taken place since my departure, more or less displeased me. You will more easily account than I can, how it comes to pass that the human mind should be so much set against all innovations of what nature soever. This may, perhaps, insensibly arise from the picture they exhibit of the mutability of every object before us, and a tacit intimation that we ourselves are composed of the same changeable materials, and must soon quit the scene.

I will acknowledge, however, that I had the satisfaction to find many places that did not hurt me by any alteration or improvement. Your wynds and closes were nearly in the state I had left them; and where, in some parts of the streets, you have got new pavements, the good people who live at the sides of them take care that there shall be no innovation in point of cleanliness. Your Theatre and Concert-hall are new buildings; but your Assembly-room, where people of the highest fashion resort, is just as paltry as ever. But as they dance there for the benefit of the poor, I shall forbear any further remarks on it...." charity covereth a multitude of " sins."

The High School*, and its environs, I found unaltered, though the yards appeared to me to be much diminished in their extent. The College, too, remained the same plain, mean, unadorned building it was half a century ago, and seemed to me, after having seen the splendid palaces of Oxford and Cambridge, more homely than ever. Though, perhaps, in literature, as in religion, Sister Peg confines herself to substance, without much regard to ornament; yet, methinks, it is rather a reproach to the capital of our country, that, amidst all its improvements, this university, so much celebrated over

* This school, I understand, has been since rebuilt.

Europe for the ability of its professors, and the success with which every branch of science is there cultivated, should present to the eye of a stranger a set of buildings so inconvenient as well as mean. The present period is, perhaps, not very favourable to expensive public designs ; but I would have your readers, among whom, I hope, are included all the men of fortune and taste in the kingdom, think of the College, as soon as the pressure of the times will admit. As an individual, from that regard to the honour of the land of my nativity, which, I hope, will never be extinguished, I shall willingly and liberally contribute, whenever this necessary work is determined upon.

I will not tire you with my various observations during several excursions I made into different parts of the country ; because some of them might, to your readers, appear too trite, and others, perhaps, too trivial. But I cannot omit telling you, that the spirit of industry, so conspicuous in the various manufactures set on foot of late years, and in the improved face of the country, gave birth to many pleasing sensations which are not easily described. Yet I was not much better pleased with some of the fine buildings of the country than with those of the town. In many places I could not help regretting the Gothic grandeur of ancient castles, displayed by modern shewy edifices. Some of their owners, I fancy, are of my own mind ; for I was informed that their fathers used to reside at the mansions in their former state nine months in the year ; but that the present possessors of those elegant houses are scarcely seen there at all. Nor could I refrain, as I passed along, from dropping a tear over the ruins of our religious houses ; which, however they might have been perverted from the original purposes of their erection, I could not help considering as splendid monuments of the piety of our ancestors. Some of

them I saw that had still more tender ties upon my mind. I remembered having played when a boy, under arches, which time had since mouldered away, with companions, the echo of whose voices was still fresh in my memory, though they, alas! as well as those arches, were now crumbled into dust!

Were I to go on, I find I should be in danger of growing too serious. Recalling to remembrance days long past, and juvenile society of those who are now no more, is an awful operation of the human mind; and, while it speaks loudly to the truth of St. Paul's observation, that, "the fashion of this "world passeth away," imperceptibly leads to a train of thinking that might here be out of place, though it is neither unpleasing nor unsuitable to the character of a rational being, who hath been taught and accustomed to consider himself as an immortal part of the creation.

I am, &c.

No. XCV. SATURDAY, APRIL 4.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

AS you have, by several of your publications, given proof that you do not think the occurrences of domestic life unworthy your attention, I shall, without further preface, address you on a subject full as deserving of it as any yet offered to your consideration. It is now above four years since I became the wife of a gentleman, my equal in rank and fortune; and what was more material, of a disposition and turn of mind every way suitable to mine. His estate lies at a considerable distance

from the capital; but as it is situated in an agreeable neighbourhood, and as we have both a taste for reading, and Mr. B. is not averse to rural employments we spent our time as happily as possible, until about half a year ago, that my ill stars directed me to renew my acquaintance with a young lady, who had been my companion at school, and who now came on a visit to a relation who lived at no great distance from our house.

Before I proceed in my story, I must beg a candid consideration of it. From the introduction to the disagreeable part of it, you will be apt to imagine that I am one of those self-tormenters justly ridiculed by the ingenious author of the Jealous Wife. No such thing, Mr. Mirror; my husband's attention to other women never gave me the slightest uneasiness. Convinced of his attachment, satisfied with his treatment of me, I never expected him to be blind to the charms of a beautiful woman, or insensible of the merit of an agreeable one; nor had I the mistaken policy of many wives, of never suffering a tolerable female to enter my doors, or of courting the intimacy of some tall elderly maiden, that I might gain by the comparison. No, Sir, I depended wholly upon my unremitting attention to please Mr. B. for the continuance of his attachment. Nor can I in the least reproach myself with giving cause for the abatement I too plainly perceive in it.

But to return to my story. I was much pleased at seeing my old school-fellow; we had been parted many years, and I found the wild lively romp improved into an elegant woman. She still, however, retained a good deal of the heedless manner that marked her childish days; and, though she has an excellent understanding, she never seemed to make use of it in the regulation of her conduct or behaviour. She expressed herself much pleased at find-

ing me so happily settled: Mr. B. appeared to her a most amiable man, and my children, (particularly my little Bess) she said, were angels. Her attention to them, I own, endeared me to her very much; though, indeed, Mr. Mirror, no one can help loving them, for they are charming children. Her good-humoured playful ways made the little creatures doat on her. After my return from walking, I have frequently found her on her knees on the floor, building card-houses for their entertainment. Mr. B. has observed to me, on those occasions how amiable it was in a young admired woman, who spent her life in the usual round of folly and dissipation, to preserve such natural and right feelings. He generally concluded his observations with saying, that he believed she would make a most excellent wife. I, for a long time, agreed with him in opinion, and used to tell her before his face, the fine things Mr. B. said of her. She received them in a ratling good-humoured way, insisting that her conduct in the married state would depend on her husband's: for she declared that she did not find in herself that exalted turn of mind to love virtue for its own sake, and she believed she would make but an indifferent wife to half the men in the world. Such conversation generally produced an argument between her and Mr. B. which, as it was carried on with spirit and temper, had no other effect than making them still more pleased with one another. If she found the argument growing serious, she would call over the children, and, putting them on their father's knee, desire them to kiss him into a good humour, which never failed having the effect; or, if she said a flippant thing to him, with which he seemed half offended, she used to take his hand, and smile so sweetly in his face, it was impossible for him to continue displeased with her; and generally a kiss and a game at billi-

ards sealed their reconciliation. I own to you, I began not to relish her behaviour; yet it seemed so unpremeditated, and so perfectly corresponding with her general character, that I did not know how to make her sensible of the impropriety of it. I even doubted my own judgment of the matter. I had, for some time, lived so much out of the gay world, that I did not know but Maria's very great freedom of manner might be the fashionable behaviour of the people she had been accustomed to see; if so, how was she to blame? or why should I be uneasy, knowing her to be a woman of honour, surely incapable of so base an action as endeavouring to alienate my husband's affections from me? By such reasonings I strove to quell the first emotions (jealous, if you will have them so) that rose in my breast. But, alas! Mr. Mirror, to what purpose! I have every hour fresh cause of uneasiness. About a week ago I went suddenly into the parlour, and found Maria sitting on Mr. B's knee, her head leaning on his shoulder: he looked a little out of countenance; but she was not in the least distressed at my appearance, but asked me, with her usual goodhumour, what made me look so grave? then, flapping Mr. B. gently on the cheek, said, "it is your "fault, you harsh thing you! when I knew her "formerly, she used to be all life and spirits." He answered (coldly I thought), that it was his wish ever to see me in spirits, and that he was sorry he was not so happy as to hit on a method to make me so. I turned my head aside to hide the starting tear. Maria, as if guessing at my emotion, put her arm about my neck, and, drawing round my averted face, said, in a loud whisper, "My dear Mrs. B. "how can you indulge such weakness?" Mr. B. snatched up his hat and left the room; I heard the word "childish," as he shut the door. I remember the time when he could not bear the least cloud on

my looks, without tenderly enquiring the cause; but now he seems often to forget that I am present, while Maria engrosses his whole attention. I have been for some days deprived of his company, and have spent the time in reflecting seriously on my situation. The more I consider it, the more it appears to me of a particular and distressing nature. I have at last determined to request your opinion of it, and, through the channel of your paper, to give Maria a hint, that to keep clear of the grossness of vice, is not sufficient for the delicacy of the female character; and that the woman who, by an alluring and refined coquetry, engages the thoughts, and interests the feelings of a married man, is a more dangerous, and perhaps not a less criminal companion, than the avowed wanton, who excites a short-lived passion, soon extinguished by remorse, and, if I may be allowed the expression, fully compensated for by the returning tenderness of the repenting husband.

I am, &c.

E. B.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

MR. MIRROR,

I MARRIED, for love, a most charming woman, who has made me the happy father of two very fine children: I have a thousand a-year estate, and enjoy a most perfect state of health; yet a very slight and contemptible cause was near destroying all those fair prospects of happiness, by interrupting the harmony of a union founded on mutual liking, and cemented by mutual esteem. In your observations on the female world, you have suffered to escape your notice a dangerous and most destructive race, whose hearts, hardened by vanity, are equally impenetrable to the shafts of love, and insen-

sible of the charms of Friendship; yet the business of their lives is to excite passions they never mean to gratify, and sentiments they are incapable of returning. My dear Mrs. B. unfortunately for us both, some months ago renewed an intimacy, formed in her childish days, with one of those females. To Maria I was introduced as the husband of her friend; as such I was received by her, without reserve, and soon treated with the most flattering distinction. Maria possesses all those powers of allurement which men for ever condemn, and can never withstand: she can assume every shape that is fitted to captivate the senses, or delight the imagination, and can vary her appearance at pleasure. So consummate is her art, that one could not, for an instant, suspect her of any design in her behaviour; and even at this moment, that an accident has laid open her whole character to me, I should not answer for my resolution were she to enter the room, and smilingly take my hand, as was her frequent custom, with such a mixture of sweetness and tenderness in her looks!....I almost fear I should be weak enough to forget that my opinion of her is founded on the clearest proofs of her dissembling arts, and stand before her self-condemned, as the defamer of innocence and undesigning simplicity.

Luckily I am out of her reach: I left my own house immediately upon the discovery I made of the fair hypocrite's real disposition. I mean to send for my dear Mrs. B. and with her pay a visit to the capital, and there use all my efforts to make her amends for any uneasiness my foolish infatuation may have given her; but first I wished to make this public acknowledgment of it; and, as Maria deserves no mercy, I shall shew her none, except concealing her family name.

For five months, Mr. Mirror, the Proteus-like animal had found out a thousand different ways to

charm me. Was I in spirits, she was all life and good humour; when in a graver mood, I found her all sense and seriousness. If what I had been reading excited in me a tender and not unpleasing melancholy, the sympathetic tear stood ready in her eye. A few days since, upon my reading to her the story of La Roche, so beautifully told in your papers, she wept leaning upon my shoulder; and I own to you, Mr. Mirror, as her tears fell upon the finest bosom Nature ever formed, while her white hand lightly pressed my arm, I thought I had never beheld so interesting an object. Mrs B. came suddenly into the room; her grave cold manner was at the moment disagreeably contrasted to Maria's animated feelings. For the first time since our marriage, I thought I saw a change in Mrs. B.'s temper, and that she was not the very amiable woman I took her for. She took amiss something I said, and I left the room in disgust. I strolled down a shady walk that goes round part of my improvements: at the end of it I found Maria seated on the grass, with one of my little girls on her lap. She rose at my approach, and, desiring the child to walk before us, took me under the arm, and, in the gentlest terms, expostulated with me on the abruptness of my manner. She had, she said, after a vain attempt to soothe her, left Mrs. B. in tears. She acknowledged I had not given her very serious cause of uneasiness, but that a man of my sense should make allowance for the trifling blemishes of a very good woman; adding, with a smile, "My dear Mr. B. we are none of us angels." I was puppy enough to be ready to exclaim "Upon my soul, you are "one....I contented myself with saying, "whoever "you marry, Maria, will have no reason to com-"plain of your temper." She blushed, drew out her handkerchief to cover her face with it, as if to conceal her emotions, but gave me such a look from

below it!....A servant appeared to tell us that dinner waited, and we went into the house together.

In the afternoon one of my little girls came into the parlour, where I was sitting alone: "see what "I have found in the walk, Papa!" said she, holding out a paper. I took it from the child, and, seeing it was Maria's hand, was about to go up stairs to restore it to its owner, when my own name written in large characters, struck my eye. My good manners were overpowered by the immediate impulse of my curiosity; I opened the paper, and read what follows; it was part of an unfinished letter to a friend in town.

"You ask what havoc I have made among the "beaux at .....? Alas! my dear Bell, you know "but little of my situation when you talk of beaux; "not a creature one would allow to pick up one's "fan within ten miles of us. Having nothing upon "my hands, I have struck up a sort of sentimental "Platonic flirtation with a Mr. B. who lives within "a small distance of our house. I knew his wife "at school, and she was one of the first who visited "me upon my arrival here. Her violent praises of "her beloved, gave me a sort of desire to see him; "and, I own, I found him tolerable enough in his "appearance, and by no means deficient in understanding, but vain of his slight pretensions to talents, and very fond of being thought profound. "At the first glance I saw into him, and could now "twist him round my finger. It is very diverting "to observe by what foolish principles your men, "who think themselves very wise, are governed. "Flatter this man's vanity, and you might lead him "round the world. Now I know you will treat me, "in return for my frankness, with a lecture on coquetry, married men, impropriety, and so forth. "Take my advice, my dear Bell, and save yourself "the trouble; it would be all to no purpose. A co-

" quette I am, and a coquette I will remain, to the " last day of the existence of my powers of pleas- " ing."

The paper was there at an end. It raised in me the strongest indignation and contempt for the writer. And I felt so ashamed of my folly, that I determined not to see my dear Mrs. B. until I had made some atonement, by sending you an account of my errors and repentance.

I am, &c.

J. B.

No. XCVI. SATURDAY, APRIL 8.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM neither ugly, nor old, nor poor, nor neglected; I have a clear conscience: nor have I suffered any calamity by the inconstancy of lovers, or the death of relations. I am not unhappy. The world would laugh at me if I should say I were unhappy. But I am not happy. I will tell you my case: I confide in your feelings; for you seem to understand, what few people understand, that a person may be in easy circumstances, have a clear conscience, and enjoy sufficient reputation, and yet be ....no, I will not say miserable,....but not happy.

I am the only daughter of an eminent merchant. My father made his own fortune; and a very good fortune he has made of it. He married my mother before his situation was so comfortable as it is at present. They are neither of them niggardly. Having wherewithal to live, not only with ease, but with some degree of splendor, they chuse, as they say,

to enjoy the fruit of their labours. Accordingly, we live in an elegant house, have a handsome carriage, keep a good number of servants, and see a great deal of company. You will easily conceive, however, that the show attending my father's present system of living, and the manners suited to his present condition, do not just agree with his former habits..... But this does not signify much. He is a good-natured worthy man; and they must be very captious indeed, who will not suffer his merits to conceal his defects.

With regard to myself, my parents having no other daughter, and intending to give me a genteel portion, were determined I should have a good education. "For," said my father, "a young woman "of fortune, and of an agreeable appearance, must "go into company. You and I, Bridget," addressing himself to my mother "set out in life in a dif-"ferent manner. But Mary must have education."

So they sent me to a famous boarding-school; and in so far as my improvement was concerned, they spared no expence. Sir, I speak to you without reserve; and I hope you will not think me too vain, if I tell you, that my education was no difficult matter. I understand music, and had little difficulty in acquiring the French and Italian languages. Indeed, the worthy person who had the charge of my education, was well calculated to promote my improvement. She was a woman of family, of fine education, exquisite taste, great goodness of heart, and had shewn spirit enough, on the decline of her father's fortune, rather than live a dependant on her relations, to procure an independent, and now she has rendered it a respectable, livelihood for herself. In a word, Sir, I am what they call tolerably accomplished; and you will think it strange, and I think it strange myself, that this should be the source of my uneasiness.

It is now some time since I returned to my father's house. When I came home, I was received with rapture. My father and mother adored me. They would refuse me nothing. They strove to prevent my wishes.....Good people! may heaven grant them peace of mind, and long life to enjoy the fortune they so justly deserve!....But why, Sir, did they make me, as they term it, so very accomplished? They have made me a different creature from themselves. I am apt to fancy myself of a higher order.....Forgive my presumption; and I am sure you will forgive me, when I tell you, I really wish myself lower. Indeed, Sir, and it grieves me to the soul, and I am sometimes impatient of my parents; but I will not dwell upon this.

I told you, we see a great deal of company; and all the people we see are disposed to admire me. "Mighty well," you will say: "Give a young wo- "man admiration, and what more can she wish "for?"....Sir, I wish they loved me more, and admired me less, I am made to sing, and to play on the harpsichord; and to oblige my father, am sometimes constrained to repeat verses; and all this to people who understand no music, and know no other poetry than the Psalms of David in metre. Indeed, until I became better acquainted with them, I found that, even in our conversation, there was a mutual misapprehension; and that they were sometimes as unintelligible to me as I was to them. I was not at all surprised to hear them call some of our acquaintance good men; but when I heard them call our neighbour John Staytape a great man, I could not help asking what discovery he had made in arts or science, or what eminent service he had rendered his country? I was told in return, that within these few years he had realised a plum. This phrase was also new to me; and I wished to have known something about the nature of such realization. Chusing,

however, to ask but one question at a time, I said nothing; and soon learned, that, whatever services Mr. Staytape might do his country, he had hitherto made no great discovery in arts or sciences.

I confess, indeed, that at one time I fancied they might have some little notion of books; and when I heard them speak about underwriters, I thought it might perhaps be some ludicrous term for the minor poets.

So when they spoke about policies, I fancied they were using the Scotch word for improvements in gardening; and ventured to say something in favour of clumps; "Clumps," said a gentleman, who is a frequent visitor at our house, "she is to be laden "with Norway fir." I found they were speaking about the good ship Rebecca.

A grave-looking man who sat near me one day at dinner, said a good deal about the fall, and of events that should have happened before and after the fall. As he also spoke about Providence, and Salem and Ebenezer; and as great deference was shewn to every thing that he said, and being, as I told you, a grave looking man in a black coat, I was not sure but he might be some learned theologian; and imagined he was speaking about oriental antiquities, and the fall of Adam. But I was soon undeceived. The gentleman had lived for some time in Virginia; by Providence he meant the town of that name in Rhode-Island; and by the fall he meant not the fall of our first parents, for concerning them he had not the least idea; but, as I suppose, the fall of the leaf; for the word is used, it seems in the American dialect, for autumn.

In this situation, Sir, what shall I do? By my boasted education, I have only unlearned the language, and lost the manners, of that society in which I am to live. If you can put me on any method of

bringing my friends up to me, or of letting myself down to them, you will much oblige,

Yours, &c.

MARY MUSLIN.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

AS you are very successful in delineating the manners of modern times, it might add, perhaps, to the effect of your pictures, if you sometimes gave a view of former manners. The contrast would be agreeable; and, if I may use the expression, would give a certain relief to your other delineations. I offer you a small sketch of an incident, supposed to have happened in the times of our forefathers. I flatter myself you have no objection to it on account of its being in verse. It is merely an outline; yet, I hope, it is so marked, as that concomitant circumstances, though not expressed, may readily be conceived.

MONTANUS.

THE MARRIAGE OF EVAL.

I.

Loud from Jura's rocky shore,
Heard ye the tumultuous roar?....
Sudden from the bridal feast,
By impetuous ire possess'd,
Fury flashing in their eyes,
Kinsmen against kinsmen rise:
And issuing to the fatal field,
Bend the bow, the falchion wield.....
From her eyry, with dismay,
The tow'ring eagle soars away,
The wild-deer from their close retreat,
Start with terror and amaze,
Down on the furious conflict gaze,
Then to deep forests bend their nimble feet.

II.

Ah! that reckless speech should fire
Kinsmen with inhuman ire!.....
Goaded by vindictive rage,
Lo! the martial clans engage.
Now the feather'd arrows sing;
Now the bossy targets ring.
With rav'ning swords the sudden foes
Now in fierce encounter close.
Lo! the blade horrific gleams;
And now the purple torrent streams:
The torrent streams from Eval's side,
Tinging with his flowing gore,
The white foam on the sea-beat shore.....
Ah! who will succour his afflicted bride?

III.

Lo! she flies with headlong speed;
"Bloody, bloody was the deed!"
Wild with piteous wail, she cries,
Tresses torn and streaming eyes;
"Lift, O! gently lift his head;
Lay him on the bridal bed;
My kinsmen! cruel kinsmen ye!
These your kindliest deeds to me!....
Yes, the clay cold bed prepare,
The willing bride and bridegroom there
Will tarry; will for ever dwell.....
Now, inhuman men, depart:
Go, triumph in my broken heart!"...
She said, she sigh'd, a breathless corse she fell.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM one of a family of young ladies who read your paper, with which we have been hitherto tolerably well pleased, though we could wish it were not quite so grave, and had a little more love in it. But we have found out, of late, that it is none of your own, but mostly borrowed from other people. A cousin of ours, who is himself a fine scholar, and has a great acquaintance among the

critics, shewed us many different instances of this. Your first paper, he told us, was copied from the first paper of the Spectator; and, upon looking into both, we found them exactly the same, all about the author and the work from beginning to end. Your Umphraville, he said, was just Sir Roger de Coverley; which we perfectly agreed in, except that my sister Betsy observed, Umphraville wanted the Widow, which all of us think the very best part of Sir Roger. Your Bobby Button, he assured us, was borrowed from number thirteen of the True Patriot, published by Mr. Fielding, who wrote Tom Jones, and there, indeed, we found there was a story of a young gentleman who liked French wine better than his country, just like Sir Bobby. Number seventy-two, which we thought a very sweet paper, he informed us was taken from the Night Thoughts; and, indeed, though we do not understand Latin, we saw plainly that the mottos were the same to a T. All this, however, we might have overlooked, had not a gentleman, who called here this morning, who used formerly to be a great advocate for the Mirror, confessed to us, that our cousin's intelligence was literally true: and, more than all that, he told us, that your very last Number was to be found, every word of it, in Johnson's Dictionary.

We send you therefore notice, Sir, that unless you can contrive to give us something new for the future, we shall be obliged to countermand our subscription for the Mirror. We can have a reading of a fresh Novel every morning for the money, with a spick and span new story in it, such as none of us ever read or heard of in all our lives before.

Your's, &c.

EVELINA.

No. XCVII. TUESDAY, APRIL 11.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

YOUR correspondent K. B. has well described the calamitous condition of a private tutor, without money or friends. Perhaps it will afford him some consolation, to hear of one who needlessly entangled himself in difficulties of a like nature.

My father bred me to the study of letters, and, at his death, left me in possession of a fortune, not sufficient to check my industry in the pursuit of knowledge, but more than sufficient to secure me from servile dependence.

Through the interest of his friends, I obtained an honourable and lucrative office; but there were certain arrangements to be made, which delayed my admission to it for a twelvemonth. While I was considering in what way I might best fill up this interval of life, an acquaintance of mine requested, as a particular favour, that I would bestow the year which I could call mine in reading with the only son of the rich Mr. Flint. The conditions offered were uncommonly advantageous, and such as indeed flattered the vanity of a young man.

For understanding my story, it is fit that you should be informed of the characters of that family, into which I was received with so many marks of favour and distinction.

Rowland Flint, Esq. was born of poor but honest parents; they made a hard shift to have him instructed in reading, and even in writing and arithmetic, and then they left him to find his way through the world as he best could. The young man, like a philosopher, carried about with him all that was truly his own, his quill and his ink-holder; he attached himself to one of the subordinate depart-

ments of the law, in which his drudgery was great and his profits scanty. After having toiled for many years in this humble, contented, and happy vocation, he was suddenly raised to opulence by the death of an uncle.

This uncle went abroad at a very early period of life, with the fixed resolution of acquiring a competency, and then of enjoying it at home. But that competency, which filled up the measure of the ambition of a bare Scotch lad, proved far short of the desires of an eminent foreign merchant. He imperceptibly became, "in easy circumstances, "well in the world, of great credit, a man to be "relied on, and to be advised with, and even one "superior to all shocks, calls, and runs."

While engaged in making his fortune, he thought it needless to enquire after his poor relations, whom he could not assist; and, after he made his fortune, he thought it equally needless, as he was to see them so soon in Scotland. Yet a multitude of unforeseen obstacles retarded his return: some new mortgage was to be settled, some company concerns to be wound up, or some bottomry account to be adjusted; and thus year glided along after year, till at length death surprised him at the age of threescore and ten.

Busied in making money, he had never bestowed a thought on providing an heir to it: that he left to the impartial determination of the laws of his country; and, dying intestate, he was succeeded by his nephew Rowland Flint.

This gentleman, on his becoming rich, discovered himself to be eminently skilled in the science of law, the study, as he boasted, of his earlier years? and this knowledge engaged him in three or four law-suits, which the court uniformly determined against him, with costs.

But of every other science he honestly avowed his want of knowledge; and he did not even pretend to understand painting or politics; but he had a mighty veneration for literature, and its professors, and he was resolved to make his son a great scholar, "although it should stand him in ten thousand "pounds sterling."

My pupil is in his fifteenth year. They had taken him from school before it was discovered that his proficiency in literature did not qualify him for college; and it became my task to bring him forward, that is, to teach him what he ought to have known already.

The youth is of a docile disposition and of moderate talents; his memory good, and his application such as is generally to be found among those who, having no particular incentives to study, perform their tasks merely as tasks.

I have little to say concerning his mother: her mind was wholly absorbed in the contemplation of her husband's riches, and in the care of her son's health and her own. Baron Bielfield, an eminent German author, observes, that in our island, there is a disease called le-catch-cold, of which the natives are exceedingly apprehensive. Mrs. Flint lived under the perpetual terror of this disease.

Being thus rendered incapable of the active duties of house-keeping, she committed them to her brother, Captain Winterbottom, who, as he was wont to say, "could bear a hand at any thing." But his chief excellence lay in the conduct of the stew-pan and the nation. He had long commanded a vessel in the Baltic trade; and it having been once employed as a transport in the service of government, he affected to wear a cockade, and wished to have it understood that he belonged to the navy. The captain had dealt occasionally in borough-politics, belonged to several respectable clubs in

London, and was one of the original members of the Robin-Hood society.

The last of the family that I shall mention, is Miss Juliana Winterbottom, a maiden sister of Mrs. Flint. Her original name was Judith ; but, when she arrived at the years of discretion, she changed it to Juliana, as being more genteel.

Many years ago, Lady ..... was advised to pass a winter at Nice, for recovery of her health, worn out by the vigils and dissipation of a London winter; and she easily prevailed on Miss Juliana to go as her companion. The heat of the climate, and the cold blasts from the Alps, soon completed what the corrupted air of good company, and the damps from the Thames, had begun, and Lady ..... lived not to re-see her British physicians.

Miss Juliana, on her return home, passed by the castle of Fernay, and got a peep of M. de Voltaire, in his furred cap and night-gown. At Paris, she chanced to be in company with Count Buffon, for half an hour; and she actually purchased a volume of music written by the great Rousseau himself. Having thus become acquainted with the foreign literati, she commenced a sort of literati in her own person. She frequently advances those opinions in history, morals and physics, which, as she imagines, are to be found in the writings of the French philosophers. But, whether through the habits of education, or through conscious ignorance, it must be confessed that she dogmatises with diffidence, and is a very stammerer in infidelity.

Having seen Paris, and having picked up a good many French words in the course of her travels, she thinks that she is authorised, and, in some sort, obliged to speak French. Nothing can be more grotesque than her travelled language. When she left Scotland, " her speech," to use a phrase of Lord Bacon, " was in the full dialect of her nation."

At Nice she conversed with English and Irish; and, by imitating the language of each, she has, in her pronunciation, completed the union of the three kingdoms. But still her own country-language predominates; for during her residence abroad, she had an opportunity of preserving, and even of improving it, by daily conferences with the housemaid, who was born and educated in the county of Banff.

In pronouncing French, she blends the tone of all those dialects: and her phraseology is as singular as her pronunciation; for she faithfully translates every word from her own mother tongue. An example of this presents itself, which I shall never forget. One day, addressing her discourse to me, she said, "je doute pas que vous avez perusé les "ouvraiges di Mongseer le Counte de Bouffon; "que un charmang creature! il met philosophes "et divins par les oreilles." That is, "I doubt "not that you have read the works of Count Buffon; "what a charming creature! he sets philosophers "and divines by the ears." I answered her, that I had never read the works of that renowned author, but that I had read the Principia of Sir Isaac Newton. "Why, indeed," replied she, "Sir Isaac "may have been a man of better principles, but "asshurement, the theories of the Count are wit-"tier."

It is a happy circumstance that Miss Winterbottom did not make the grand tour. Had she visited Italy, she would have proved as great an adept in statuary and in painting, as she is at present in philosophy. But Miss Winterbottom cannot, in conscience, talk of her having visited Italy, while her travels were limited only to the borders of Piedmont.

I never heard her mention Italy but once, and then she got no great encouragement to proceed in

her remarks. At dinner she said, " I remember, " that, in Italy, they have something very like our " veal, which they call vitello." " Well, sister Jud- " dy," cried Captain Winterbottom, " and why " should they not? for if vitello means veal in their " lingo, what else would you have the poor devils " call it?

It was resolved to postpone my lessons for a while, " that," as Mr. Flint expressed it, " I might come " to know the ways of the house first."

Miss Juliana constantly teased me with questions about my plan for her nephew's education. To puzzle her a little I said, that, some weeks hence, I proposed to teach him to make nonsense verses. " Misericorde," cried she, " nonsense verses! Is that " part of the etiquaitte?"

" Let the boy alone," added Captain Winterbottom, " when he is old enough to be in love, he " will make nonsense verses, I warrant you, with- " out any help of yours; ay, although it should " be on mamma's dairy-maid." Mr. Flint laugh- " ed loud, and Mrs. Flint said gently, " Oh fy, " brother!"

Perceiving that, on this encouragement, the Captain was about to be more witty, I recalled the conversation to nonsense verses, endeavoured to explain their nature, and observed, that their main use was to instruct one in the quantity of syllables.

" Quantity of syllables," exclaimed the Captain, " there is modern education for you! Boys have " their heads lumbered with great quantities of La- " tin syllables and words, when they should be " taught to understand things, to speak their own " language rough and round, and so cut a figure in " parliament. I remember Will Fitzdriver; but he " is gone! Honest Will knew no tongue except a " little of his own, and yet he would talk to you " for an hour, and you would have thought that he

" had scarcely entered on the subject at all. He " never valued any of your outlandish lingos, not " he!"

I said, that if my pupil were of an age to go into parliament, I should be apt to advise him to follow the precepts of Pythagoras, and be silent for seven years. " He must have been a sure card, that Mr. " Pythagoras," observed the captain, " and I do sup- " pose that he lived up to his own precepts; for I " never heard of any speaker of that name; no, not " even in committees. People, to be sure, may hold " their tongues, and have a slice of the great pud- " ding; but this is not a time for your dumb sena- " tors. No, we must have bold, well-spoken men, to " tell poor Britannia that she is beggared, and bleed- " ing, and expiring, ay, and dead too, for aught that " some folks care." He rounded this pathetic period with one of his best oaths.

" Were all men to make speeches," said I, " what " time would there be left for doing business?" " Bu- " siness," cried the captain, " is not oratory busi- " ness? and why cannot they set to it watch and " watch, as we do at sea?"

Mrs. Flint expressed her hope, that I would not load her poor boy's memory, by making him get a deal by heart.

" When I first got the multiplication table by " heart," said Mr. Flint, who generally falls in the rear of conversation, " it was a plaguy troublesome " job; but now that I am master of it, I don't per- " ceive that it loads my memory at all."

" Learned men have remarked," said Miss Juliana, " that it is not the getting by heart that is cen- " surable, but the getting by rote, as one does one's " catechism."

" There she goes, the travelled lady," cried the captain, " she must always have a fling at her cate- " chism."

" Mr. Winterbottom," replied Miss Juliana with exceeding dignity, " you wrong me much. I am " sure, that I should be the last woman alive to say " any thing, especially in mixed companies, to the " disparagement of the religion of the state, which I " have always considered as the great lyeng [lien] " of society."

" You have always considered religion as great " lying! and who taught you that, sister Juddy? " your godfathers and your godmothers! No, sure."

Here I was laid under the necessity of interposing, and of assuring captain Winterbottom, that he mistook his sister, and that she had inadvertently used a French word to express her own idea, " that reli- " gion was the great tie of society." Perhaps I prevaricated a little in my office of interpreter.

" Well, well," said the captain, " if her tongue " was tied, society would be no loser."

To divert the storm which seemed gathering, I spoke of my purpose to explain the tenth satire of Juvenal, a poem, for method, composition, and animated language, universally admired.

" What does that Juvenal write about?" said Miss Juliana; " I am not acquainted with his works: " was he a member of the French Academy?"....

" Perhaps," replied I, smiling, " he would be no " favourite with you, Miss Juliana; he has been " very severe upon the Roman ladies."

" Ay, they were Papists," said captain Winterbottom, " and they are all wh....." " Give me leave to " tell you," cried Miss Juliana, in a higher key, " when I was abroad, I had the honour of being " known to several ladies of the Roman persuasion, " and they were persons of the strictest virtue."

" I suppose you asked them whether they were " wh....., and they said they were not. Poor sister " Juddy! It is true, I never was in the gallies at " Nice, as you have been; but I have touched at

" Marseilles, and have laid close off the Mole of " Genoa, and that is farther than ever you travelled ; " and I say they are all wh....."

How this wonderful controversy would have ended I know not ; but happily we were called to coffee, which separated the combatants.

I was now pretty well acquainted with the ways of a house, in which ignorance, self-conceit, and illiberality of sentiment and manners, had fixed their residence. It was agreed, that on the Monday following I should begin my lessons. Appearances, I must acknowledge, were not very favourable. My pupil had been generally present at the conversations of which I have given you a specimen, and, indeed, they were not such as could either enlarge his mind, or improve his understanding. I flattered myself, however, that he would be left to prosecute his studies under my direction, and that every new acquisition in knowledge would encrease his love for letters.

In what way our studies were conducted, will best appear from a faithful journal of the progress which we made during the first week. But of this hereafter. Meanwhile I am, Sir, &c.

HYPODIDASCALUS.

No. XCVIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 15.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

I NOW send you a faithful narrative of the progress of our studies in Mr. Flint's family, from Monday morning to Saturday at bed-time, carefully distinguishing the proficiency made in each day.

MONDAY.

Mrs. Flint had previously informed me, that her son's constitution did not agree with much study before breakfast, and that, whenever he read on an empty stomach, he was apt to be disturbed with uneasy yawnings; we therefore resolved that he should have a short lesson only at eight in the morning.

After waiting in the parlour till within a quarter of nine, I learned from Mrs. Flint, that her son had been observed to turn himself twice or thrice during the night, and that he seemed to be threatened with a sort of stuffing and wheesing; and that, by way of prevention, she judged it best to give him a little senna; and confine him to his chamber for a few hours; but that, in the evening, we might prosecute our studies without farther interruption.

Accordingly, at six, my pupil and I prepared to read the tenth satire of Juvenal. After having explained to him the general scope and method of the satirists, I began,

> "Omnibus in terris quæ sunt a Gadibus usque
> "Auroram et Gangem."

At that moment I heard a gentle tap at the door, and then entered Miss Juliana and her sister, with

Mr. Flint and the captain, a little behind, and walking on tiptoe. "You must pardon our femelle curiositié," said Miss Juliana, "we come to see "Jemmy take his first lesson from you. What have "you got here? I fancy, from my knowledge of "French, that I could pick out the meaning of some "part of it. Oh! I understand, there is auroram, "does not that mean break of day?

"Que l'aurore
"Nous trouve encore.

"I learned it in a French Chansong a boar." "What "is that boar song?" demanded Captain Winterbottom, "is it a hunting one?" "Oh fy, no," said Miss Juliana, "it is a drinking song." "And "who taught you drinking songs, sister Juddy; did "you learn them from your outlandish ladies of ho-"nour?" A tremendous assault on the knocker announced the approach of a person of quality..... "The Countess of ....." On this joyful news the ladies hurried to the drawing room.

Mrs. Flint presently returned. "I must make "an apology," said she, "for thus interrupting the "course of my son's studies; but the countess has "made a flying visit to tell me, that there is a meet-"ing of young people at her house this evening, "and that there will be a dance and a little supper, "and she insists to have Jemmy of the party: but "I would not engage for any thing, without asking "your leave, as you have the whole charge of his "education. There will be many rich folks, and "many fine folks; and there will be Miss Punaise, "the great heiress; she has a vast improveable "estate, hard by the borough of Ayno, and who can "tell"....The good woman was busy in weaving the web of futurities, when I reminded her that her son had taken medicine that morning, and that,

possibly he might catch cold. At another time, the mention of catch cold would have awakened all her feelings; but at present, Mrs. Flint was elevated above the region of alarms. "Never fear," said she, "we are going to a close warm house, with-"out a breath of air in it. Come away, Jemmy, "and put on a pair of white silk stockings as fast as "you can; the countess waits us."

TUESDAY.

My pupil has been kept out of bed so much, beyond his usual hour, that he did not make his appearance till after breakfast. "Cheer up, my boy," cries Mrs. Flint, "you look as if you had been "dreaming all night of your partner, Miss Punaise; "come, let us take an airing, and refresh ourselves "after the fatigues of the ball. These late sittings "do not answer with my old bones. You see Mr. "....., that I have been as good as my word, "and that Jemmy, poor man, has caught no cold. "You shall go along with us on our airing; there is "room for you in Mr. Flint's carriage and six, and "you may talk over your lessons by the way; for "you will find the carriage quite easy." Nothing, indeed could be more admirably calculated to elude every jolt; and there wanted only solitude and independence to make it resemble a down bed. "We "must, first of all, shut out the common enemy, "the east wind," said Mrs. Flint, pulling up the glasses. The weather was warm, and Mrs. Flint grew eloquent on the fund of knowledge she had acquired the night before. She gave me the catalogue and character of the company: she dwelt most on her son's looks and dancing. "A gentleman at the "countess's, who said he was lately come from Paris, "told me, Jemmy was vastly like the Count de Pro-"vence, the King of France's brother, particularly

" in the minuet: but remember, Jemmy, that to be " a great scholar is a much finer thing than to be a " great dancer. I am sure, Mr. ....., that my " boy will profit by your instructions; he has a " charming memory, and he will take in his learn- " ing as fast as you can give it him; and I am sure " that is saying a great deal; for, from all that I " can discover, Mr. Flint could not have bestowed " his money better."....She was going on; but, alas! flattery vibrated faintly on my ear; we had got above pine-apple heat, and I became sick and oppressed. I asked leave to get out, and walk home, as I felt myself not well. " Oh, to be sure," said she, " I have known people sick in carriages for " want of practice; do not be alarmed, Mr. .....: " but here, Jemmy, do you wrap this handker- " chief about your neck, before the coach door is " opened."

I walked home in great spirits, animated by every gale around me; and I forgot for a while that I was not my own master.

In the evening, my pupil came to me dressed out and powdered: " Mamma," said he sheepishly, " has made me engage to drink tea with Miss Pu- " naise, my last night's partner. I don't much " like her neither; for she is pitted with the small- " pox, has a yellow skin, and a bleared eye; and, " besides she dances out of time..,.. There was a " Miss with black hair"....Not inclining to become his confidant, I said, " Master Flint, all engage- " ments that can be kept with honour must be " kept; and, therefore, you must go." " Nay," said he, " there is not any must in the matter; for, " I believe, the Miss with the black hair lives with " *their* Miss Punaise. However, I can do a double " task to-morrow; and my aunt is wont to say, that " a young man ought not to be always at his books."

He seemed to have treasured up this precious apophthegm in his memory.

WEDNESDAY.

My pupil was punctual to his hour. But we had hardly seated ourselves, when Captain Winterbottom arrived, "No lessons to-day," roared he; "this is my lady's wedding-day, and therefore we "keep holiday, and come for to be merry. Why "you young dog, if it had not been so, this day, you "would either have not been at all, or have been "a bastard." It was, indeed, a day of festivity and "riot.

THURSDAY.

All the servants having dutifully got drunk over night, my pupil was not called, and so he overslept himself. He came down to the parlour about eleven, and we resumed the fatal first line of the tenth satire of Juvenal. "The French master is here," said a servant. I begged that he might return in about an hour; but I soon learned that that was impossible without deranging the system of education in all parts of the city. "It is no great matter for "an hour," said Miss Juliana, "you have always "my nephew at your command; but poor Signor "Bergamesco is much hurried, and his time is not "his own." "Signor Bergamesco," cried I; "is "your French master an Italian?" "Yes," said she, "of a noble family in the dominions of the Dog of "Venice, but a younger brother with a small patri-"mony, which he unfortunately consumed en tra-"vaillant par l'Europe. It was a fancy of my own; "I thought that, after the Signor had taught my "nephew French, he might teach him Italian also; "for you know that it is a great loss to change pre-

" ceptors, and that young men who have not seen " much of the world are shy with strangers."

The task imposed on my pupil by S. Bergamesco, occupied all his leisure till dinner-time ; but I thought that I should have the absolute command of the evening. I was beginning to read, Omnibus in terris, when a servant said, " Here is the French " master." " What," cried I, " can S. Bergames- " co, who is so much hurried, afford to give two les- " sons in one day to the same scholar ?" " It is ano- " ther French master whom they had got for me," said my pupil. I applied to Miss Juliana for the explanation of this phænomenon. " It was none of " my advising," said she, " but my brother knew " Mr. O'Callachan, when linguist to Commodore " Firebrace, and he wished to throw a good job in " the poor fellow's way ; these were his very words ; " and so Mr. O'Callachan came to be employed : " but indeed, after recollection, I thought it would " answer well enough, as both masters taught by " the same grammar, and both of them read Tele- " mac."

This linguist of Commodore Firebrace had just taken his leave, when a smart young fellow burst into the room, with an air of much hurry and importance. " What," cried I, " more French mas- " ters ?" " Dont be alarmed," said Mrs. Flint, who accompanied him ; " it is only the Friseur, who " comes to put up my boy's hair in papers. Pray " don't ask me why, for it is a great secret ; but " you shall know it all to-morrow."

FRIDAY.

" You must know," said Mrs. Flint at breakfast, " that I am assured that Jemmy is very like the " Count de Provence, the King of France's own " brother. Now Jemmy is sitting for his picture to

" Martin ; and I thought it would be right to get the " friseur, whom you saw last night [he is just arrived " from Paris], to dress his hair like the Count de " Provence, that Mr. Martin might make the resem- " blance more complete. Jemmy has been under his " hands since seven o'clock.....Oh, here he comes!" " Is it not charming ?" exclaimed Miss Juliana. " I " wish Miss Punaise saw you," added the happy mo- ther. My pupil, lost in the labyrinth of cross curls, seemed to look about for himself. " What a powdered " sheep's-head have we got here ?" cried Captain Winterbottom.....We all went to Mr. Martin's to assist him in drawing Jemmy's picture. On our return, Mrs. Flint discovered that her son had got an inflammation in his right eye by looking sted- fastly on the painter. She ordered a poultice of bread and milk, and put him to bed ; so there was no more talk of Omnibus in terris for that even- ing.

SATURDAY.

My pupil came down to breakfast in a complete suit of black, with weepers, and a long mourning cravat. The Count de Provence's curls were all demolished, and there remained not a vestige of powder on his hair. " Bless me," cried I, " what " is the matter ?"...." Oh ! nothing, " said Mrs. Flint ; " a relation of mine is to be interred at " twelve, and Jemmy has got a burial letter. We " ought to acknowledge our friends on such melan- " choly occasions. I mean to send Jemmy with the " coach and six. It will teach him how to behave " himself in public places."

At dinner, my pupil expressed a vehement desire to go to the play. " There is to be Harlequin " Highlander, and the blowing up of the St. Do- " mingo man of war," said he ; " Why, Jemmy,"

said Mrs. Flint, " since this is Saturday, I suppose " your tutor will have no objection ; but to be sure " to put on your great coat, and to take a chair in " coming home." " I thought," said I, " that we " might have made some progress at our books this " evening."....." Books on Saturday afternoon," cried the whole company ; " it was never heard of." I yielded to conviction ; for, indeed, it would have been very unreasonable to expect that he, who had spent the whole week in idleness, should begin to apply himself to his studies on the evening of Saturday.

I am, SIR, &c.

HYPODIDASCALUS.

No. XCIX. TUESDAY, APRIL 18.

Juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum, moerore gravi, deducit et angit.

HOR.

CRITICISM, like every thing else, is subject to the prejudices of our education, or of our country. National prejudice, indeed, is, of all deviations from justice, the most common and the most allowable ; it is a near, though perhaps an illegitimate relation of that patriotism, which has been ranked among the first virtues of characters the most eminent and illustrious. To authors, however, of a rank so elevated as to aspire to universal fame, the partiality of their countrymen has been sometimes prejudicial ; in proportion as they have unreasonably applauded, the critics of other countries, from a very common sort of feeling, have unreasonably censured ; and

there are few great writers, whom prejudice on either side may not, from a partial view of their works, find some ground for estimating at a rate much above or much below the standard of justice.

No author, perhaps, ever existed, of whom opinion has been so various as Shakspeare. Endowed with all the sublimity, and subject to all the irregularities, of genius, his advocates have room for unbounded praise, and their opponents for frequent blame. His departure from all the common rules which criticism, somewhat arbitrarily perhaps, has imposed, leaves no legal code by which the decision can be regulated; and, in the feelings of different readers, the same passage may appear simple or mean, natural or preposterous: may excite admiration, or create disgust.

But it is not, I apprehend, from particular passages or incidents that Shakspeare is to be judged. Though his admirers frequently contend for beauty in the most distorted of the former, and probability in the most unaccountable of the latter; yet it must be owned, that in both, there are often gross defects which criticism cannot justify, though the situation of the poet, and the time in which he wrote, may easily excuse. But we are to look for the superiority of Shakspeare in the astonishing and almost supernatural powers of his invention, his absolute command over the passions, and his wonderful knowledge of nature. Of the structure of his stories, or the probability of his incidents, he is frequently careless; these he took at random from the legendary tale or extravagant romance; but his intimate acquaintance with the human mind seldom or never forsakes him; and, amidst the most fantastic and improbable situations, the persons of his drama speak in the language of the heart, and in the style of their characters.

Of all the characters of Shakspeare that of Hamlet has been generally thought to be the most difficult to be reduced to any fixed or settled principle. With the strongest purposes of revenge, he is irresolute and inactive; amidst the gloom of the deepest melancholy, he is gay and jocular; and, while he is described as a passionate lover, he seems indifferent about the object of his affections. It may be worth while to enquire, whether any leading idea can be found, upon which these apparent contradictions may be reconciled, and a character so pleasing in the closet, and so much applauded on the stage, rendered as unambiguous in the general as it is striking in detail? I will venture to lay before my readers some observations on this subject, though with the diffidence due to a question of which the public has doubted, and much abler critics have already written.

The basis of Hamlet's character seems to be an extreme sensibility of mind, apt to be strongly impressed by its situation, and overpowered by the feelings which that situation excites. Naturally of the most virtuous and most amiable dispositions, the circumstances in which he was placed unhinged those principles of action, which, in another situation, would have delighted mankind, and made himself happy. That kind of distress which he suffered was, beyond all others, calculated to produce this effect. His misfortunes were not the misfortunes of accident, which, though they may overwhelm at first, the mind will soon call up reflections to alleviate, and hopes to cheer; they were such as reflection only serves to irritate, such as rankle, in the soul's tenderest part, her sense of virtue and feelings of natural affection; they arose from an uncle's villany, a mother's guilt, a father's murder! Yet, amidst the gloom of melancholy and the agitation of passion, in which his calamities involve him, there are occasional breakings out of a mind, richly en-

dowed by nature and cultivated by education. We perceive gentleness in his demeanour, wit in his conversation, taste in his amusements, and wisdom in his reflections.

That Hamlet's character, thus formed by nature, and thus modelled by situation, is often variable and uncertain, I am not disposed to deny. I will content myself with the supposition, that this is the very character which Shakspeare meant to allot him. Finding such a character in real life, of a person endowed with feelings so delicate as to border on weakness, with sensibility too exquisite to allow of determined action, he has placed it where it could be best exhibited, in scenes of wonder, of terror, and of indignation, where its varying emotions might be most strongly marked amidst the workings of imagination and the war of the passions.

This is the very management of the character by which, above all others, we could be interested in its behalf. Had Shakspeare made Hamlet pursue his vengeance with a steady determined purpose, had he led him through difficulties arising from accidental causes, and not from the doubts and hesitation of his own mind, the anxiety of the spectator might have been highly raised; but it would have been anxiety for the event, not for the person. As it is, we feel not only the virtues, but the weaknesses of Hamlet, as our own; we see a man who, in other circumstances, would have exercised all the moral and social virtues, one whom nature had formed to be

> "Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
> "The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
> "Th' observ'd of all observers,"

placed in a situation in which even the amiable qualities of his mind serve but to aggravate his distress, and to perplex his conduct. Our compassion

for the first, and our anxiety for the latter, are excited in the strongest manner, and hence arises that indescribable charm in Hamlet, which attracts every reader and every spectator, which the more perfect characters of other tragedies never dispose us to feel.

The Orestes of the Greek poet, who, at his first appearance, lays down a plan of vengeance which he resolutely pursues, interests us for the accomplishment of his purpose; but of him we think only as the instrument of that justice which we wish to overtake the murderers of Agamemnon. We feel with Orestes (or rather with Sophocles, for in such passages we always hear the poet in his hero), that, "it is fit that such gross infringements of the moral "law should be punished with death, in order to "render wickedness less frequent:" but when Horatio exclaims on the death of his friend,

"Now crack'd a noble heart."

we forget the murder of the king, the villany of Claudius, the guilt of Gertrude; our recollection dwells only on the memory of that "sweet prince," the delicacy of whose feelings a milder planet should have ruled, whose gentle virtues should have bloomed through a life of felicity and usefulness.

Hamlet, from the very opening of the piece, is delineated as one under the dominion of melancholy, whose spirits were overborne by his feelings. Grief for his father's death, and displeasure at his mother's marriage, prey on his mind; and he seems, with the weakness natural to such a disposition, to yield to their controul. He does not attempt to resist or combat these impressions, but is willing to fly from the contest, though it were into the grave;

"Oh that this too too solid flesh would melt," etc.

Even after his father's ghost has informed him of his murder, and commissioned him to avenge it, we find him complaining of that situation in which his fate had placed him:

"The time is out of joint; oh cursed spight,
"That ever I was born to set it right!"

And afterwards, in the perplexity of his condition, meditating on the expediency of suicide:

"To be, or not to be, that is the question."

The account he gives of his own feelings to Rosincrantz and Guildenstern, which is evidently spoken in earnest, though somewhat covered with the mist of his affected distraction, is exactly descriptive of a mind full of that weariness of life which is characteristic of low spirits:

"This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory," etc.

And, indeed, he expressly delineates his own character as of the kind above mentioned, when, hesitating on the evidence of his uncle's villany, he says,

"The spirit that I have seen
"May be the devil, and the devil hath power
"T'assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps,
"Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
"Abuses me to damn me."

This doubt of the grounds on which our purpose is founded, is as often the effect, as the cause, of irresolution, which first hesitates, and then seeks out an excuse for its hesitation.

It may, perhaps, be doing Shakspeare no injustice to suppose, that he sometimes began a play without having fixed in his mind, in any determined manner, the plan or conduct of his piece. The character of some principal person of the drama might strike his imagination strongly in the opening scenes; as he went on, this character would continue to impress itself on the conduct as well as the discourse of that person, and, it is possible, might affect the situations and incidents, especially in those romantic and legendary subjects, where history did not confine him to certain unchangeable events. In the story of Amleth, the son of Horwondil, told by Saxo-Grammaticus, from which the tragedy of Hamlet is taken, the young prince, who is to revenge the death of his father, murdered by his uncle Fengo, counterfeits madness, that he may be allowed to remain about the court in safety and without suspicion. He never forgets his purposed vengeance, and acts with much more cunning towards its accomplishment than the Hamlet of Shakspeare. But Shakspeare, wishing to elevate the hero of his tragedy, and at the same time to interest the audience in his behalf, throws around him from the beginning, the majesty of melancholy, along with that sort of weakness and irresolution which frequently attends it. The incident of the ghost, which is entirely the poet's own, and not to be found in the Danish legend, not only produces the happiest stage effect, but is also of the greatest advantage in unfolding that character, which is stamped on the young prince at the opening of the play. In the communications of such a visionary being, there is an uncertain kind of belief, and a dark unlimited horror, which are aptly suited to display the wavering purpose and varied emotions of a mind endowed with a delicacy of feeling, that

often shakes its fortitude, with sensibility that overpowers its strength.

Z.

No. C. SATURDAY, APRIL 22.

THE view of Hamlet's character, exhibited in my last Number, may, perhaps, serve to explain a difficulty which has always occurred both to the reader and the spectator, on perceiving his madness, at one time, put on the appearance, not of fiction, but of reality; a difficulty by which some have been induced to suppose the distraction of the prince a strange unaccountable mixture throughout, of real insanity and counterfeit disorder.

The distraction of Hamlet, however, is clearly affected through the whole play, always subject to the controul of his reason, and subservient to the accomplishment of his designs. At the grave of Ophelia, indeed, it exhibits some temporary marks of a real disorder. His mind, subject from nature to all the weakness of sensibility, agitated by the incidental misfortune of Ophelia's death, amidst the dark and permanent impression of his revenge, is thrown for a while off its poise, and, in the paroxism of the moment, breaks forth into that extravagant rhapsody which he utters to Laertes.

Counterfeited madness, in a person of the character I have ascribed to Hamlet, could not be so uniformly kept up, as not to allow the reigning impressions of his mind to shew themselves in the midst of his affected extravagance. It turned chiefly on his love to Ophelia, which he meant to hold forth as its great subject; but it frequently

glanced on the wickedness of his uncle, his knowledge of which it was certainly his business to conceal.

In two of Shakspeare's tragedies are introduced at the same time, instances of counterfeit madness, and of real distraction. In both plays the same distinction is observed, and the false discriminated from the true by similar appearances. Lear's imagination constantly runs on the ingratitude of his daughters, and the resignation of his crown; and Ophelia, after she has wasted the first ebullience of her distraction in some wild and incoherent sentences, fixes on the death of her father for the subject of her song:

"They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier.
"And will he not come again?
"And will he not come again?" etc.

But Edgar puts on a semblance as opposite as may be to his real situation and his ruling thoughts. He never ventures on any expressions, bordering on the subjects of a father's cruelty, or a son's misfortune. Hamlet, in the same manner, were he as firm in mind as Edgar, would never hint any thing in his affected disorder, that might lead to a suspicion of his having discovered the villany of his uncle; but his feeling, too powerful for his prudence often breaks through that disguise which it seems to have been his original, and ought to have continued his invariable purpose to maintain, till an opportunity should present itself, of accomplishing the revenge which he meditated.

Of the reality of Hamlet's love, doubts also have been suggested. But if that delicacy of feeling, approaching to weakness, for which I contend, be allowed him, the affected abuse, which he suffers at last to grow into scurrility, of his mistress, will,

I think, be found not inconsistent with the truth of his affection for her. Feeling its real force, and designing to play the madman on that ground, he would naturally go as far from the reality as possible. Had he not loved her at all, or slightly loved her, he might have kept up some appearance of passion amidst his feigned insanity; but really loving her, he would have been hurt by such a resemblance in the counterfeit. We can bear a downright caricature of our friend much easier than an unfavourable likeness.

It must be allowed, however, that the momentous scenes in which he is afterwards engaged, seem to have smothered, if not extinguished, the feelings of his love. His total forgetfulness of Ophelia so soon after her death, cannot easily be justified. It is vain, indeed, to attempt justifying Shakspeare in such particulars. "Time," says Dr. Johnson, "toiled after him in vain." He seems often to forget its rights, as well in the progress of the passions, as in the business of the stage. That change of feeling and of resolution which time only can effect, he brings forth within the limits of a single scene. Whether love is to be excited, or resentment allayed; guilt to be made penitent, or sorrow cheerful, the effect is frequently produced in a space hardly sufficient for words to express it.

It has been remarked, that our great poet was not so happy in the delineation of love as of other passions. Were it not treason against the majesty of Shakspeare, one might observe, that, though he looked with a sort of instinctive perception into the recesses of nature, yet it was impossible for him to possess a knowledge of the refinements of delicacy, or to catch in his pictures the nicer shades of polished manners; and, without this knowledge, love can seldom be introduced upon the stage but with a degree of coarseness which will offend an audience

of good taste. This observation is not meant to extend to Shakspeare's tragic scenes: in situations of deep distress, or violent emotion, the manners are lost in the passions; but if we examine his lovers, in the lighter scenes of ordinary life, we shall generally find them trespassing against the rules of decorum, and the feelings of delicacy.

That gaiety and playfulness of deportment and of conversation, which Hamlet sometimes not only assumes, but seems actually disposed to, is, I apprehend, no contradiction to the general tone of melancholy in his character. That sort of melancholy which is the most genuine, as well as the most amiable of any, neither arising from natural sourness of temper, nor prompted by accidental chagrin, but the effect of delicate sensibility impressed with a sense of sorrow, or a feeling of its own weakness, will, I believe, often be found indulging itself in a sportfulness of external behaviour, amidst the pressure of a sad, or even the anguish of a broken heart. Slighter emotions affect our ordinary discourse; but deep distress, sitting in the secret gloom of the soul, casts not its regard on the common occurrences of life, but suffers them to trick themselves out in the usual garb of indifference, or of gaiety, according to the fashion of the society around it, or the situation in which they chance to arise. The melancholy man feels in himself (if I may be allowed the expression) a sort of double person; one which, covered with the darkness of its imagination, looks not forth into the world, nor takes any concern in vulgar objects or frivolous pursuits; another, which he lends, as it were, to ordinary men, which can accommodate itself to their tempers and manners, and indulge, without feeling any degradation from the indulgence, a smile with the cheerful, and a laugh with the giddy.

The conversation of Hamlet with the Grave-digger seems to me to be perfectly accounted for under this supposition; and, instead of feeling it counteract the tragic effect of the story, I never see him in that scene, without receiving, from his transient jests with the clown before him, an idea of the deepest melancholy being rooted at his heart. The light point of view in which he places serious and important things, marks the power of that great impression, which swallows up every thing else in his mind, which makes Cæsar and Alexander so indifferent to him, that he can trace their remains in the plaster of a cottage, or the stopper of a beer-barrel. It is from the same turn of mind, which, from the elevation of its sorrow, looks down on the bustle of ambition, and the pride of fame, that he breaks forth into the reflection in the fourth act, on the expedition of Fortinbras.

It is with regret, as well as deference, that I accuse the judgment of Mr. Garrick, or the taste of his audience; but I cannot help thinking, that the exclusion of the scene of the Grave-digger, in his alteration of the tragedy of Hamlet, was not only a needless, but an unnatural violence done to the work of his favourite poet.

Shakspeare's genius attended him in all his extravagancies. In the licence he took of departing from the regularity of the drama, or in his ignorance of those critical rules which might have restrained him within it, there is this advantage, that gives him an opportunity of delineating the passions and affections of the human mind, as they exist in reality, with all the various colourings which they receive in the mixed scenes of life; not as they are accommodated by the hands of more artificial poets, to one great undivided impression, or an uninterrupted chain of congenial events. It seems therefore preposterous, to endeavour to regularize his

plays, at the expence of depriving them of this peculiar excellence, especially as the alteration can only produce a very partial and limited improvement, and can never bring his pieces to the standard of criticism, or the form of the Aristotelian drama. Within the bounds of a pleasure-garden, we may be allowed to smooth our terraces and trim our hedge-rows; but it were equally absurd as impracticable, to apply the minute labours of the roller and the pruning-knife, to the nobler irregularity of trackless mountains and impenetrable forests.

Z.

No. CI. TUESDAY, APRIL 25.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

IN books, whether moral or amusing, there are no passages more captivating both to the writer and the reader, than those delicate strokes of sentimental morality, which refer our actions to the determination of feeling. In these the poet, the novel writer, and the essayist, have always delighted; you are not, therefore, singular, for having dedicated so much of the Mirror to sentiment and sensibility. I imagine, however, Sir, there is much danger in pushing these qualities too far: the rules of our conduct should be founded on a basis more solid, if they are to guide us through the various situations of life: but the young enthusiast of sense and feeling is apt to despise those lessons of vulgar virtue and prudence, which would confine the movements of a soul formed to regulate itself by finer impulses. I speak from experience, Mr. Mirror; with what

justice you shall judge, when you have heard the little family-history I am going to relate.

My niece, Emilia ....., was left to my care by a brother whom I dearly loved, when she was a girl of about ten years old. The beauty of her countenance, and the elegance of her figure, had already attracted universal notice; as her mind opened, it was found not less worthy of admiration. To the sweetest natural disposition, she united uncommon powers both of genius and of understanding: these I spared no pains to cultivate and improve; and I think I so far succeeded, that in her eighteenth year, Emilia was inferior to few women of her age, either in personal attractions or in accomplishments of the mind. My fond hopes (for she was a daughter to me, Mr. Mirror), looked now for the reward of my labour, and I pictured her future life as full of happiness as of virtue.

One feature of her mind was strongly predominant; a certain delicacy and fineness of feeling which she had inherited from nature, and which her earliest reading had tended to encourage and increase. To this standard she was apt to bring both her own actions and the actions of others; and allowed more to its effects, both in praise and blame, than was consistent with either justice or expediency. I sometimes endeavoured gently to combat these notions. She was not always logical, but she was always eloquent in their defence; and I found her more confirmed on their side, the more I obliged her to be their advocate. I preferred, therefore, being silent on the subject, trusting that a little more experience and knowledge of the world would necessarily weaken their influence.

At her age, and with her feelings, it is necessary to have a friend: Emilia had found one at a very early period. Harriet S..... was the daughter of a neighbour of my brother's, a few years older

than my niece. Several branches of their education the two young ladies had received together; in these the superiority lay much on the side of Emilia. Harriet was no wise remarkable for fineness of genius or quickness of parts; but though her acquirements were moderate, she knew how to manage them to advantage, and there was often a certain avowal of her inferiority, which conciliated affection the more, as it did not claim admiration. Her manners were soft and winning, like those of Emilia, her sentiments as delicate and exalted; there seemed, however, less of nature in both.

Emilia's attachment to this young lady I found every day encrease, till at last, it so totally engrossed her as rather to displease me. When together, their attention was confined almost entirely to each other; or what politeness forced them to bestow upon others, they considered as a tax which it was fair to elude as much as possible. The world, a term which they applied indiscriminately to almost every one but themselves, they seemed to feel as much pride as happiness in being secluded from; and its laws of prudence and propriety, they held the invention of cold and selfish minds, insensible of the delights of feeling, of sentiment, and of friendship. These ideas were, I believe, much strengthened by a correspondence that occupied most of the hours (not many indeed) in which they were separated. Against this I ventured to remonstrate in a jocular manner, with Emilia; she answered me in a strain so serious, as convinced me of the danger of so romantic an attachment. Our discourse on the subject grew insensibly warm: Emilia at last burst into tears; and I apologized for having, I knew not how, offended her. From that day forth, though I continued her adviser, I found I had ceased to be her friend.

That office was now Harriet's alone ; the tie only wanted some difficulty to rivet it closer, some secret to be intrusted with, some distress to alleviate. Of this an opportunity soon after presented itself. Harriet became enamoured of a young gentleman of the name of Marlow, an officer of dragoons, who had come to the country on a visit to her brother, with whom he had been acquainted at college. As she inherited several thousand pounds, independent of her expectations from her father, such a match was a very favourable one for a young man who possessed no revenue but his commission. But, for that very reason, the consent of the young lady's relations was not to be looked for. After some time, therefore, of secret and ardent attachment, of which my niece was the confident, the young folks married without it, and trusted to the common relentings of parental affection, to forgive a fault which could not be remedied. But the father of Harriet remained quite inexorable ; nor was his resentment softened even by her husband's leaving the army ; a step which, it was hoped, might have mitigated his anger, as he had often declared it principally to arise from his daughter's marrying a soldier.

After some fruitless attempts to reinstate themselves in the old gentleman's affections, they took up their residence in a provincial town, in a distant part of the kingdom ; where, as Harriet described their situation to Emilia, they found every wish gratified in the increasing tenderness of one another. Emilia, soon after, went to see them in their new abode : her description of their happiness, on her return, was warm to a degree of rapture. Her visit was repeated on occasion of Harriet's lying-in of her first child. This incident was a new source of delight to Emilia's friends, and of pleasure to her in their society. Harriet, whose recovery was slow, easily prevailed on her to stay till it was com-

pleted. She became a member of the family, and, it was not without much regret on both sides, that she left, at the end of six months, a house from which, as she told me, the world was secluded, where sentiment regulated the conduct, and happiness rewarded it. All this while I was not without alarm, and could not conceal my uneasiness from Emilia; I represented the situation in which her friend stood, whom prudent people must consider as having, at least, made a bold step, if not a blameable one..... I was answered rather angrily, by a warm remonstrance against the inhumanity of parents, the unfeelingness of age, and the injustice of the world.

That happiness, which my niece had described as the inmate of Harriet's family, was not of long duration. Her husband, tired of the inactive scene into which his marriage had cast him, grew first discontented at home, and then sought for that pleasure abroad which his own house could not afford him. His wife felt this change warmly, and could not restrain herself from expressing her feelings. Her complaints grew into reproaches, and rivetted her husband's dislike to her society, and his relish for the society of others. Emilia was, as usual, the confidant to her friend's distress; it was now increased to a lingering illness, which had succeeded the birth of her second girl. After informing me of those disagreeable circumstances in which her Harriet was situated, Emilia told me she had formed the resolution of participating, at least, if she could not alleviate, her friend's distress, by going directly to reside in her house. Though I had now lost the affections of my niece, she had not yet forced me into indifference for her. Against this proposal I remonstrated in the strongest manner. You will easily guess my arguments; but Emilia would not allow them any force. In vain I urged the ties of duty, of prudence, and of character. They only pro-

duced an eulogium on generosity, on friendship, and on sentiment. I could not so far command my temper as to forbear some observations, which my niece interpreted into reflections upon her Harriet. She grew warm on the subject; my affection for her would not suffer me to be cool. At last, in the enthusiasm of her friendship, she told me I had cancelled every bond of relationship between us; that she would instantly leave my house, and return to it no more. She left it accordingly, and set out for Harriet's that very evening,

There, as I learned, she found that lady in a situation truly deplorable: her health declined, her husband cruel, and the fortune she brought him wasted among his companions at the tavern and the gaming table. The last calamity the fortune of Emilia had enabled her to relieve; but the two first she could not cure, and her friend was fast sinking under them. She was at last seized with a disorder which her weak frame was unable to resist, and which, her physicians informed Emilia would soon put a period to her life. This intelligence she communicated to the husband in a manner suited to wring his heart for the treatment he had given his wife. In effect, Marlow was touched with that remorse which the consequences of profligate folly will sometimes produce in men more weak than wicked. He too had been in use to talk of feeling and of sentiment. He was willing to be impelled by the passions, though not restrained by the principles of virtue, and to taste the pleasures of vice, while he thought he abhorred its depravity. His conversion was now as violent as sudden. Emilia believed it sincere, because confidence was natural to her, and the effects of sudden emotion her favourite system. By her means a thorough re-union took place between Mr. and Mrs. Marlow; and the short while the latter survived, was passed in that luxury of reconcilement, which

more than reinstates the injurer in our affection. Harriet died in the arms of her husband; and, by a solemn adjuration left to Emilia the comfort of him, and the care of her children.

There is in the communion of sorrow one of the strongest of all connexions; and the charge which Emilia had received from her dying friend of her daughters, necessarily produced the freest and most frequent intercourse with their father. Debts, which his former course of life had obliged him to contract, he was unable to pay; and the demands of his creditors were the more peremptory, as, by the death of his wife, the hopes of any pecuniary assistance from her father were cut off. In the extremity of this distress, he communicated it to Emilia. Her generosity relieved him from the embarrassment, and gave him that farther tie which is formed by the gratitude of those we oblige. Mean while, from the exertions of that generosity, she suffered considerable inconvenience. The world was loud, and sometimes scurrilous, in its censure of her conduct. I tried once more, by a letter written with all the art I was master of, to recall her from the labyrinth in which this false sort of virtue had involved her. My endeavours were vain. I found that sentiment, like religion, had its superstition, and its martyrdom. Every hardship she suffered she accounted a trial, every censure she endured she considered as a testimony of her virtue. At last my poor deluded niece was so entangled in the toils which her own imagination, and the art of Marlow, had spread for her, that she gave to the dying charge of Harriet the romantic interpretation of becoming the wife of her widower, and the mother of her children. My heart bleeds, Mr. Mirror, while I foresee the consequences! She will be wretched, with feelings ill-accommodated to her wretchedness. Her sensibility will aggravate that ruin to which it has led her, and

the world will not even afford their pity to distresses, which the prudent may blame, and the selfish may deride.

Let me warn at least where I cannot remedy. Tell your readers this story, Sir. Tell them, there are bounds beyond which virtuous feelings cease to be virtue; that the decisions of sentiment are subject to the controul of prudence, and the ties of friendship subordinate to the obligations of duty.

I am, &c.

LEONITUS.

No. CII. SATURDAY, APRIL 29.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

YOU have already observed how difficult it is to reduce the science of manners to general denominations, and have shewn how liable to misapplication are some of the terms which are used in it. To your instances of men of fashion and good company, you will give me leave to add another, of which I think, the perversion is neither less common nor less dangerous: I mean the term applied to a certain species of character, which we distinguish by the appellation of a man of spirit.

Lord Chesterfield says somewhere, that, to speak and act with spirit, is to speak rudely, and act foolishly: and his lordship's definition is frequently right. At the same time, spirit may be, and certainly is, often applied to that line of conduct and sentiment that deserves it: A person of virtue, dignity, and prudence, is, with much propriety, denominated a "man of spirit;" but, by the abuse I

complain of "man of spirit" is, for the most part, very differently applied.

In the various departments of business, the term spirit is frequently applied to unprofitable projects and visionary speculations. Let a man be bold enough to risk his own fortune, and the fortunes of other people, upon schemes brilliant but improbable; let him go on, sanguine amidst repeated losses, and dreaming of wealth till he wakes in bankruptcy; and it is ten to one that, after he fails, the world will give a sort of fame to his folly, and hold him up to future trust and patronage, under the title of an unfortunate man of spirit.

But these are not the most glaring instances of the monstrous perversion of this character; the airy adventurer, or the magnificent but ruined projector, may both be men of spirit, though it is not spirit, but want of judgment, and visionary impetuosity, that have procured them the character. They may, however, possess that dignity and independence of mind in which alone true spirit consists, and may have been ruined by whim and want of foresight, not want of spirit. But there is one set of men on whom the appellation is bestowed, whose conduct, for the most part, is, in every article, the reverse of dignity or spirit, and perfectly inconsistent with it.

The men I mean are those, who, by a train of intemperance and profusion, run out their fortunes, and reduce themselves to misery.....Such men are common, and will be so, while vice, folly, and want of foresight, prevail among mankind.....They have been frequently ridiculed and exposed by the ablest pens: and it is not the character itself that falls under my observation; it is the unaccountable absurdity of bestowing upon such characters the appellation of "men of spirit," which they uniformly acquire, whether the fortune they have squandered

is new, or has been handed down to them through a long line of ancestors.

The misapplication of the term is so completely ridiculous, as to be beneath contempt, were it not for the mischief that I am convinced has been occasioned by it. Youths entering on the stage of life are catched with the engaging appellation, "a man of spirit:" they become ambitious of acquiring that epithet; and perceiving it to be most generally bestowed on such men as I have described, they look up to them as patterns of life and manners, and begin to ape them at an age which thinks only of enjoyment, and despises consequences; nay, if they should look forward, and view the "man of spirit" reduced, by his own profusion, to the most abject state of servile dependence, it does not mend the matter. In the voice of the world he is "a man of spirit still."..... It is said, that the easy engaging manners of Captain Macheath have induced many young men to go on the highway. I am convinced the character of "a "man of spirit" tempts many a young man to enter on a course of intemperance and prodigality, that most frequently ends in desperate circumstances and a broken constitution.

This perversion is the more provoking, that of all human characters, the intemperate prodigal is, in every feature and every stage, the most diametrically opposite to a man of spirit.....True spirit is founded on a love and desire of independence, and the two are so blended together, that it is impossible, even in idea, to separate them. But the intemperate prodigal is the most dependant of all human beings..... He depends on others for amusement and company; and, however fashionable he may be in the beginning, his decline in the article of companions is certain and rapid. In the course of his profusion, he becomes dependent on others for the means of supporting it; and when his race of prodigality is

run, he suffers a miserable dependence for the support even of that wretched life to which it has reduced him. After all, the world calls him a " man " of spirit," when he is really in a state of servile indigence, with a broken constitution, without spirit, and without the power of exerting it ; with the additional reflection of having himself been the cause of his distresses.

Nor is it only in the affirmative use of the term that I have to complain of its perversion ; the same injustice takes place when it is applied in the negative. Calling an intemperate and ruined prodigal a " man of spirit," may proceed sometimes from pity ; but, when you hear a man of moderation and virtue, especially if he happen also to be opulent, blamed as " wanting spirit," the accusation is generally the child of detraction and malignity. I do not apply my observation to the avaricious and niggardly, to men whose purses are shut against their friends, and whose doors are barred against every body ; such men certainly want spirit, and are for the most part, defective in every virtue ; but I am afraid that it often happens that a person, benevolent to his friends, hospitable to the deserving, kind to his servants, and indulgent to his children ; is blamed as " want- " ing spirit," for no reason but because he is proof against the absurdities of fashion and vanity, because he guards against the tricks of the designing, despises the opinions and disapprobation of the foolish, and persists in that train of moderate economy, which he knows is best suited to his fortune and rational views.

Instead of wanting " spirit," such a character is the true idea of " a man of spirit." In every part of his manners and conduct, he passes through life with an uniform steadiness and dignity. His moderation secures his independence, and his attention supplies the means of hospitality and benevolence.

While the prodigal is running his feverous and distempered course, the man of moderation and virtue proceeds in a train of quiet contentment and respectable industry; and, at the end of their race, when the prodigal, with a shattered constitution, without fortune, and without friends, is in absolute want, or, at best, become the mean flatterer of some insolent minion of wealth or power; the man of moderation and virtue, feeling his independence without pride, is happy in himself, useful to his family and friends, and beneficent to mankind, contributing, perhaps, from charity, not respect, his assistance to that very decayed prodigal who had frequently characterised him as a man of no spirit.

But it was not my purpose to delineate at length the character of a real "man of spirit."....I proposed only to explode a very absurd and mischievous abuse of an epithet that too generally prevails. I shall therefore conclude, with assuring those who are ambitious of being "men of spirit," by putting on the life and manners of an intemperate prodigal, that, though they may attain the character, and even preserve it after their fortunes are spent, and their constitutions broken; yet they will be "men of spirit" only nominally, and in the mouths of the world; in reality, and in their hearts they will be the meanest as well as the most unhappy of mankind, lingering out a useless and contemptible life, on which intemperance has entailed disease, and extravagance and profusion inflicted poverty and dependence.

I am, &c.

MODERATUS.

My correspondent has confined his observations to one half of the world, and remarked the abuse of the term spirit, when applied to the men only..... Might he not have extended his remarks a little far-

ther, and traced the application of the phrase to the conduct and behaviour of the other sex? Perhaps, indeed, the character is not so universally in repute, as to come within the line of Moderatus's complaint; but the thing is more in vogue than it seems to have been at any period of which my predecessors, who are a sort of chroniclers of manners and fashions, have preserved the history.

In London, to which place we are always to look for the "Glass of fashion," the ladies not satisfied with shewing their spirit in the bold look, the masculine air, and the manly garb, have made inroads into a province from which they were formerly considered as absolutely excluded; I mean that of public oratory. Half a dozen societies have started up this winter, in which female speakers exercise their powers of elocution before numerous audiences, and canvass all manner of subjects with the freedom and spirit of the boldest male orators. We, in Edinburgh, have not yet attempted to rival the polite people of the metropolis in this respect; some of our ladies, however, do all they can to put us on a footing with them. There is seldom a crowded play, or a full concert, at which some of our public speakers do not exert themselves with a most laudable spirit to drown the declamation of the stage, or the music of the orchestra.

Nor is the ambition of those spirited ladies satisfied with speaking in public, and carrying off the attention of the audience from the voice of the actor, or the tones of the musician. The public eye, as well as ear, is to be commanded; and, in the side-box of the theatre, or the front-bench of the concert-room, there is often such a collection of beauty, animated with so much spirit of exhibition, that it is impossible the male part of the company should look at the scene, or think of the music. One of my predecessors has mentioned the art which the

ladies of his day used in the unfurling of their fans, so as to display certain little Cupids and Venuses which lurked in their folds. Had he seen some of our ladies in the attitudes which modern spirit has taught them to assume....such unfurlings and unfoldings !....his Venuses and Cupids were mere ice and snow to them.

It is but justice to those ladies to remark, that this part of their behaviour seems calculated merely to shew their accomplishment in fashionable freedom of manner, without any motive of an interesting or selfish kind. They are contented with the reputation of ease and spirit, without procuring much indulgence from the one, or licence from the other. I have sometimes, however, been inclined to think, that there was a degree of unfairness in this, and to doubt, if a lady was entitled thus to hang out false colours, and to be in reality innocent and harmless, while she was quite a different sort of creature in appearance. I could not help allowing some justice in the complaint of a girl, whom I overheard some weeks ago, in the passage from the upper boxes, thus addressing her companion: "Did you observe that "pert, giggling, naked thing in the stage-box? "There's not a man in the house she cares a far- "thing for; and yet she has the assurance to look "like one of us."

X

No. CIII. TUESDAY, MAY 2.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

FROM my earliest infancy I have been remarkable for good humour, and a gentle, complying, inoffensive disposition; qualities which, I am told, I inherit of my father, the late Mr. Paul Softly, an eminent linen-draper. Though I myself soon recover any disappointment or contradiction I meet with; yet so tender is my regard to the feelings of others, that I am lead somehow, constitutionally, and almost against my reason, to comply with their requests, humour them in their foibles, and acquiesce in their opinions. I cannot bear, Mr. Mirror, it hurts me more than you can imagine, to disappoint the hopes, or withstand the solicitation of any human being whatever. There is a sturdy, idle, impudent, merry-looking dog of a sailor, with a wooden leg, stationed at the corner of the street where I live, who, I do believe, has established himself as a pensioner upon me for life, by the earnestness of his tones, and his constant prayers to Heaven for blessings on my goodness. Often and often have I been engaged in midnight riots, though fond of peace and good neighbourhood; and frequently, though I abhor wine, have I been betrayed into intoxication, from a want of power to resist the hospitable importunity of my landlord pressing me to fill a bumper.

From this I would not have you imagine that I am devoid of resolution, or a will of my own. On the contrary, I do assure you, that upon extraordinary occasions, and when it is necessary, I can resist and resent too. Nay, my wife (if you will believe her) frequently complains of my obstinacy and perverseness; and declares, that, of all the

men she ever knew, Simon Softly (for that is my name) is the least sensible of indulgence. However, Sir, as for my wife, considering that I married her, not so much from any personal regard, as in order to please her worthy family, who had served me, though I dare say without any expectation of reward, I thank God I lead a pretty tolerable sort of life with her. Upon the whole, Sir, this disposition of mine has always appeared to me more amiable as well as convenient, than that named firm and decisive, which, I confess to you, I suspect is at the bottom nothing else but conceit and ill-humour. Upon one occasion in my life, however (I think it is the very first) which I am going to lay before you, I must own that it has given me a good deal of serious disturbance.

About six months ago I succeeded, by the death of an uncle, to a land-estate of one hundred pounds a year, which, unfortunately, lies contiguous to that of the greatest proprietor in the country. Along with it I inherited a law-suit, kept alive by various means ever since the year thirty-three. The subject of it was a fourth part of the estate, which, though it had long been possessed by my predecessors, as part of the farm of Oxentown, Sir Ralph Holdencourt, our adversary and neighbour abovementioned, contended must belong to him, as included in his charters of the barony of Acredale..... But, before I go on, I must make you acquainted with Sir Ralph. He is descended from one of the oldest and most choleric families in the kingdom. The stem of it, as appears from the tree drawn by the hand of his great grandfather, Sir Eustace, was a Norman baron, who came over with the Conqueror. One of his posterity intermarried with a Welsh heiress; they were driven out of England for some act of rebellion, and since their settlement in the north, their blood has been farther heightened by

alliance with the family of a Scotch peer and a Highland chieftain. Their jealous pride, and the suddenness of their passion, have all along borne ample testimony to the purity of their lineage. Sir Eustace himself fought four duels, and was twice run through the body. In Sir Ralph's veins, this spirit, though somewhat mitigated by his father's marriage with one, who, as it is whispered, had once served him in the capacity of dairy-maid, is far from being extinct. In his youth, he experienced the vengeance of the law, for beating a merchant of the same surname, who, without just title, claimed kindred with him, and assumed the arms of his family. I have heard too, that he himself was once soundly peppered by a gentlemen of small fortune, whose gun Sir Ralph had attempted to seize upon his own ground, under pretence of his being unqualified to carry one. Though now old, he is still noted for his tenacious adherence to all his pretensions, the ceremonious politeness with which he receives the great gentry, and his supercilious treatment of all those who are not entitled to that name.....But to go on with my story. Soon after my succession, being on a visit to another neighbour, Mr. B : I found him with his wife preparing to depart, in great form, for the seat of my adversary, to whom they are anually in use of paying their respects. Being ignorant of my situation, they pressed me much to accompany them ; and I, desirous to please them, Sir, and not knowing how to excuse myself, at the same time thinking it unreasonable that I should be at enmity with the man whom I did not know, merely because we were at law together, was prevailed on to comply.

In a long avenue of lofty elms, terminated at one end by a large iron gate, at the top of which the family arms are worked, and at the other, by the mansion-house, a large old-fashioned building, with

a moat and turrets, we overtook the knight himself returning from a ride. He seemed to be about sixty, but retained a robust make and florid complexion. He was seated on a superb saddle, with holsters, and a housing of fur: he rode a long-tailed horse, which had once been grey, but had had now become white with age; and was attended at a due distance, by a sedate elderly looking servant, in an ample livery surtout, mounted on a black dock-tailed coach-nag. No sooner had he perceived us, than he pushed on at a gallop, that he might be ready to present himself upon the platform of a large outer stone stair, to pay his compliments upon our arrival. I was introduced to him as his new neighbour Mr. Softly; but the moment the name reached his ears, the blood rushed into his face, and eyeing me with a look of indignation, he turned upon his heel, and left me. At this I was a good deal nettled (for I do not want spirit), and wished to retire: but, perceiving that my horse had been led into the stable, and that I must pass through a crowd of servants who were laughing at my reception, I thought it might be just as good to go on, and so followed them into the great hall. This was a large room, wainscoted with oak, and decorated with some portaits, a map of the estate, a tree of the family descent, beside a spear and a cross-bow, which had been borne, I suppose by some of the knight's progenitors. Here we were received by Miss Primrose Holdencourt, his sister, a maiden lady of fifty-five, who, ever since the death of his wife, has done the honours of his table. To her I made a profound bow, of which she took no notice, unless by bridling up her head and tossing a look of disdain at me.

Our present company, besides the persons already mentioned, consisted of the knight's agent or attorney, and the parson of the parish. The two

latter, who, for some reason or other, had all along kept standing together by one of the windows near the door, were banished, upon the appearance of dinner, to a bye-table in a corner of the room, where I likewise, finding no place unoccupied at the other table, was obliged to take my seat. But, for this disgrace, I was soon comforted by the good-humour and facetiousness of the attorney (who seemed to take a liking for me), as well as by some excellent ale, in which we both, along with the parson, participated pretty liberally. We had no communication with the other table, unless by an overture of mine towards a reconciliation with Miss Primrose, by drinking her health, which met with a very ungracious reception. We had, however, no great cause to envy their conversation, as it consisted chiefly of some annotations by her upon the table-linen, in which the heads of the twelve apostles, and some worthies of the family, were woven; besides a history from the knight, of some exploits performed by the latter. Dinner being removed, and the ladies retiring along with it, the other table was naturally compelled to an union with our's; which, however, did not take place without strong marks of repugnance on the part of the knight. These became still more and more manifest, as the liquor elevated his pride; he pushed the bottle past me, neglected to require my toast, and every now and then eyed me over his shoulder, with a look of the utmost jealousy and aversion. I did not value the looks of him or any other man a farthing; so I kept my seat manfully. In a short time, my friend Mr. B. having, for some purpose or other, left the room, the attorney, with an appearance of great candour and cordiality, enquired of me, whether that unhappy contest relative to the farm of Oxen-town were drawing to an issue? "Nothing that "depends on my will for that purpose shall be

" wanting," answered I. " You allow, then," immediately interposed the knight, " that the lands " of Harrow-field make part of my barony of Acre- " dale: you are at last become sensible of the jus- " tice of my claims." " I am glad of it, heartily " glad of it," rejoined the attorney; but, indeed, " it is impossible to doubt of it, for"....and here he began a long dissertation, so full of law-terms and bad Latin, that I did not understand a word of it, which he finished with, " From all which, it is luce " clarius, that the lands belong to Sir Ralph." " most assuredly," echoed the parson. " And when, " my dear Sir, do you mean to renounce your claim?" " resumed the attorney. All this, Mr. Mirror, passed with so much rapidity, that I had no time for recollection or reply. Nothing could be farther from my intention, than totally to surrender my claim; an amicable accommodation was all that I meant to hint at. But what could I do, Mr. Mirror? My friend, who might have supported me, had left the room; I had no answer ready to the attorney's argument; the whole company concurred in regarding my claim as groundless; my meaning had been misunderstood, and an explanation, besides exposing me to their resentment (but that I did not value a straw) would have subjected me to the suspicion of insincerity and loose dealing. Still, however, I was loth thus to play away so considerable a part of my inheritance. After hesitating a little while, awkward and embarrassed between these opposite motives, I did at last resolve to undeceive them, and had actually begun to meditate an address for that purpose, which I do believe I should have delivered, when the attorney, slapping me on the shoulder with one hand, and stretching out the other to me, with an air of the greatest cordiality, cut me short, " What say you, Mr. Softly? fast bind " fast find; what say you to finishing the matter

"immediately?" This proposal being quite unexpected, utterly disconcerted me. Between surprise, embarrassment, and the desire of relieving myself by a decision one way or other, seeing them at the same time, full of expectations, I hastily, almost without knowing what I did, took him by the hand, and answered, "Sir, with all my heart." In short, Mr. Mirror, paper, pen, and ink, were called for, and a deed drawn out, which I instantly executed. The knight, immediately after, coming up to me shook me by the hand, and commanding a bumper to my health, desired and insisted to see me often at Castle Holdencourt.

Being naturally of an easy temper, and seeing that the matter could not be mended, touched at the same time with the satisfaction it had diffused, I soon, in some degree, regained my good-humour. More wine was called for repeatedly; and next morning I found myself at my friend Mr. B.'s house, without knowing how or when I had been transported to it.

Upon serious deliberation, however, and after some conversation upon the subject with my wife, I am really vexed and dispirited with this affair. In making application to you, I have three views; the first merely to disburden my mind by telling the story (I fear it is a dull and tedious one); the second, to learn from any of your readers who is at the bar, whether my facility be a ground for reducing my consent? the third, to warn persons of a similiar disposition from going into company with their adversaries in a law-suit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

SIMON SOFTLY.

As I sincerely sympathize with Mr. Softly in his distress, I have published his letter for the purpose mentioned in its conclusion, to disburden his mind

of the story. As to the second, I am afraid I can be of little use to him, as a law opinion delivered through the channel of the Mirror, would be destitute of some of the pre-requisites, without which it would be dangerous to rely on it as the ground of legal proceeding. The third, which is a very disinterested motive, is, I believe, more charitable in him, than it will be useful to his readers. There is, I fancy, very little occasion for warning people against going into the company of those with whom they are at law, lest they should be surprised into improper concessions; I have generally observed, that being in company with an adversary in a lawsuit, has a greater tendency to make a man tenacious of his rights, than to dispose him to relinquish them.

Z

No. CIV. SATURDAY, MAY 6.

IT has been remarked, that the country life prevails more in Great-Britain than in any civilized nation in Europe. However true this observation may be in the general, there is one set of men among us, to whom, in the present times, it will by no means apply: I mean our great nobles and men of high fortune. It is indeed vain to expect, that persons in that rank of life should be able to withstand the attractions of a court, and the seductions of a luxurious capital.

It is, nevertheless, a melancholy circumstance, in travelling through this island, to find so many noble palaces deserted by their illustrious owners, even in that season of the year when, to every man of taste,

the country must afford true pleasure. How mortifying is it to hear a great man tell you, that he cannot afford to live at his country-seat, and to see him, after passing a winter in London, and losing thousands in a week, reduced to the necessity of murdering the summer, by lounging from watering-place to watering-place, or retiring with two or three humble friends to a villa in the environs of London, instead of living with a becoming dignity in the mansion of his ancestors! To such men I would beg leave to recommend the advice of King James I, who, as Lord Bacon tells us, "was wont to be very "earnest with the country gentlemen to go from "London to their country-seats; and sometimes "would say to them, Gentlemen, at London you are "like ships in the sea, which shew like nothing; "but in your country-villages, you are like ships in "a river, which look like great things."

I do not mean, however, to say, that a great man should live always in the country. The duties of his station, and the rank he holds in society, require, that he should pass part of the year in the capital; and, independent of those considerations, I believe it will be allowed, that a man of high rank, who has passed his whole life immured within the walls of his own chateau, and constantly surrounded by a circle who look up to him, is, of all mortals, the most insupportable.

Nay, I will go farther: I am disposed to believe, that it is an improper and a hurtful thing, even for a private gentleman of moderate fortune, to retire from the world, and betake himself altogether to a country-life.

A remarkable instance of the bad consequences of abandoning society, I lately met with in a visit I had occasion to pay to a gentleman with whom I had become acquainted at college, and whose real name I shall conceal under that of Acasto. Soon after he

quitted the university, where he had been distinguished by an ardent love of literature, Acasto retired to his estate in the country, which, though not great, was fully sufficient for all his wants. There he had resided ever since; and, either from inclination or indolence, had remained a bachelor. I had not seen him for many years. Time had made some alteration on his figure; but that was little, when compared with the change I found in him in all other respects. In his dress and manners he was indeed completely rusticated; and by living much alone, he had contracted an indifference to that decorum, and to those little attentions, without which no man can be agreeable in society. The day I arrived at his house I found him sauntering in his garden, waiting a call to dinner, dressed in an old coat, which had once been black, a slouched hat of the same complexion, with a long pole in his hand, and with a beard that did not appear to have felt a razor for many days.

After a hearty welcome, he carried me into dinner. In his conversation I found as great a change as in his outward appearance and deportment. From living in a narrow circle, he had contracted a peculiarity in his notions, which sometimes amused from its oddity; and, from conversing chiefly with persons rather of an inferior station to himself, he had become as tenacious of his opinions, as if they had been self-evident truths, and as impatient of contradiction, as if to differ from him had been a crime.

From the same causes, the veriest trifle, particularly if it concerned himself, had become to him an object of importance. A country-gentleman he considered as the most respectable character in nature; and he talked as if honour, truth, and sincerity, were confined to them alone. Every man who lived in the world he considered as a villain; and every woman who passed much of her time in town, he made no

scruple to say, was no better than she should be. At first, it astonished me to hear a man of his good sense and benevolent dispositions, talk of some of the most amiable characters of the age in the most disrespectful terms. When I endeavoured to put him to rights, he at once cut me short, by saying, he could have no doubt of the truth of what he advanced, as he had been told such and such a thing by his friend and neighbour Mr. Downright, who scorned to flatter any man, or to tell any thing but the truth.

I soon had an opportunity of judging how far the country gentlemen were entitled to the high character my friend had given them for honour and integrity. The morning after I arrived, my host informed me he was obliged to attend a county meeting, where there was to be business of considerable importance, in which he was deeply interested; and, as he could not stay at home with me, I readily consented to accompany him. He had dressed himself for the occasion; that is, he had shaved his beard and put on a clean shirt. It remained to determine how we should travel. At first he proposed to go on horseback; but the appearance of a black cloud made him think of the carriage. It then occurred, that taking the carriage would stop the plough; and it was determined we should ride. But as we were going to mount, the recollection of a cold, attended with some threatenings of a sore throat he had had the week before, made him again resolve upon the carriage. In short, I found that my poor friend, naturally of an undecisive temper, and having no proper object to fill his mind, had accustomed himself to deliberate on every trifle, as if it had been an affair of the greatest consequence. At length we set out in the carriage; but not till repeated instructions were given to John to drive only two miles the first hour, and not more than three, or three and a quarter afterwards.

On the road, we met with some incidents that were amusing enough. In the midst of a serious conversation on the state of the nation, in which Acasto was proposing plans of reformation, and tracing all our present calamities to the prevalence of the mercantile interest in parliament, and the shameful neglect of the country gentlemen, we happened to pass the house of a cottager, who had laid down a load of coals rather too near the high road; which Acasto no sooner perceived than he stopped the carriage, and calling out the poor man, began to rate him as if he had been guilty of the grossest offence. Not satisfied with ordering the nuisance to be removed, he thought it necessary to represent, in strong colours, all the possible mischiefs that might have ensued from it. "What might have happened," said he, "if my horses had startled, God only knows!.... "Had we been overturned, my carriage might have "been broken, or my horses killed, and even I my- "self might have been hurt."

This circumstance, trifling as it was, ruffled my friend so much, that it was sometime before he could resume the thread of his conversation. Some other incidents of the same kind gave him an opportunity of displaying his attention to the police of the country, and of impressing me with an idea of the obligation he had thereby conferred on his fellow-citizens. At length we arrived at the county-town, and immediately drove to the court-house, where we found a very numerous meeting.

I soon found that the important business which had brought so many gentlemen from their own houses, was to determine, whether a bridge should be built at one end of a village or the other? From the course of the argument it could be called, I plainly perceived, that to the public it was a matter of the most perfect indifference. But, if executed in one way, it would accommodate a gentle-

man who had acquired a large fortune in the course of trade, and had lately purchased an estate in the neighbourhood, on which he had built an elegant house. Acasto, and his friend Mr. Downright, strenuously opposed the plan of accommodating this novus homo, who had presumed to buy one of the best estates in the county, from the heir of an ancient family, at a higher price than any body else would have given for it. For my own part, I was truly mortified to observe in both parties as much trick and chicane as might, when properly varnished, have done honour to the most finished statesman. In one thing only I discovered that open plainness on which country-gentlemen are so apt to value themselves, and that was in the language in which they addressed each other. There, indeed, they were sufficiently plain; and no where did I ever observe a more total neglect of the favourite maxim of Lord Chesterfield, fortiter in re, suaviter in modo.

On our way home, Acasto entertained me with the characters of the gentlemen we had seen; but he might have saved himself the trouble; for, by recollecting how they voted, I should immediately have known which of them were honest and sincere, and which mean time-serving sycophants.

I shall not trouble my readers with any reflections on Acasto's character. It is plain, that the little peculiarities which, with all his natural good sense and benevolence, expose him hourly to ridicule or to censure, have been occasioned by his retreat from the world, and by that solitude in which he has lived so long. Seldom, indeed, have I known any one that did not, in some degree, suffer from it; that did not, more or less, become selfish and contracted, conceited and opinionative. I never see a young heir fluttering about town in the circle of gaiety, without feeling an emotion of compassion. In a few years, when he comes to be supplanted in

that circle by a younger set, no resource remains for him but a retreat to the country, where he must pass his days either in a state of listless inactivity, or in pursuits unworthy of a rational being. I would therefore earnestly recommend it to every parent, to educate the heir of his fortune to some profession; to set before him some object that may fill his mind, may rouse him to action, and may make him at once a happy and respectable member of society.

M.

No. CV. TUESDAY, MAY 9.

THE winter, which, like an untaught visitor, had prolonged its stay with us to a very unreasonable length, has, at last, given place to vernal breezes and a more indulgent sky; and many of my readers will now leave the business or amusements of the town, for the purer air and less tumultuous enjoyments of the country. As I have, now and then, ventured some observations on the manners and fashions of the former, I could not forbear, from a friendly concern for those whom the season now calls into the latter, to offer a few remarks on certain errors which are more generally prevalent in the country. My last paper was intended for the serious perusal of country gentlemen. I mean, in this, to make a few lighter observations on some little failings, in point of manners to which I have seen a propensity in country-gentlemen, country ladies, and in those who, though of the town for the greatest part of the year, make their appearance like the cuckoo (I mean no offence by the compari-

son), when the trees have put on their leaves, and the meadows their verdure.

In the first place, I would beg of those who migrate from the city, not to carry too much of the town with them into the country. I will allow a lady to exhibit the newest-fashioned cut in her riding habit, or to astonish a country congregation with the height of her head-dress: and a gentleman, in like manner, to sport, as they term it, a grotesque pattern of a waistcoat, or to set the children a-gape by the enormous size of his buckles. These are privileges to which gentlemen and ladies may be thought to have entitled themselves by the expence and trouble of a winter's residence in the capital. But there is a provoking, though a civil sort of consequence such people are apt to assume in conversation, which, I think, goes beyond the just prerogative of township, and is a very unfair encroachment on the natural rights of their friends and relations in the country. They should consider, that though there are certain subjects of ton and fashion, on which they may pronounce ex cathedrâ (if I may be allowed so pedantic a phrase), yet that, even in the country, the senses of hearing, seeing, tasting and smelling, may be enjoyed to a certain extent; and that a person may like or dislike a new song, a new lutestring, a French dish, or an Italian perfume, though such person has been unfortunate enough to pass last winter at a hundred miles distance from the metropolis.

On the other hand, it is but fair to inform the ladies and gentlemen of the country, that there is a certain deference which ought to be paid, in those matters, to the enlightened judgment of their friends, who are newly arrived from the seat of information and of knowledge. I have heard a lady in the country, when her cousin from Edinburgh had been very obligingly communicating some ex-

traordinary piece of intelligence, or exhibiting some remarkable piece of dress or finery, cut her short, by saying, with all the coolness in the world, "That "is singular enough, but it is nothing to what I "heard from Miss B....., with whom I have cor- "responded ever since she went to London;" or, "this is very pretty, to be sure, but not to be com- "pared to Mrs. C.....'s, which she had sent her "in a present from Paris." This sort of brag-play- ing in conversation I have sometimes heard carried to a very disagreeable length, which would be in a great measure prevented, if people were not to be allowed credit for what they may have heard, or have been told, but to take consequence only from what they have seen. If we town-people are to be thus out-wondered on report, there is an end of all order and subordination in the matter. To borrow another allusion from the game above-men- tioned, I think it is but reasonable, that the won- ders of persons from town should take the same precedence of the wonders of the people in the country, that natural cards do of makers.

But it is sometimes from the opposite feeling, from too high an idea of the importance of their town visitors, that the good people of the country are apt to fall into improprieties. It is wonderful to see the confusion into which the appearance of the new- fashioned carriage of a gentleman just arrived from town throws the family, especially the female part of it, of his rural neighbour. Such a peeping from windows, such a running backwards and forwards of bare-headed boys and girls to fetch their master from the field, and their mistress from the wash- house! Then, after waiting a long while in the par- lour, which the chambermaid has had but time to put half in order, comes the old lady with some awkward apology, followed by a scold to the maid for leaving her rubber or hearth-brush in view of the

company. By and by appears the master of the house, with another apology, for appearing before ladies in his farmer's dress. After a long series of common enquiries, a frequent pulling out of watches on the part of the visitors, and two or three messages up stairs from the mistress of the family; down come the young ladies with their caps awry, their long pins but half stuck in, their hair powdered in patches, and their aprons stiff from the folds. Here follows a second course of the same questions and answers, which being closed by an observation of the late hour from the one side, and some strictures on the shortness of town-visits from the other, the company are suffered to depart, who, it is ten to one, laugh all the way home at the good people who were at such pains to make themselves fit, as they thought, to be seen by them. Let these last remember, that there is a style, as it is called, proper to every thing; decency and cleanliness they owe to themselves; an imitation of the fashionable fineries of the town they owe to nobody; most of these, indeed, are quite preposterous in the country; it is only when people get into crowds that they are at liberty to make fools of themselves.

As I have in the beginning of this paper, desired the city-emigrants not to carry the town into the country, so I must entreat their country friends not to forget that the others have but lately arrived there. Their relish for draining, ditching, hedging, horse-hoeing, liming and marling, and such other branches of the fine arts as an afternoon's conversation at a gentleman farmer's frequently runs into, has been a good deal blunted by seven months residence in the region of amusement and dissipation. The like caution will apply to those female orators who occupy the intervals of tea-drinking with dessertations on the cow-house, the dairy, and the poultry-yard.

There are some topics which may be introduced, at that season, in which both town and country-ladies are qualified to join, though even of them I would recommend a sparing and moderate use; I mean those little lectures on morality, sometimes known by the name of scandal. In these the town ladies, however, have some advantage, as their subjects are often such as may be reckoned fair game, persons of whom the world has a right to talk, and who seem to act as if they wished to be talked of. These notorious offenders against decency and decorum, of which there are always some instances in great towns, may be compared to certain atrocious criminals, whom the law has ordered to be sent, after execution, to Surgeons-hall: their characters may be dissected at all tea-tables, without any danger of the crime of defamation. But the beauty of a country town or village is rarely so unguarded in her conduct as to give this licence to the tongues of her neighbours, who are, therefore, generally obliged to resort to the whispering of little private anecdotes and family secrets, which I very much doubt if they be legally entitled to do, at least except in cases of great necessity, as on a rainy Sunday, or where the party consists but of two, who can neither play cribbage, piquet, or backgammon.

Somewhat a-kin to the lovers of detraction are the offence-takers, a species of people I have observed more common in the country than in populous cities. They are deeply versed in the science of precedency, in the etiquette of paying and returning visits, in the ceremonial of drinking healths, and of acknowledging bows and curtsies. I have been astonished to find the circle of my acquaintance so circumscribed as I have sometimes experienced, when I have happened to take up my head-quarters at a gentleman's, who could only accompany me to the houses of one-half of the neighbourhood, having

contrived to be totally estranged from the other by neglects of himself, affronts to his wife, squabbles about dancing at annual balls, or toasts at country-meetings after the second bottle.

This disease of offence-taking is particularly epidemic in some places every seventh year, or sometimes it returns a little sooner by royal proclamation. As this summer may probably be the season of its recurring with violence, I take the present opportunity of warning my readers against the company of the infected; and even to these a regimen of temper and good-manners may be found a very powerful and salutary alterative. The feelings of an offence-taker are always very disagreeable; and, as to the external effects of this mental malady, whether it go off in oblique reflections, or break out into scurrility and abuse, I need not, I fancy, enlarge on the danger of their consequences. To gentlemen concerned in politics and electioneering, I would particularly observe, that the period of their canvass is not the proper time for indulging any such freedoms in conversation or behaviour. When the contest is determined, the losers have some sort of privilege for railing; the successful candidates, as things go now-a-days, should keep all their foul language for that place to which the suffrages of their constituents are to send them.

No. CVI. SATURDAY, MAY 13.

Di tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.

HOR.

THE importance of education to fit men for the world has been universally seen and acknowledged; but I think it has not been always sufficiently attended to, as necessary to fit men for retiring from the world; as qualifying them to act their part with propriety when they retreat from the business of life, and to enjoy themselves, when enjoyment becomes their object. There is a certain time of life, when almost every man wishes to escape from the hurry and bustle of the world, and to taste the sweets of retirement and repose; but how few are there, who, when they have arrived at that period which they fixed for this retreat, and have put their designs in execution, meet with that enjoyment which they looked for! Instead of pleasure, they find satiety, weariness, and disgust; time becomes a heavy burden upon them, and in what way they may kill the tedious hours, grows, at length, their only object. But had these men received a good education, they would never be at a loss how to fill up their time; rich fields of entertainment would open to them from various sources. Company and conversation would receive a finer relish; books would give perpetual enjoyments; the gay prospects of the country, the romantic scenes which it affords, the adorning and beautifying those scenes, and the culture of all the elegant arts, would make that fortune, which many possess without knowing how to use, the minister of every thing that can afford delight.

I believe it may be true, that neither learning, nor a taste for the elegant arts, is requisite to enable a person engaged in the ordinary business of life, to

succeed in his profession; and, while so engaged, the occupations of that profession will prevent his feeling any vacuity or suffering any inconvenience from his ignorance and want of refinement. But when such a person has acquired a fortune, and given up business, I have often observed, that, from this uncultivated state of mind, he is at a loss how to enjoy himself or his riches. He either becomes a prey to chagrin and ennui, or he gives himself up to the coarsest intemperance; or, should he wish to figure as a man of taste or fashion, he receives but little entertainment himself, and his attempts are so absurd and preposterous, as to make him the object of scoff and ridicule to others.

Drexelius, was put early to business: his whole learning consisted in being able to read English, to write and keep accounts. He got soon into a very good branch of trade; his attention was unremitted; and his œconomy was equal to his attention. His labours, far from being a burden upon him, only gave him an exertion of mind, which kept him in an equal and unceasing flow of spirits. By the time he was fifty, Drexelius had acquired a fortune equal to that of the richest of his fellow-citizens. He now began to think seriously of enjoying it. The resolution which he had early formed of retiring to the country when he should have acquired a fortune, and which had supported him during the labours of acquiring it, he now determined to put in practice. He, therefore, wound up his business, sold off his stock, and purchased an estate in the country. The novelty of the situation, and the flattering thought that he was proprietor of so many acres, supported him for a while. But he soon began to find, that the fields, and woods, and rivers, gave him no sort of pleasure. He could receive no amusement from farming, and books he was unable to enjoy. A volume of the Spectator, recommended to him by

the clergyman of the parish, lay half-read upon the chimney-piece ; and the prospects which he heard others admire, appeared to him not more beautiful than the front of the Exchange, or the pavement of the street on which he used to tread. Tired, therefore, of the country, and weary of every thing, he began to long for the town which he had abandoned, and to become again a frequenter of the 'Change. Accordingly he hired a house in town, and resolved to spend in it the winter-months at least. But the town had now also lost its charms, and he found it impossible to recover them. He had no longer business to occupy his mind: when he rose in the morning, he knew not what to do ; he had no bargains to settle, and no ships to insure. His acquaintance around him were busy, while he was idle ; he found himself alone in the midst of a crowd, an uninterested spectator of what used to employ him. Change of situation, therefore, gave him no relief, for the town was now as dull as the country. The purchase he had made was a dear one : upon his estate, which had cost him more at first than he intended to give for it, he was obliged to build a house, and to make some other improvements, the expence of which, like that of all other buildings and improvements, greatly exceeded what their owner had made his account with. This, however, was little to one of Drexelius's fortune. On former occasions, he had lost more upon one adventure in trade, without being much affected by the loss ; but then he had different objects to interest him, and he expected to make up by other adventures what he had lost upon one ; now he had nothing else to think of but the daily expenditure. This took possession of his imagination ; he thought he saw poverty and ruin before him ; and his health began to sink under the vexations of his mind. In vain did his friends represent to him the greatness of his fortune ; that

the money he was laying out was a trifle to what he possessed; and that, after all his plans were finished, he would still have more than he could spend. It is to no purpose to reason with a diseased imagination: the only thing which can relieve it is a change of objects and a variety of amusements. But this method could not be followed by Drexelius: there was no object to interest him; and his mind was incapable of amusement. His disease, therefore, increased upon him every day. The proprietor of a fine place, possessed of a great fortune, in short with all the means of pleasure and enjoyment, he was haunted with the dæmon of Poverty, and actually believed, that, if he lived many years, he should die of want.

Clavius was a partner in trade with Drexelius, whose example he followed in the scheme of enjoying a retreat in the country. But his mind was as empty and uneducated as that of Drexelius, equally incapable of amusing itself in solitude, or of receiving pleasure from those enjoyments which a country life is calculated to bestow. He was, however, a man of greater natural spirits, and was not therefore so apt to become a prey to listlessness or to the effects of gloomy avarice. Company was his resource; and that the hours might not lie heavy upon him, he took care never to be alone. But as he had no talent for conversation, every sort of company was equally welcome to him; and, where conversation was not the object, it became necessary to support the society by some adventitious aid. The bottle, therefore, was had recourse to. This was the employment during the finest summer evenings; and the morning sun often rose upon the same company on which it had gone down. Men flocked to Clavius's country seat, not to enjoy the charms of the country, but the charms of society, and what they called good fellowship. Thus were Clavius's nights

spent in getting intoxicated, and his mornings in sleeping off that intoxication. His constitution was not long able to support this course of life; he died a few years after he had quitted business, a martyr to that fortune which his wishes had formerly represented as the certain source of felicity.

Pomponius took a different turn from the persons I have mentioned. He was equally ignorant and uneducated as they; but, when he had acquired his fortune, as he had heard much of taste, of elegance, and of refinement, he resolved to be a man of taste. The estate he purchased had been the old hereditary possession of a man of considerable rank. Pomponious gave several years purchase more than its value, that he might be possessed of the demesne of an ancient family, and have the pleasure of adding to his name "Esquire, of....." When he came to live at this estate, he found the old mansion-house must be pulled down, and a new one erected. But, instead of trusting to the skill and taste of his architect, the plan must be his own. In this he heaped ornament upon ornament, and pillar upon pillar. The columns are large enough to have supported a Gothic cathedral; the inside is crowded with painted compartments; and every pannel and window is bedawbed with gilding. His fields are laid out in the most absurd taste. A clay-coloured ditch, which he calls a canal, made at an exorbitant expense, runs parallel with the front of his house; at each end is a circular puddle, called a bason, in which is a little bank of rubbish, dignified with the name of island. Not a walk but is stuck full of statues; and temples and grottos appear in every field. In shewing you his grounds he tells you the price of every statue; and every temple is honoured with the account of what it cost. Not satisfied with being a man of taste out of doors, he pretends to connoisseurship and to literature within. He shews

pictures painted, as he thinks, by masters, whose names he has not learned to pronounce. If doubts are started of their originality, Pomponius stops all further questions by the mention of the sum he paid for them. His library has its statues like his fields; it is furnished with a profusion of bronzes and busts; and his books are as liberally gilded as the rest of his furniture. In talking of them (for he runs all risks to be thought a man of learning) he gets into the most ridiculous blunders. He mistakes a Greek for a Roman author; and to shew himself a philosopher, praises a writer in the belief that he is an infidel, when, in fact, his books are written in defence of religion. The other day, somebody happening to mention the World, he asked if the author, Mr. Fitzadam, was still alive, and if he had written any other book.

Drexelius and Clavius were miserable in the midst of their wealth; Pomponius is ridiculous in the enjoyment of his.

How much it is to be regretted, that these persons had not in their earlier years received the benefit of a liberal education? Had their minds been cultivated in their youth, had they then acquired the first principles of elegance and taste, they would have been enabled, after attaining a fortune, to have enjoyed it with propriety and dignity: while they were reaping the fruits of their honest industry and success, they might have been useful to others and proved ornaments to their country.

S

No. CVII. TUESDAY, MAY 16.

And love and war take turns like day and night.

ROWE.

IN every art and science, practitioners complain how often they are deceived by specious theories and delusive speculation. Learned men, in the solitude of their studies, are apt to imagine, that nothing which they can reconcile to their own ideas upon paper, can fail to be evinced by actual experiment, or to be reduced into easy and constant practice. But those who are to apply the doctrine to the fact, too often find, that what was infallible in the brain of the demonstrator, is sadly fallacious in the hands of him who is to execute it.

There is something, however, so delightful in this art of theory-building, that the experience of a thousand disappointments will never be able to extinguish it. Nor, indeed, should any body wish for its extinction, when it is remembered, that the person who builds is delighted with the expectation of success, and that other people are often little less pleased with tracing the disappointment. The last are flattered by seeing the superiority of science thus levelled and brought down; the first solaces himself by imputing the failure to errors in the execution, and shutting his closet-door, returns to fresh theories and new speculation.

In the course of my reading, I have met with two theoretical descriptions, which pleased me so much by the appearance they exhibited of self-satisfaction in the sages who composed them, that I cannot resist the desire of laying them before my readers in this day's paper. The first I found in an obscure author of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who, in tracing the progress of certain affections

of the mind, thus personifies his ideas of Honourable Love.

"When a young man," says he, "of illustrious descent, rarely gifted by nature in mind and body, the which he hath, through the care of his noble parents and his own special industry, much helped by art, first cometh from the retired haunts of learning into the resort of the world, he is suddenly smitten by the beauty and rare accomplishments of some young damsel, of parentage no less honourable than his own, and of endowments no less precious than those wherewith he himself is graced. He seeketh all opportunities of converse with, and of courtesy towards her; which nevertheless she, out of maiden shyness, whereof her lady-mother hath well instructed her, doth with a determined stateliness of aspect, most constantly avoid; whereat the young man being grieved in his mind, but no wise damped in his love, he resteth not till by all means he render himself more worthy of her regard, not only by excelling in all gentlemanlike exercises, such as dancing, horsemanship, skill in his rapier, and the like, but likewise in all becoming softness of behaviour, and courtly niceness of speech, adding thereunto the study of sweet poesy, wherewith, in curious sonnets, he speaketh the praise of his mistress's manifold perfections. But she, no wise yielding to such flatteries, nor abating the rigour of her looks, he sometimes complaineth of his thraldom in more bitter terms, and for a while, as seeking freedom from his fair tyrant, shunneth her company, and resorteth to that of jovial companions, much given to the sports of the field, and the joys of wine, thinking thereby to efface her image quite from his mind. But, after no great space, he groweth uneasy and unquiet, and though stoutly denying all allegiance to that dominion, whereof he hath sworn to be free, he goeth secretly

where he can again steal a glance of her lovely face, by one look of which being, as he deemeth, encouraged to better hope, he reneweth his suit with fresh warmth, renouncing his past rebellion as a grievous sin, the which he is to expiate by tenfold encreased love. Nevertheless she, willing to shew her power, thus marvellously confirmed and increased, demeaneth herself as haughtily as before, and, haply, to punish his late treasonous lapse and falling off, seemeth to cast upon others more soft and favourable looks: whereat our lover, being stung with envy and jealous wrath, doth encounter the chiefest of his rivals with sharp and angry words, which growing into keener and more deadly rage, they agree to decide which is the worthiest by trial of arms; and having met in some retired place, either on horseback or on foot, attended by their squires, a furious combat ensueth, in which the valour of both shineth out worthy of their noble birth, and of that love wherewith it is more especially inflamed and spurred on: After various turns of fortune, and many wounds on both sides, our lover doth, with difficulty, master his adversary, to whom he sheweth no less courtesy in defeat than fierceness in fight. After a time, having recovered of his wounds, at hearing whereof the lady hath shewed as much grief and pity as beseemeth a modest maiden to shew for man, he appeareth before her, his arm scarfed, and his cheeks yet pale from loss of blood, and, kneeling at her feet, imploreth forgiveness for past faults, and voweth constancy and love, not shorter than he hath life to feel them, and breath to utter; while she, without speaking a word, doth by looks and silent blushes, in some sort confess herself propitious to his vows; whereof, having passed a probation of years, one or more, he arriveth at the end of his wishes, and obtaineth her con-

sent to be his wedded wife. Lastly, their noble parents being well satisfied with this union of their noble blood, the marriage is celebrated, with much ceremony and pomp at the castle of the bride's princely father, whereat there is all manner of good cheer, of dancing, and of minstrilsy for many days."

This theory of ancient love and courtship, instead of simplifying the matter, makes it much more difficult than, in modern practice at least, it is actually found. The lover, now-a-days, finds but little of that stately pride and maiden shyness above described; nor is he obliged to cultivate poetry to celebrate his mistress, nor to meet any rival attended by his squire, nor to suffer wounds and loss of blood for her sake, nor to go through a probation of years, one or more. All he has to do is, to dance with the lady at a ball, say a few soft things to her in plain prose, then meet her father attended by his lawyer, go through a probation of deeds and settlements, and so proceed to the bridal ceremony, and to good cheer and jollity for as short or as long a time as he thinks proper.

The second theoretical description, which I shall lay before my readers, is so far different from the first, that it renders a very confused and intricate business, as I have been told it is, perfectly clear and obvious to the meanest capacity. This, however, is by no means owing to any want in the theoretical situation of that incident or bustle which occurs in the real; on the contrary, the events are infinitely more numerous and astonishing in the first than in the latter, though the art of the theorist carries the imagination through them all with wonderful distinctness and regularity. The instance to which I allude is the description of a battle, given by the ingenious Mr. A. Boyer, in his French Dictonary, under the word 'Battaile."

DESCRIPTION OF A BATTLE.

" The two armies being in sight, the cannon roar on each side ; and the signal of the fight being given, they both move, snd begin the encounter. In the height of danger, the generals shew their intrepidity, by preserving their cool temper, and by giving their orders without emotion and without hurry. In the close engagement, the officers perform wonders, and shew extraordinary valour and judgment; and seconded by their men, who fight like lions, they cut the enemy in pieces, kill and overthrow all they meet in their way, break through battalions, and bear down squadrons. Upon the point of being overpowered by numbers, they resolutely sustain the effort of the enemy; and the generals, being informed by their aids-de-camp of what passes on that side, cause succours to march thither with all speed, revive the spirits of the soldiers by their presence, rally the broken battalions, bring them again to the charge, repulse the enemy, drive them before them, regain the ground they had lost, retrieve the whole affair, pursue the enemy close, trample them under foot or ride over them, entirely disable them, put all that resist to the sword ; and, after having sustained continual discharges of cannon and small shot, and gained an entire and complete victory, cause a retreat to be sounded, and lie on the field of battle, while the air resounds with the flourishes of trumpets."

The above description is contained in an edition of Mr. Boyer's learned and useful work, now become exceedingly scarce. It is there given in French and English ; but I choose to publish the translation only, as I mean it for the sole use of our British commanders, from whose practice, at the time of its first publication, (about the beginning of this century) the description was probably taken. Per-

haps, in some late campaigns, our generals had consulted other dictionaries, containing a much less animated and decisive definition of a battle, than that which I have transcribed from the ingenious Mr. Boyer.

I

No. CVIII. SATURDAY, MAY 20.

Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay.

SHENSTONE.

IF we examine impartially that estimate of pleasure, which the higher ranks of society are apt to form, we shall probably be surprised to find how little there is in it either of natural feeling or real satisfaction. Many a fashionable voluptuary, who has not totally blunted his taste or his judgment, will own, in the intervals of recollection, how often he has suffered from the insipidity or the pain of his enjoyments; and that, if it were not for the fear of being laughed at, it were sometimes worth while, even on the score of pleasuae, to be virtuous.

Sir Edward ..... to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced at Florence, was a character much beyond that which distinguishes the generality of English travellers of fortune. His story was known to some of his countrymen, who then resided in Italy; from one of whom, who could now and then talk of something beside pictures and operas, I had a particular recital of it.

He had been first abroad at an early period of life, soon after the death of his father had left him master of a very large estate, which he had the

good fortune to inherit, and all the inclination natural to youth to enjoy. Though always sumptuous, however, and sometimes profuse, he was observed never to be ridiculous in his expences; and though he was now and then talked of as a man of pleasure and dissipation, he always left behind him more instances of beneficence than of irregularity. For that respect and esteem in which his character amidst all his little errors, was generally held, he was supposed a good deal indebted to the society of a gentleman, who had been his companion at the university, and now attended him rather as a friend than a tutor. This gentleman was, unfortunately, seized at Marseilles with a lingering disorder, for which he was under the necessity of taking a sea-voyage, leaving Sir Edward to prosecute the remaining part of his intended tour alone.

Descending into one of the valleys of Piedmont, where, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the road, Sir Edward, with a prejudice natural to his country, preferred the conveyance of an English hunter to that of an Italian mule, his horse unluckily made a false step, and fell with his rider to the ground, from which Sir Edward was lifted by his servants with scarce any signs of life. They conveyed him on a litter to the nearest house, which happened to be the dwelling of a peasant rather above the common rank, before whose door some of his neighbours were assembled at a scene of rural merriment, when the train of Sir Edward brought up their master in the condition I have described. The compassion natural to his situation was excited in all; but the owner of the mansion, whose name was Venoni, was particularly moved with it. He applied himself immediately to the care of the stranger, and, with the assistance of his daughter, who had left the dance she was engaged in, with great marks of agitation, soon restored Sir Edward

to sense and life. Venoni possessed some little skill in surgery, and his daughter produced a book of receipts in medicine. Sir Edward, after being blooded, was put to bed, and tended with every possible care by his host and his family. A considerable degree of fever was the consequence of his accident; but after some days it abated, and, in little more than a week, he was able to join in the society of Venoni and his daughter.

He could not help expressing some surprize at the appearance of refinement in the conversation of the latter, much beyond what her situation seemed likely to confer. Her father accounted for it. She had received her education in the house of a lady, who happened to pass through the valley, and to take shelter in Venoni's cottage (for his house was but a better sort of cottage) the night of her birth. "When her mother died," said he, "the Signora, "whose name, at her desire, we had given the child "took her home to her own house; there she was "taught many things, of which there is no need "here; yet she is not so proud of her learning as "to wish to leave her father in his old age; and "I hope soon to have her settled near me for "life."

But Sir Edward had now an opportunity of knowing Louisa better than from the description of her father. Music and painting, in both of which arts she was a tolerable proficient, Sir Edward had studied with success. Louisa felt a sort of pleasure from her drawings, which they had never given her before, when they were praised by Sir Edward; and the family-concerts of Venoni were very different from what they had formerly been, when once his guest was so far recovered as to be able to join in them. The flute of Venoni excelled all the other music of the valley; his daughter's lute was much beyond it; Sir Edward's violin was finer than

either. But his conversation with Louisa.....it was that of a superior order of beings!.....science, taste, sentiment!.....it was long since Louisa had heard these sounds; amidst the ignorance of the valley, it was luxury to hear them; from Sir Edward, who was one of the most engaging figures I ever saw, they were doubly delightful. In his countenance, there was always an expression animated and interesting; his sickness had overcome somewhat of the first, but greatly added to the power of the latter.

Louisa's was no less captivating....and Sir Edward had not seen it so long without emotion. During his illness he thought this emotion but gratitude; and, when it first grew warmer, he checked it from the thought of her situation, and of the debt he owed her. But the struggle was too ineffectual to overcome; and, of consequence, increased his passion. There was but one way in which the pride of Sir Edward allowed of its being gratified. He sometimes thought of this as a base and unworthy one; but he was the fool of words which he had often despised, the slave of manners he had often condemned. He at last compromised matters with himself; he resolved, if he could, to think no more of Louisa; at any rate, to think no more of the ties of gratitude or the restraints of virtue.

Louisa, who trusted to both, now communicated to Sir Edward an important secret. It was at the close of a piece of music, which they had been playing in the absence of her father. She took up her lute, and touched a little wild melancholy air, which she had composed to the memory of her mother. "That," said she, "nobody ever heard except my father; I play it sometimes when I am "alone, and in low spirits. I don't know how I "came to think of it now; yet I have some reason "to be sad." Sir Edward pressed to know the

cause; after some hesitation she told it all. Her father had fixed on the son of a neighbour, rich in possessions, but rude in manners, for her husband. Against this match she had always protested as strongly, as a sense of duty, and the mildness of her nature, would allow; but Venoni was obstinately bent on the match, and she was wretched from the thoughts of it....." To marry, where one cannot " love,....to marry such a man, Sir Edward!".....It was an opportunity beyond his power of resistance. Sir Edward pressed her hand; said it would be profanation to think of such a marriage; praised her beauty, extolled her virtues; and concluded, by swearing that he adored her. She heard him with unsuspecting pleasure, which her blushes could ill conceal.....Sir Edward improved the favourable moment; talked of the ardency of his passion, the insignificancy of ceremonies and forms, the inefficacy of legal engagements, the eternal duration of those dictated by love; and, in fine, urged her going off with him, to crown both their days with happiness. Louisa started at that proposal. She would have reproached him, but her heart was not made for it; she could only weep.

They were interrupted by the arrival of her father with his intended son-in-law. He was just such a man as Louisa had represented him, coarse, vulgar, and ignorant. But, Venoni, though much above their neighbour in every thing but riches, looked on him as poorer men often look on the wealthy, and discovered none of his imperfections. He took his daughter aside, told her he had brought her future husband, and that he intended they should be married in a week at farthest.

Next morning Louisa was indisposed, and kept her chamber. Sir Edward was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged to go out with Venoni; but, before his departure, he took up his violin, and

touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by Louisa.

In the evening she wandered forth to indulge her sorrows alone. She reached a sequestered spot, where some poplars formed a thicket, on the banks of a little stream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched on one of them, and had already began its accustomed song. Louisa sat down on a withered stump, leaning her cheek upon her hand. After a little while, the bird was scared from its perch, and flitted from the thicket. Louisa rose from the ground, and burst into tears! She turned ....and beheld Sir Edward. His countenance had much of its former languor; and, when he took her hand, he cast on the earth a melancholy look, and seemed unable to speak his feelings. "Are you not "well, Sir Edward?" said Louisa, with a voice faint and broken....." I am ill indeed," said he, "but my "illness is of the mind. Louisa cannot cure me of "that. I am wretched; but I deserve to be so. "I have broken every law of hospitality, and every "obligation of gratitude. I have dared to wish for "happiness, and speak what I wished, though it "wounded the heart of my dearest benefactress..... "but I will make a severe expiation. This mo- "ment I leave you, Louisa! I go to be wretched; "but you may be happy, happy in your duty to a "father; happy, it may be, in the arms of a hus- "band, whom the possession of such a wife may "teach refinement and sensibility.....I go to my "native country, to hurry through scenes of irk- "some business or tasteless amusement; that I "may, if possible, procure a sort of half-oblivion of "that happiness which I have left behind, a list- "less endurance of that life which I once dreamed "might be made delightful with Louisa."

Tears were the only answer she could give. Sir Edward's servants appeared, with a carriage, rea-

dy for his departure. He took from his pocket two pictures; one he had drawn of Louisa, he fastened round his neck, and, kissing it with rapture, hid it in his bosom. The other he held out in a hesitating manner. "This," said he, "if Lou-"sa will accept of it, may sometimes put her in "mind of him who once offended, who can never "cease to adore her. She may look on it, per-"haps, after the original is no more: when this "heart shall have forgot to love, and cease to be "wretched."

Louisa was at last overcome. Her face was first pale as death; then suddenly it was crossed with a crimson blush. "Oh! Sir Edward," said she, "What.....what would you have me do?".....He eagerly seized her hand, and led her, reluctant, to the carriage. They entered it, and driving off with furious speed, were soon out of sight of those hills which pastured the flocks of the unfortunate Venoni.

V

No. CIX. TUESDAY, MAY 23.

THE virtue of Louisa was vanquished; but her sense of virtue was not overcome. Neither the vows of eternal fidelity of her seducer, nor the constant and respectful attention which he paid her during a hurried journey to England, could allay that anguish which she suffered at the recollection of her past, and the thoughts of her present situation. Sir Edward felt strongly the power of her beauty and of her grief. His heart was not made for that part which, it is probable, he thought it could have performed:

it was still subject to remorse, to compassion, and to love. These emotions, perhaps, he might soon overcome, had they been met by vulgar violence or reproaches; but the quiet and unupbraiding sorrows of Louisa, nourished those feelings of tenderness and attachment. She never mentioned her wrongs in words: sometimes a few starting tears would speak them; and when time had given her a little more composure, her lute discoursed melancholy music.

On their arrival in England, Sir Edward carried Louisa to his seat in the country. There she was treated with all the observance of a wife; and, had she chosen it, might have commanded more than the ordinary splendor of one. But she would not allow the indulgence of Sir Edward to blazon with equipage, and shew that state which she wished always to hide, and, if possible to forget. Her books and her music were her only pleasures; if pleasures they could be called, that served but to alleviate misery, and to blunt, for a while, the pangs of contrition.

These were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father: a father left in his age to feel his own misfortunes and his daughter's disgrace. Sir Edward was too generous not to think of providing for Venoni. He meant to make some attonement for the injury he had done him by that cruel bounty which is reparation only to the base, but to the honest is insult. He had not, however, an opportunity of accomplishing his purpose. He learned that Venoni, soon after his daughter's elopement, removed from his former place of residence, and, as his neighbours reported, had died in one of the villages of Savoy. His daughter felt this with anguish the most poignant, and her affliction, for a while, refused consolation. Sir Edward's whole tenderness and attention were called forth to mitigate her grief; and, after

its first transports had subsided, he carried her to London, in hopes that objects new to her, and commonly attractive to all, might contribute to remove it.

With a man possessed of feelings like Sir Edward's, the affliction of Louisa gave a certain respect to his attentions. He hired her a house separate from his own, and treated her with all the delicacy of the purest attachment. But his solicitude to comfort and amuse her was not attended with success. She felt all the horrors of that guilt, which she now considered as not only the ruin of herself, but the murderer of her father.

In London, Sir Edward found his sister, who had married a man of great fortune and high fashion. He had married her because she was a fine woman, and admired by fine men; she had married him because he was the wealthiest of her suitors. They lived, as is common to people in such a situation, necessitous with a princely revenue, and very wretched amidst perpetual gaiety. This scene was so foreign from the idea Sir Edward had formed of the reception his country and friends were to afford him, that he found a constant source of disgust in the society of his equals. In their conversation fantastic, not refined, their ideas were frivolous, and their knowledge shallow; and with all the pride of birth and insolence of station, their principles were mean and their minds ignoble. In their pretended attachments, he discovered only designs of selfishness; and their pleasures, he experienced, were as fallacious as their friendships. In the society of Louisa he found sensibility and truth; her's was the only heart that seemed interested in his welfare; she saw the return of virtue in Sir Edward, and felt the friendship which he shewed her. Sometimes when she perceived him sorrowful, her lute would leave its melancholy for more lively airs, and her countenance assume a gaiety it was not formed to wear. But her

heart was breaking with that anguish which her generosity endeavoured to conceal from him; her frame, too delicate for the struggle with her feelings, seemed to yield to their force; her rest forsook her; the colour faded in her cheek; the lustre of her eyes grew dim. Sir Edward saw these symptoms of decay with the deepest remorse. Often did he curse those false ideas of pleasure which had led him to consider the ruin of an artless girl, who loved and trusted him, as an object which it was luxury to attain, and pride to accomplish. Often did he wish to blot out from his life a few guilty months, to be again restored to an opportunity of giving happiness to that family, whose unsuspecting kindness he had repaid with the treachery of a robber and the cruelty of an assassin.

One evening while he sat in a little parlour with Louisa, his mind alternately agitated and softened with this impression, a hand-organ, of a remarkably sweet tone, was heard in the street. Louisa laid aside her lute and listened: the airs it played were those of her native country; and a few tears, which she endeavoured to hide, stole from her on hearing them. Sir Edward ordered a servant to fetch the organist into the room: he was brought in accordingly, and seated at the door of the apartment.

He played one or two sprightly tunes, to which Louisa had often danced in her infancy: she gave herself up to the recollection, and her tears flowed without controul. Suddenly the musician, changing the stop, introduced a little melancholy air of a wild and plaintive kind.....Louisa started from her seat, and rushed up to the stranger.....He threw off a tattered coat, and black patch. It was her father! She would have sprung to embrace him; he turned aside for a few moments, and would not receive her into his arms. But nature at last overcame his re-

sentment; he burst into tears, and pressed to his bosom his long lost daughter.

Sir Edward stood fixed in astonishment and confusion....." I come not to upbraid you," said Venoni; " I am a poor, weak, old man, unable for upbraidings; I am come but to find my child, to forgive her, and to die! When you saw us first, Sir Edward, we were not thus. You found us virtuous and happy; we danced and we sung, and there was not a sad heart in the valley where we dwelt. Yet we left our dancing, our songs, and our cheerfulness; you were distressed, and we pitied you. Since that day the pipe has never been heard in Venoni's fields: grief and sickness have almost brought him to the grave; and his neighbours, who loved and pitied him, have been cheerful no more. Yet, methinks, though you robbed us of happiness, you are not happy;....else why that dejected look, which, amidst all the grandeur around you, I saw you wear, and those tears which, under all the gaudiness of her apparel, I saw that poor deluded girl shed?"......" But she shall shed no more," cried Sir Edward; " you shall be happy, and I shall be just. Forgive, my venerable friend, the injuries which I have done thee; forgive me, my Louisa, for rating your excellence at a price so mean. I have seen those high-born females to which my rank might have allied me; I am ashamed of their vices, and sick of their follies. Profligate in their hearts, amidst affected purity they are slaves to pleasure without the sincerity of passion; and, with the name of honour, are insensible to the feelings of virtue. You, my Louisa!....but I will not call up recollections that might render me less worthy of your future esteem.....Continue to love your Edward; but a few hours, and you shall add the title to the affections of a wife; let the care and tenderness of a

" husband bring back its peace to your mind, and its
" bloom to your cheek. We will leave for a while
" the wonder and the envy of the fashionable circle
" here. We will restore your father to his native
" home; under that roof I shall once more be happy;
" happy without allay, because I shall deserve my
" happiness. Again shall the pipe and the dance
" gladden the valley, and innocence and peace beam
" on the cottage of Venoni!"

V

No. CX. SATURDAY, MAY 27.

Extremum concede laborem.

VIRG.

AS, at the close of life, people confess the secrets, and explain the mysteries of their conduct, endeavour to do justice to those with whom they have had dealings, and to die in peace with all the world; so in the concluding number of a periodical publication, it is usual to lay aside the assumed name, or fictitious character, to ascribe the different papers to their true authors, and to wind up the whole with a modest appeal to the candour or indulgence of the public.

In the course of those papers, the author has not often ventured to introduce himself, or to give an account of his own situation; in this, therefore, which is to be the last, he has not much to unravel on that score. From the narrowness of the place of its appearance, the Mirror did not admit of much personification of its editor; the little disguise he

has used has been rather to conceal what he was, than to give himself out for what he was not.

The idea of publishing a periodical paper in Edinburgh took its rise in a company of gentlemen, whom particular circumstances of connexion brought frequently together. Their discourse often turned upon subjects of manners, of taste, and of literature. By one of those accidental resolutions, of which the origin cannot easily be traced, it was determined to put their thoughts into writing, and to read them for the entertainment of each other. Their essays assumed the form, and, soon after, some one gave them the name, of a periodical publication: the writers of it were naturally associated; and their meetings increased the importance, as well as the number, of their productions. Cultivating letters in the midst of business, composition was to them an amusement only; that amusement was heightened by the audience which this society afforded; the idea of publication suggested itself as productive of still higher entertainment.

It was not, however, without diffidence that a resolution was taken. From that, and several other circumstances, it was thought proper to observe the strictest secrecy with regard to the authors; a purpose in which they have been so successful, that at this moment, the very publisher of the work knows only one of their number, to whom the conduct of it was entrusted.

The assistance received from correspondents has been considerable. To them the Mirror is indebted for the following papers; the 8th, the note from Ignoramus in the 9th, the letter in the 17th, the letter signed Adelus in the 21st, the 22d, the 24th, the 29th (except the short letter at the end), the first letter in the 35th, the 37th, the letter in the 46th, the 50th, the first letter in the 56th, the 59th, 62d, 66th, 73d, 74th, 75th, 79th, 82d, 86th, the first letter

in the 89th, the letter in the 94th, the 95th, the 96th (except the letter signed Evelina), the 97th, the 98th, the letter in the 102d, and the letter in the 103d. Of some of their correspondents, were they at liberty to disclose them, the names would do credit to the work; of others they are entirely ignorant, and can only return this general acknowledgment for their favours. To many of them they have to apologize for several abridgments, additions and alterations, which sometimes the composition of the essays themselves, and sometimes the nature of the work in which they were to appear, seemed to render necessary.

The situation of the authors of the Mirror was such as neither to prompt much ambition of literary success, nor to create much dependence on it. Without this advantage, they had scarcely ventured to send abroad into the world a performance, the reception of which was liable to so much uncertainty. They foresaw many difficulties, which a publication like the Mirror, even in hands much abler than theirs, must necessarily encounter.

The state of the times, they were sensible, was very unpropitious to a work of this sort. In a conjuncture so critical as the present, at a period so big with national danger and public solicitude, it was not to be expected that much attention should be paid to speculation or to sentiment, to minute investigations of character, or pictures of private manners. A volume which we can lay aside and resume at pleasure, may suffer less materially from the interruption of national concerns; but a single sheet, that measures its daily importance with the vehicles of public intelligence and political disquisition, can hardly fail to be neglected.

But, exclusive of this general disadvantage, there were particular circumstances which its authors knew must be unfavorable to the Mirror. That se-

crecy which they thought it necessary to keep, prevented all the aids of patronage and friendship; it even damped those common exertions to which other works are indebted, if not for fame, at least for introduction to the world. We cannot expect to create an interest in those whom we have not ventured to trust; and the claims even of merit are often little regarded, if that merit be anonymous and unknown.

The place of its publication was, in several respects, disadvantageous. There is a certain distance at which writings, as well as men, should be placed, in order to command our attention and respect. We do not easily allow a title to instruct or to amuse the public in our neighbour, with whom we have been accustomed to compare our own abilities. Hence the fastidiousness with which, in a place so narrow as Edinburgh, home productions are commonly received; which, if they are grave, are pronounced dull; if pathetic, are called unnatural; if ludicrous are termed low. In the circle around him, the man of business sees few who should be willing, and the man of genius few who are able to be authors; and a work that comes out unsupported by established names, is liable alike to the censure of the grave, and the sneer of the witty. Even folly herself acquires some merit from being displeased, when name or fashion has not sanctified a work from her displeasure.

This desire of levelling the pride of authorship, is in none more prevalent than in those who themselves have written. Of these the unsuccessful have a prescriptive title to criticism; and, though established literary reputation commonly sets men above the necessity of detracting from the merit of other candidates for fame, yet there are not wanting instances of monopolists of public favour, who wish not only to enjoy, but to guide it, and are willing to confine

its influence within the pale of their own circle, or their own patronage. General censure is of all things the easiest; from such men it passes unexamined, and its sentence is decisive; nay, even a studied silence will go far to smother a production, which, if they have not the meanness to envy, they want the candour to appreciate with justice.

In point of subject, as well as of reception, the place where it appeared was unfavourable to the Mirror. Whoever will examine the works of a similar kind that have preceded it, will easily perceive for how many topics they are indebted to local characters and temporary follies, to places of public amusement, and circumstances of reigning fashion. But, with us, besides the danger of personal application, these are hardly various enough for the subject, or important enough for the dignity of writing. There is a sort of classic privilege in the very names of places in London, which does not extend to those of Edinburgh. The Cannongate is almost as long as the Strand, but it will not bear the comparison upon paper; and Blackfriars-wynd can never vie with Drury-lane, in point of sound, however they may rank in the article of chastity. In the department of humour, these circumstances must necessarily have great weight; and, for papers of humour, the bulk of readers will generally call, because the number is much greater of those who can laugh, than of those who can think. To add to the difficulty, people are too proud to laugh upon easy terms with one, of whose title to make them laugh they are not apprised. A joke in writing is like a joke in conversation; much of its wit depends upon the rank of its author.

How far the authors of this paper have been able to overcome these difficulties, it is not for them to determine. Of its merits with the public, the public will judge; as to themselves, they may be allowed to

say, that they have found it an amusement of an elegant, and, as they are inclined to believe, of an useful kind. They imagine, that, to tracing the manners and sentiments of others, they have performed a sort of exercise which may have some tendency to cultivate and refine their own; and, in that society which was formed by this publication, they have drawn somewhat closer the ties of a friendship, which they flatter themselves they may long enjoy, with a recollection not unpleasing, of the literary adventure by which it was strengthened and improved.

The disadvantages attending their publication they have not enumerated, by way of plea for favour, or apology for faults. They will give their volumes as they gave their papers, to the world, not meanly dependent on its favour, nor coldly indifferent to it. There is no idea, perhaps, more pleasing to an ingenuous mind, than that the sentences which it dictates in silence and obscurity, may give pleasure and entertainment to those by whom the writer has never been seen, to whom even his name is unknown. There is something peculiarly interesting in the hope of this intercourse of sentiment, this invisible sort of friendship, with the virtuous and the good; and the visionary warmth of an author may be allowed to extend it to distant places, and to future times. If in this hope, the authors of the Mirror may indulge, they trust, that, whatever may be the thought of the execution, the motive of their publication will do them no dishonour; that, if they have failed in wit, they have been faultless in sentiment; and that, if they shall not be allowed the praise of genius, they have, at least, not forfeited the commendation of virtue.

Z

THE END.

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